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**WOBURN JOURNAL.**  
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**FOWLE & BROTHER,**  
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**ADVERTISEMENTS** neatly and conspicuously inserted  
at reasonable rates.  
COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid.  
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-  
ing towns, solicited.

#### SELECTIONS.

##### OLD GRIMES'S DAUGHTER.

Old Grimes's daughter well I know,  
A comely lass is she;  
Her frock is of the plainest kind,  
And drops below the knee.  
  
Of disposition mild and kind,  
She's innocent and gay;  
She wears a pair of square-toed shoes,  
And blacks them every day.  
  
She is the neatest girl by far,  
Of any in her town;  
Her apron's made of calico,  
And striped "up and down".  
  
Her mother taught her, when a child,  
Her stockings how to darn,  
Of which she wears a long black pair,  
Made out of woolen yarn.  
  
She seldom tells a known untruth,  
But for the sins she weeps;  
Her eyes are of a pale light blue;  
She shuts them—when she sleeps!  
  
She very much dislikes to hear  
The wicked swear and scoff;  
She'd always have her night-cap on,  
Unless—she took it off.  
  
Her feet yet never went astray,  
Unless behind her toes;  
Her cheeks are very plump and round,  
And beauteous as a rose.

Although she's young, she well would like  
To wed a wealthy man;  
To cool her when she's very warm,  
She mostly has a fun.

She's of a meek and humble mind,  
Her heart is undefiled;

She is beloved by all who know  
She's good Old Grimes's child.

##### TAKING THE CENSUS.

"Madam, you will please inform me of the  
number of inhabitants in this house?"

"Sir?"

"The population in this mansion."

"Well, there is the room over head."

"How many?"

"Eight."

"Are they all adults?"

"No; they are all Smiths, except two boarders."

"Smiths; black or white smiths, madam?"

"I'd have you to know I don't live in a  
house with negroes."

"I didn't allude to color; I meant their calling."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, if you'd been  
here last night, you'd have found out, for they  
was calling the watch as loud as they could scream."

"Madam, I merely wish to know how many  
people you have in this house, and what  
they do for a living."

"Yes, now I understand. Well, let me see,  
there's the two Mullinses—that's one."

"That makes two, madam."

"Well, if you know best, count 'em yourself."

"It is my business to enquire, madam."

"Well, you had better attend to it, then,  
and not bother me."

"Madam, I am out with the census, and—"

"Well, you act out of your senses, I should  
think, to come into my house asking such  
questions."

"It is in accordance with an act of Con-  
gress, madam."

"Well, you tell Mr. Congress, or whatever  
his name is, that he acts very foolish, sending  
you round asking such shabby, silly questions."

##### THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me,  
2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any  
beautiful brazen image of a servant girl, to bow  
down to her, to serve her, for I am a jealous  
wife, visiting, &c.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy  
wife in vain.

4. Remember thy wife, to keep her respecta-  
bly.

5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.

6. Thou shalt not fret.

7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.

8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.

9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern; thou  
shalt not covet the tavern keeper's rum,  
nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his whiskey,  
nor his wine, nor anything that is behind the  
bar of the rum-seller.

11. Thou shalt not visit billiard saloons,  
neither for worshipping in the dance, nor the  
heaps of money that lie on the table.

And the twelfth commandment is, Thou  
shalt not stay out later than nine o'clock at  
night.

**RULES IN AN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.—I.** Come  
in at all times. What business has he to be  
private?

2. Take his papers with perfect freedom.  
What use can he have for them?

3. If you bring in a long communication,  
just to fill his paper, insist on reading and dis-  
cussing it. Why shouldn't he be glad to  
spend an hour in listening?

4. If you see his exchanges piled up in an  
orderly manner on his table, seize and scatter  
them all over the floor, and then be sure to  
spit a great mouthful of tobacco on them.  
What business has he to be particular?

5. If you find his chair vacant at any time,  
squat in it, and never think of moving until  
you hear the devil cry for "copy" five or six  
times. Why should he wish to keep his sta-  
tionery and scissoring from his visitors?

6. If you find any books in his library that  
suit your eye, borrow them, and never think of  
returning them. The editor would take it as  
an insult.

7. Hannah Shingle, of Butler county, Penn-  
sylvania, complains that a villain named Rain,  
entered her domicile through the roof and stole  
all her money. It is a poor shingle that is not  
proof against rain.—*Rochester Advertiser.*

8. Why is a soldier more tired in April  
than any other month? Because he has just  
had a March of thirty-one days.

# WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1851.

NO. 1.

VOL. I.

THE POOR LAWYER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

at the bar, perfectly unknown. I felt diffident yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

I had taken my breakfast, and was waiting for a horse, when passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl seated near the window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond, and at that time I was too much of a boy to be struck with female beauty. She was so delicate and dainty looking, so different from the halo, luxuriant, brown girls of the woods—and then her white dress! It was dazzling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprise, and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habits of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Pigham, or any of my leather-dressed belles of the pigeon roost? I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Shurt's daughters, with their looking glass lockets, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those auburn ringlets and blue eyes, and delicate looks, quite daunted, while they fascinated. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought all at once I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer boldness. Nobody knew me here, I would just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be the worse for it; and that kiss—oh, I should die if I did not get it.

I gave no time for the thought to cool, but entered the house and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair and she turned and looked up. I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback galloping homeward, my heart tingling at what I had done.

After a variety of amusing adventures, Ringwood attends the study of the law, in an obscure settlement in Kentucky, where he delved night and day, Ralph pursues his study, occasionally argues at a debating society, and at length becomes quite a genius in the eyes of the married ladies of the village.

I called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when, to my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found here the identical blue-eyed little beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any signs of previous acquaintance, except by blushing in the eyes. "White tea was getting ready; the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions, and left us alone. Heaven and earth! what a situation!

This was the making of me. Every body was curious to know who this new lawyer was that had suddenly risen among them, and bearded the Attorney-General in the very outset.

The story of my debut at the inn on the proceeding evening, when I knocked down a bully, and kicked him out of doors, for striking an old man, was circulated with favourable exagge-

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1851.

tought in this way is of very little value, to say the least. It is possible that it may amuse the children; so would it amuse them if they were allowed the privilege of making a noise to the extent of their lungs in any other manner, and probably with about as much advantage. If the other exercises of the school room were attempted to be taught in the same manner, we should have far less respect for our boasted school system, than we have at present. In order to have any instruction valuable, it should be systematic, and imparted by competent teachers. We could hardly expect geography to be taught by one who was ignorant that our earth was a sphere, and its surface diversified by land and water,—or arithmetic by one unacquainted with the mysteries of addition, subtraction etc.—so of music. It is not a science that teaches itself, or that comes by nature. It needs to be patiently studied as do all other departments of human knowledge.

To remedy this, this great deficiency in our schools, it is necessary to procure individuals for teachers who are more or less skilled in this branch of instruction. In selecting teachers, their capacity and efficiency in this respect should be made as much a *sine qua non* as in grammar or geography. Perhaps many will think that the matter is not of sufficient importance to make musical qualifications a prerequisite in a teacher. But it is a matter of fact that music is attempted in the schools, and it is equally certain that it is very imperfectly taught, if such a term can be applied to it at all. If then we are to have music in our schools, and that we are, is now I believe a conceded point, it would seem to be as proper and necessary to have the instruction thorough and systematic, as in any other of the studies pursued.

From the nature of the case, it is very probable, that this cannot be effected at once, to such an extent as would be desirable. To make a beginning however, a preference should be given to such teachers as have made some proficiency in music as well as other studies. This point should be inquired after, and examined into; and when teachers find that a knowledge of music is as necessary as a knowledge of reading and spelling, they will prepare themselves accordingly. But as long as it is left to chance and accident to provide our schools with teachers at all conversant with music, so long will this branch of instruction, this powerful element in hallowing, socializing and softening the character, be as poorly and inefficient conducted as now.

CHORISTER.

For the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been musing on the years which have passed and gone, and there is a peculiar feeling felt by the aged in reviewing past scenes. When the mind is calm and unruffled—when the body is free from pain, memory, the everlasting mirror of the mind, brings to our view actions and occurrences of our youthful years, and we seem to live again amidst those bright and cloudless days. Our playmates at school—our sports and our pleasures—all are remembered: they are past and gone, and the tears of remembrance steals down our aged cheek, reminding us that they will never come again. I belong, Sir, to the age which has passed. I have seen more than half a century, and have marked its incidents, and in the active scenes of busy commerce and political actions, I have mingled to my heart's content.

I am now a retired private on nature's pension. I can look calmly from my little cottage upon the broad surface of mankind, and discern men acting the part of guides and dictators for society now, who were pygmies in their youth—who have grown up like stubble in the field, without culture and without value. I have wondered at their progress. Others better fitted for high stations, have toiled hard and late, but never reached the goal. I have wondered at their misfortune, and have said to myself, how is it that my fellow-men live by the same being, breath the same air, and yet so various in fortune, it is as strange as fiction, yet it is true. If in my old age, I can retain my memory—I may send you occasionally the items of some fifty years, which have past and gone forever.

THE HERMIT.

A MONIED BEGGAR.—An Irishman, answering to the name of Patrick O'Callahan, has been for the last week calling at many of the dwellings in East Cambridge soliciting charity, and when refused, in a number of instances, was quite insulting to the females of the house who happened to go to the door. In consequence of which he was arrested by chief constable Welch, as a vagrant, and taken before Justice Ladd, who sentenced him to the House of Correction for two months. In going through the usual change of dress at the House of Correction, he was found to be in possession of twelve sovereigns and other money, to the amount of eighty dollars.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

THE TORNADO.—The Commonwealth says, "Mr. Thomas Thorpe, of West Cambridge, has handed us a horse-chestnut blossom taken from one of his trees—blossom as fair as one could find in May. Mr. Thorpe informs us that his horse chestnut and plum trees were entirely stripped of branches and foliage; scorched and withered so as to seem past saving for; but within a short time the withered stumps had put forth anew, and green leaves and bright blossoms are the cheering witness of their renewed life."

When Michael Angelo first saw the Pantheon at Rome, "I will erect such a building," said he, "but I will hang it up in the air." With what truth he spoke this, the cupola of St. Peter's will vouch, but which, unhappily for him, was not executed while he was living, and to which his original design was to append a magnificent portico.

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1851.

### POSTAGE LAW.

Any subscribers in Middlesex County, who desire the *Journal* mailed to them, will receive it free of postage under the present law.

### TO THE READER.

An editor in making his first bow before his patrons, does so with many feelings of mingled fear, hope and faith.

Thus we appear before you to-day dear readers, with a few natural fears lest we may not please you all, a good deal of hope, that we shall, and yet more of faith that we will be successful in suiting the *"Woburn Journal"* to the wants and tastes of our townsmen.

We will not use any argument, or method of reasoning, to prove that such a paper as we intend to establish is needed in our midst; we consider it entirely unnecessary so to do, it may be said to be a truth "self-evident." After briefly stating what we intend to do, we shall then leave the subject with our readers, for them to decide whether or no we shall be sustained in our efforts.

Judging from some experience, and from what we think a *Family Journal* should be, we propose to publish every Saturday, a paper suited to every family in Woburn and vicinity, and intend that it shall merit the patronage of those to whom we send this our first number. It will be our intention always to give a general summary of all the news of the week, and hope to make the paper interesting, as well on account of the general local matter it shall contain.

In political matters we deem it proper that we should occupy neutral grounds. We shall always give our readers a variety of political news such as we think will prove of interest. We doubt not that an abiding love for our country, its institutions, and political privilege, can be made manifest in our columns without giving our peculiar views of the details of Governmental law.

Our paper shall occupy a high position in connexion with all moral and religious subjects, and while we would not be pledged in our capacity, to any sect or set of moralists, we would desire always to be found on the side of Right, no matter under what garb or in what profession it may be found. Our Columns shall always be open to the free discussion of such principles as are connected with these subjects.

Of literature and poetry we shall give our readers such subjects and selections as we think worthy of being read by them, and we are happy to say that we are promised the aid of such talent as we think will make this feature in our paper an important and interesting one. We shall at all times be glad to receive selections for publication, or original articles in prose or poetry, to all of which we shall give prompt attention.

Many other promises we might add, but we prefer that the paper should "speak for itself" and knowing that acts speak louder than words will refrain.

And now having stated our intentions, and plead our cause, we will leave the whole matter in the hands of the reader, for them to decide as to the future success of the *"Woburn Journal."*

### OUR PAPER.

We have printed a large edition of the *Journal*, and distributed this first number gratuitously throughout Woburn, Winchester, Burlington, Stoneham, and in fact among all the children of old Woburn we give it circulation, hoping that it may merit the patronage of those to whom it is sent.

We should like to have our subscription list arranged during the present week, or the early part of next, and will thank all who intend to subscribe, if they will do so at as early a date as possible; and on our part we are ready to say that we will fulfil our share of the agreement, by giving the readers such matter as will be worth fully the amount of subscription, viz. \$1 50. per annum.

### WOBURN PHALANX.

At a dinner given by the Charlestown City Guards, on Wednesday, at Washington Hall, there was quite a flow of "soul and wit." Among the many good things said, one of the best, and perhaps the best received, was a remark made by Col. Greene, of Cambridge, in allusion to the Lowell muster, and the performance of the *Woburn Phalanx* at that time. He spoke of our company in the most flattering manner, to all of which the Guards responded in "three times three." One of the Charlestown City Guards informs us that Col. Greene's remarks, with those of others, and a good toast for the Phalanx, were among the gems of the evening. This certainly is a just tribute to real military merit, for no company in the vicinity can show better drill than the Phalanx.

GOOD TIME COMING, BOYS.—Excelsior Fire Company, No. 1, of Winchester, will visit Woburn on Saturday, Oct. 18th, by invitation of Fountain Company, No. 1, Capt. Tay, of this town, for a friendly trial of the power and capacity of their respective machines. After the trial, both companies will partake of a collation, furnished by the Fountains. Some "crack" playing and a good time may be expected.

Correspondent A. B., your excellent poetry is received and will appear in our next; it is unavoidably crowded out of this number.

For the Journal.

### ADVICE GRATIS FOR THE EDITOR.

BY JONATHAN—IN LONG METRE.

Much to the 'stomishment of him who pens these lines, To-day I've heard about a new "chronicle of the times," And this *Frolic & Brother*, descendants of a Colonel, Mean to give the folks Weekly "*Woburn Journal*!"

Without consulting Jonathan in taking such a stand, I almost thought they did't know the laying of the land; Yet I'll not be cross, or show an ugly temper,

But tell them what they offer do for good old "*Woburn Centre*!"

Get you "Advice gratis" with nothing for to pay, Can't be good for much, methinks I hear you say;

But wait a bit, and do not judge so quick,

Jonathan tells facts, and sometimes tells them slick.

So I'll just talk to you of the Editor's qualifications,

Their great and mighty engines, what moves so many nations;

The man who writes the pieces, a funny man should be,

To suit the folks and people, yes! suit them all should be.

Folks talk of Inner Miller, and streetchy Gutta Percha,

You must be 'em both, as well as have all virtue;

Be loco, whig, and soiler, yet! one and all, and then,

You'll be as "Postle Paul was," "all things to all men."

Fix up your paper handsomely, to suit the "ladies fair,"

For if you suit the darlings, then free yourself from care;

No matter how the wind may blow, or what the folks may say,

Better have five fair ones on your side than twenty mea who pay.

And don't forget among your tales, the little children dear,

Some good nice stories to them give, that won't wake up their fears.

For all a line, for all a word, be ready in due season,

And if the "critter" don't succeed, I'd like to know the reason.

I would say more for this your maiden number,

But on the whole I guess, I'd better save some thunder;

Then one word more I'll add, to hope you will possess,

All that can be said or meant, in that one word, Success.

WOBURN, Oct. 15th, 1851.

### OUR NEW DRESS.

For the neat appearance which our paper makes we are indebted to the Boston Type and Stereotype Foundry. We think no person will have cause to complain that it is a difficult matter to *read* the paper, for the type is entirely new, and for its style of clearness and beauty reflects great credit on the makers.

The paper used in printing is of the best quality, got up especially for the *"Journal"* by Messrs. Jones and Wheelwright of Boston, and the paper shows for itself that they have taken pains to give us a No. 1. article. As we now begin, so shall we continue, and always endeavour to make the *"Journal"* attractive in appearance, as well as in the matter it may contain.

### WINCHESTER.

It is very pleasant to notice what rapid strides this young town is making towards being well filled with fine residences, stores,

&c. Probably no spot within a ten mile circuit of Boston gives better evidence of internal prosperity than this place; the fine building now in course of erection near the Railroad depot will be a great ornament to the town, and taken in connection with the beautiful houses now under way, forms quite an item in the history of Winchester.

There is one point connected with the history of Winchester which deserves special notice, and we are confident that in after years, the residents will reflect upon this fact with great satisfaction. We refer to their prompt action in regard to education, and the energetic measures taken to provide all parts of the town with good schools. Surely the "rising generation" of Winchester need not grow up in ignorance. We think if our good old Fathers could just look in upon us, they would be proud to know that among the excellent towns that have sprung from old Woburn we can rank Winchester as a *model*.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank our friends for their contributions to this our first No., and hope they will continue their favors. Our columns will ever be open to all who may wish to express their views, and we shall be happy to publish any matter that may be sent in, reserving to ourselves the privilege of excluding all personal or improper expressions.

Benj. Franklin considered the habit of writing for the public eye, as one calculated to be of great benefit to the composer, in very many points of view, and as we believe the truth of his assertion to be self-evident, we will not use any argument to prove the same. All communications should be addressed to the Editor of the *"Woburn Journal"*, with the author's name, and left at our office, over Fowle's Book Store, Main St.

### MIDDLESEX CANAL.

The proprietors of this canal, have nearly closed their sales of property in this town, they having disposed of it to owners of land adjacent thereto. It will be quite a loss to our town in parting with this pretty stream of water, which for many years has flowed through our borders. We understand the City of Boston complain that the portion of Concord River which supplies the canal, draws upon the waters of Long Pond, and that they had appointed sometime since a Commissioner on their part, to take care of their rights.

On the first indictment, for an assault on John Hughes and wife, Pierce was fined \$5 and costs; McBride \$2 and costs.

For breaking windows, &c. in the house occupied by John Hughes, both were committed, in default of bail for \$200, to appear at the October term of Court at Lowell.

For assault on T. J. Porter, Peter McBride was committed, in default of bail for \$100, to appear at the same Court.

### THE LATE TORNADO.

The recent Tornado in our vicinity has given rise to many inquiries, in regard to the philosophical way of explaining this and other wonderful phenomena connected with storms; we propose to give to our readers in a series of articles, some facts connected with these interesting subjects, and shall endeavour to state in as simple a manner as possible, the opinions and views of scientific men on the various points we may notice. The air we breathe, the light that surrounds us, the sky above, the clouds that move therein, the dew, rain and snow that falls on every side, the wind that blows, and changes of the weather, are all matters of which we know much by experience; but we venture to say, that few, very few are aware of the laws of motion that govern and regulate the various beautiful, as well as terrible effects we daily notice, by our senses in the world around us; and yet these laws are simple, easily understood and comprehended, they only need a little attention from an enquirer, to be seen in all their interesting detail, and the more studied, the stronger will be our love of nature, and the clearer will be our views of the power of that Supreme Ruler who governs all the Universe by fixed and unchangeable laws.

While scarcely an individual of good common sense can be found in this enlightened age, who doubts the value of acquiring such knowledge as this field opens to our view; yet there are many well informed and excellent persons, who both entertain, and declare their opinions, that those individuals who work for their subsistence are not in any respect fitted for the study of the laws of nature; in fact they would have mental and philosophical labor, entirely and completely separated, they believe study has a great tendency to diminish, if not entirely to destroy that industry which is necessary for the support of those who walk in the humbler paths of life. In such philosophy as this there may be sincerity, but in it there is not a word of truth. We do not believe that any species of knowledge will make a person less industrious, or give him a distaste for any honorable calling in life. The truth is, that if a man will study romance or go into the depths and mysticism of much of the trashy, yellow-covered literature, with which our country abounds, he will almost naturally be led into extreme indulgence of such a vitiated taste, but not so with knowledge. In studying nature or science, the mind is naturally elevated, and a man will realize more than over the value of his time, and so improving that time as to turn it to the best advantage.

There is no necessity for our intruding upon hours allotted to other pursuits. We believe there are but few persons to be found in this or any other community, who do not have at their command leisure hours, now scarcely used, and perhaps wasted, which might be turned to advantage in the acquirement of much practical knowledge; and there is no one so limited in his circumstances, or acting in ever so humble a capacity, who may not exercise a beneficial influence in the circle of society where he moves, and effect this by improving the little time and pecuniary surplus, however small—in the culture of intellectual powers that may be entrusted to his care.

We had intended in commencing this article, to give some little attention to the subject of air, and the atmosphere, and in some subsequent numbers to speak of the various phenomena so often witnessed around us, of which air is the mighty moving cause; but as we have a great aversion to long articles, and have occupied so much room in moralizing, and philosophizing, we will forbear for the present, and in our next will take up the first named subject, and hope to be able to give our readers from time to time short pieces that may prove interesting, and worthy of their perusal.

### POLICE DOINGS.

Last Monday morning two men, named Peter McBride and John Pierce, were brought before Justice John Nelson, to answer to several charges which had been made against them by Constable Porter. It seems that on Saturday night last, about 12 o'clock, persons residing in Warren street, Academy Hill, were awakened by noise occasioned by breaking in the windows of a house occupied by a Mr. Hughes, an Irishman, who, having been assaulted by the above-named persons, had ejected them from the premises; and they, out of revenge, fell to stoning the windows. This aroused the neighbors, who turned out in good numbers, and, having secured the assistance of Constable Porter, as "tall" and efficient an officer as we know of, by the way, took the offenders, in spite of missiles thrown, and carried them to the lock-up.

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### THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

There is nothing which is more admired in a city or village, than a public square, and it seems to us that

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1851.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

**W. M. P.**  
The members of the WOBURN MECHANIC PHA-  
LAX are requested to meet at S. Young's Hall THIS  
THURSDAY EVENING, Oct. 19th, at 7 o'clock, P.M.  
A punctual attendance is requested.  
For Order.

F. A. THOMPSON, Clerk.

The undersigned will be at S. Young's Hall, Thursday evening, Oct. 19th, from 7 to 7, P.M., to pay the members of company G, the military band, for this year.

G. R. GAGE, Town Treas.

### Lycum Notice.

All persons interested in a course of lectures, debates, &c., for the ensuing winter, are requested to meet at the room over the Book store of Mr. H. W. Fowle on Monday evening next, Oct. 20th, at 7-1/2 o'clock.

### MARRIAGES.

In this town, Sept. 30th, Mr. Humphrey Chadbourne, to Miss Angelia Reed, both of Woburn.  
In this town, Oct. 1st, Mr. A. W. Gove, to Miss Hannah S. Thompson, both of Woburn.

On North Washington Street, 5th, by Rev. Mr. Sewall, of Burlington, Mr. John Kimball, son of Mr. Jessie Pearson, of Francestown, N. H., to Miss Hannah E. Harris, of North Woburn.

In Reading, Oct. 7th, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Alkaiad T. Holden to Miss Ellen Carter, all of Reading

### DEATHS.

In this town, on the 13th inst., Mrs. Mary Kendall, aged 45 years, and 10 months.

In Winchester, on the 7th inst., Arthur Henry, son of Stephen and Almira Cutler, aged 1 year and 10 months; and the 7th, his mother, Mrs. Cutler, of O. W. and Clarissa Gardner, aged 1 yr. and 11 months.

On the 12th inst., Ellen Leshy, aged 22.

### REALTY AT AUCTION.

BY license of Probate Court, will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, the 8th day of November, at 3 o'clock P.M., in the Room over the Office of the Register of SAMUEL H. DAVIS, late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, as will raise the sum of one hundred and twenty-eight dollars and forty-seven cents, for the payment of his just debts and charges of administration. Said estate consists of a DWELLING HOUSE, BARN, with about one acre of improved LAND, situated on Pond street, in the northerly part of said Woburn.

Also about ten acres and nineteen poles of unimproved land, situated about forty rods west of the house described premises. Sale to commence on the last mentioned tract of land. Further particulars at the sale.

LEONARD THOMPSON, Adm'r.  
Winchester, Oct. 14, 1851.

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed administrator of the estate of the deceased WALTER LADD, late of Reading, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are requested to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate, are called upon to make their claims known to EPHRAIM WESTON, Adm'r.  
Woburn, Oct. 14, 1851.

### TEARE, TAILOR,

KNIGHT'S BUILDING, WOBURN,  
Has a great variety of Broadcloths, Cassimires and Vestings, of every shade and quality, for Fall and Winter trade, which he will make into garments, for cash, at prices that will suit the most economical.

Constantly on hand a large and extensive assortment of Shirts, Collars and Bowties.

### READY MADE CLOTHING,

of every description.  
All those that may be in want of garments, such as have been made at his establishment, are invited to call and examine, as he feels confident that his styles and prices will be satisfactory to all. Garments cut in any style, and warranted to fit.

### J. S. TEARE,

THEO. LADD,  
will come to Woburn, Knight's Building, Main street, where may be found a full and complete assortment of Hardware and Cutlery, Building Materials, Carpenter Tools, Britannia and Glass Ware, Oven and Boiler Doors, Sheet Lead, Sheet Zinc, Lead Pipe, Copper Pumps, Chain, Cast Iron, &c., &c.

Cooking and Parlor Stoves, of various patterns and sizes, Tin, Copper and Iron Ware, Russia and English Sheet Iron Funnel constantly on hand. Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware made and repaired.

THEO. LADD,  
All persons having unsettled accounts with the late firm of KIMBALL & LADD, are requested to present to call and settle.

### DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of KIMBALL & LADD, was dissolved on the first of August, by mutual consent. The remaining affairs of the firm will be settled by Theo. Ladd, who is authorized to use the name of the firm in his business.

### WILLIAM KIMBALL,

THEO. LADD,  
and the late firm of KIMBALL & LADD, are respectively invited to call and settle.

The subscriber (late of the firm of Kimball & Ladd), will come to Woburn, Knight's Building, Main street, where may be found a full and complete assortment of Hardware and Cutlery, Building Materials, Carpenter Tools, Britannia and Glass Ware, Oven and Boiler Doors, Sheet Lead, Sheet Zinc, Lead Pipe, Copper Pumps, Chain, Cast Iron, &c., &c.

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### J. S. ELLIS & CO.,

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CROCKERY, Earthen and Glass Ware.

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N. B. Goods sent any reasonable distance free of expense.

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## POETRY.

## THE SHOEMAKER.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The shoemaker sat amid wax and leather,  
With lap-stone over his knee,  
Where, snug in his shop, he defied all weather,  
Drawing his quarters and sole together;  
A happy old man was he,

This happy old man was so wise and knowing,  
The worth of his time he knew,  
He tool his ends, and he kept them going,  
And felt to each moment a stitch was owing,  
Until his got round the stich.

Of every dead that his wax was sealing,  
The closing was firm and fast.  
The prick of his awl never caused a feeling  
Of pain to the toe; and his skill in healing  
Was perfect, and true to the last.

Whene'er you gave him a foot to measure,  
With gentle and skilful hand,  
He tool his proportions with looks of pleasure,  
As if you were giving the costliest treasure,  
Or dubbing him lord of the land,

And many a one did he save from getting  
A fever, or cold, or cough,  
For many a foot did he save from wotting,  
When, whether in water or snow 'twas setting,  
His shoeing would keep them off,

When he had done with his making and mend-  
ing,  
With hope and a peaceful breast,  
Resigning his awl, and his thread was ending,  
He passed from his bench, to the grave descend-  
ing,

As high as a king to rest;

[Golden Vase.]

## AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive."

Under this head we shall give such original matter and selections, as will, we hope, prove interesting and instructive to all. He who earns his bread by tilling the soil, should be one of Nature's greatest noblemen. We commend the following, from an old pamphlet, written more than sixty years ago, by the late Rev. Nath'l Fisher, of Salem, addressed to farmers:-

## THE CHARACTER OF A COMPLETE FARMER.

A complete farmer is a most careful, industrious and frugal, as well as reputable and useful man; and unless carefulness, industry and economy are united in the character, it will be an imperfect one. Although a farmer cannot live without labor, by labor alone he never can grow rich and respectable. Much depends upon his laying out and performing certain kinds of labor in the times when they ought to be performed. If he will not cart out his summer dung, nor plough those lands in the fall, which he means to feed in the following spring—if he will not put his seeds into the ground early, and as soon as the season will admit, if he will not attend to his fences and see that they are sufficient—and if he will not cut his grass when it is ripe and do everything necessary to secure it in good order; he will be perpetually hurried from one kind of labor to another, and every one will be slighted; his flax will not be well coaxed, nor his grain properly filled out; his corn will be shortened for want of being well hoed, and his grass will become dead, and dry away in the field. Let every kind of labor, therefore, be performed in due season. A complete farmer is also a man of great carefulness and solicitude; without care, the severest labor on the best of farms, will never produce riches nor plenty. If the farmer will not milk his cows in season—see that they are properly tended—go to the mire in time for the next year's profit; and that his diary is neatly and carefully managed, he may labor without ceasing, will have a small poor breed of cattle, and never enjoy a fulness of good butter and cheese. It is care which makes a flock increase and grow to a good size, which brings forth the profits of a dairy, and which fills the house of the farmer with good things. If he will not carefully inspect his fields and meadows, and see that his flocks are in good order, his grass and his corn will be cropt by his cattle; and if he will not gather and put up them in due season, he will have a short and mouldy crop. If he mows, rakes, and foddles his cattle in a careless slovenly manner, his flock will be pinched through the winter, and become poor and lousy in the spring—poor oxen too poor to do the labor of the season—poor cows with little or no milk, and wretched calves and poor horses, too feeble to draw, and too weak to ride with safety. If his swine, poultry and stock in general, and if his carts, rakes and tools of all kinds, are not carefully attended to, the former never can grow rich and respectable. It is attention which gradually collects from various sources, and covers the soil with manure; it is attention which causes the hills, fields and valleys to yield their increase, and advances and completes the most beneficial improvements.

There is a third virtue without the practice of which, the farmer can never attain to wealth and independence; I mean *economy*. Without this, both labor in raising, and care in preserving the fruits of the earth, are absolutely thrown away. Economy is an excellent virtue in any man; it is indispensable in the affairs and profession of a farmer. And of this he should never be unmindful when he looks into his barn, his cellar or his garret, or even his pastures; to say nothing of his fields, mowing lands and meadows. But farmers, as well as other men, are too apt to forget, that in their pursuits after riches, almost everything depends upon economy joined with care and industry.

A frugal, industrious man, blessed with but a common share of understanding, will undoubtedly succeed and advance his interest, beyond whatever he expected, when he first set out in life; provided no singular providential evil should overtake him. More is gained by saving than by hard labor. A farmer therefore whose utmost profits are small and slow, as he cannot grow rich suddenly from his profession, should be a rigid and steady economist. He should consider the saving he may make in everything; in his fuel, tools, clothes, meat, drink, and pocket expenses; above all, in his time, which is equal to so much money in hand. Every day that his neighbor runs down to market on his horse, with a pound or two of butter and a few eggs, if he stays at home and keeps steady to his labor, he gets two, if not three days the start of him. While his neighbor wastes his time and spends his money by this imprudent and trifling pursuit, he saves both time and money in dressing and improving his lands,

and which demands all his attention. There is no leisure hour to be found on a farm from early in the spring till late in the fall. Through all that whole period, a good farmer knows how to spend every hour profitably on his lands. He can have no time to pass in idleness—in chatting with people as they pass by—in making needless visits—in attending courts, horse races, taverns, and the like. By these means the public is annually deprived of many thousands of bushels of potatoes, corn, tons of hay, &c., and individuals themselves become poor, and fall into the worst of habits—into idleness, gaming, drinking, &c.

There is no kind of economy in the farmer which will not be well rewarded. Early rising will contribute to his health, and preserve his fields from the inroads of unruly creatures, which commonly begin their trespasses just as the day begins to dawn. Close moving and careful raking will enable him to winter one cow extraordinary. Feeding his hogs by weeds and other vegetable substances, will enable him to pay his shoemaker. Scraping his door and barn yards after rains and showers, will clothe his boy. Saving his early apples, and which are commonly lost entirely, will pay his tailor; his poultry well attended, will pay his maid. His calves will pay all his taxes, and some part of his hired labor, if proper care be taken of them. In fine, let a farmer who possesses only fifty acres of good land—who owns no man, and who has a common blessing on the labors of his hands, strictly attend to the management of his affairs, live a life of patient industry, and practice agreeable to the principles of economy, and I think he may live well—may be excused the hardest of labor; leave his hoe and spade to the next generation, by the time he has lived fifty years, indicates the way to Printing-house square. It is a snug old-fashioned looking place, and but for the many voices of numerous children at play, and the passage of small streams of persons to and from the *Times* advertisement office, the whole world would be retired a looking nook as could be met with in London. In the reign of Charles II, proclamations, &c., were printed here by the King's printer. 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at reasonable rates.  
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Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring towns, solicited.

**TALE OF EASTERN ROMANCE.**

**HADJEE MEER MEERZA;**  
— or —  
**THE LAMB WITH THE LION'S HEART.**

Hadjee Meer Meerza, as he was called among his brother shepherds, from his remarkable gentleness and courage, "The Lamb with the Lion's Heart," was a simple shepherd, herding his flocks on the beautiful plain which spreads itself along under that famous mountain, Ararat; and a very merry and happy fellow he was, and known and loved that pastoral country round, for his good-humored gibes, his imperturbable gentleness, and his stout heart. He was not a native of the district where he fed his flocks, for he was born in the little village of Humamloo, which lies in the valley of the same name, on the boundary of Persia, where it meets the frontier of the gigantic realms of Russia. But having been hired by old Abdool Allee, the wealthiest flock-holder of the country-region around Erivan, in one of his journeys, as his chief shepherd, he quitted his own pleasant valley, and followed his master and his sheep into the plains on the other side of the heights of Aboran, which separated him and his own beloved valley--his own humble home--and his old widowed mother, who still lived happily in her adopted Humamloo, surrounded by her children and their children--one member of her fold only being a straggler, the merry Meer Meerza. But as she heard from him, and heard that he did well, she was happy to let him live estranged from her, knowing that, when he had enriched himself, he would return, and bless the evening of her life with his affection: for she knew that her favorite son, Meer Meerza, loved nothing so much in the world as his good mother, his rude home, and his brethren.

Having passed three summers in the plains, the shepherd longed again to see his native valley: and, having obtained from the good Abdool permission to depart, the old man, who loved him as his son, loaded him with gifts, and sent him rich away; and away he went upon his journey, rejoicing. One care only lay heavily on his head, but did not weigh upon his heart; for he knew that he would be as welcome at his home in Humamloo, if he brought nothing back but his good spirits and his shepherd's crook, as if he returned with a caravan of wealth which he could call his own. In passing from the plains of Erivan, he had to journey over the wild, rocky heights of Aboran--a desolate region which had long been the terror of rich travellers; for it was the hunting-place of the most ferocious of robbers, the terrible Caussim Al Kadjer, who had defied the soldiers of the great Shah Abbas to take him, and therefore mocked at the puny efforts of the peasantry to hunt him down: the country people, accordingly, gave him up, and let him prey upon whom he listed, for they had grown to think him invulnerable by human hands, and that he bore a charmed life. All that the dwellers did on either side of the rocky Aboran, was to warn the travellers of whom they had to meet, and how to meet him--if they loved their lives, to let him levy toll, and then they might pass safely. His strength and prowess had spread such a dread of him the country round, that it was believed no single man, or any number of men, could overmatch him.

Hadjee Meer went not away unwarmed, but he heeded it nothing. He was told that it was in vain to arm himself, unless he could wield the weapon (with as mighty an arm) of the great hero of Persian story, Roostoom Beg himself. That weapon and that arm only could be the safeguard of him who had to contend with a robber of such tiger-like stealthiness, and, when that failed, he had missed his spring upon his prey, it was useless to think of escaping from one of such terrible strength and insubduable courage as Caussim Al Kadjer—"The Blood-lover," as he was called. Hadjee Meer laughed, however, when they sought thus to alarm him; for he was young, strong, and had some conceit of his good courage. "If he was to be conquered," he said, "it should not be by fear, which says so many, but by superior prowess." Nothing but being beaten and that soundly, should convince him that he could be beaten. "And leave me to know when I have had enough of blows to satisfy me that I am beaten," said the stout-hearted shepherd. "A hundred blows, on body and braw, are enough for me; when I have had them fairly counted down, I give up the bargain, unless a few more will decide it on both sides, and then it is as well to strike on till the affair is settled and the bargain struck."

It was in a small caravanseri or house of entertainment for travellers, on the Persian side of the heights of Erivan, that Hadjee Meer had halted before he had made his ascent. The dealers in cattle, and trader in black lamb and sheep skins, and merchant adventurers of Cashmere shawls, cloths and stuffs called variously *cussas*, *alejabs*, *tatfets*, *kudukus*, *culm-cars*, *peeraun shahes*, (or king's shirts), carpets of Herat and Isaphan, velvets of Cashan and Tabrees, and other silken, woolen, and linen goods, rested here with him; for it was the day *Jumah*, the Mahomedan Sabbath, on which it is not lawful to trade, and, if it can possibly be avoided, to travel. Hadjee Meer was known to many of the merchants, who loved him for his pure simplicity of heart, his honest nature, and unexable good humor; and as there are jokers in all countries, and matter for mirth--thank heaven!--all over the face of the earth, the Hadjee's daring journey alone over the hill of Aboran, served their turn, and kept the mouths of the Mohammedans as many bears wagged at him, and grave Musulmans rolled over on their carpets in uncontrollable laughter at poor Meer Meerza's foolish bravery, which one of the itinerant storytellers of the country had taken for his theme, and was setting in all the lights of ludicrousness; and though a brace of sedately sour moolahs, or priests, and three fakirs, or mendicant fanatics, who sat at opposite corners of the divan, apart from all the travellers, could not smoke their *kalleegos* without spitting and sputtering as the jesting went on, in spite of their habitual bravery, poor Meer bore up good-humoredly, laughed as loud as the best, and now and then contributed his joke to swell the uproar to the highest. There was but one voice there which deprecated the unfairness of so much merriment being enjoyed at the sole

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expense of one. This was a brother shepherd, who knew that Meer Meerza's bravery was no empty boast; and when a cowardly Kermanee, presuming upon his safety where more than forty boars seemed pitted against one, carried his mockery beyond a jest, by emptying his pipe ashes into a bowl of mass which Meer Meerza was lapping up, the brother shepherd cried out to the insolent Kermanee, "Beware, thou mocker, at whose board thou throwest dirt!" The shepherd-boy who has brained a lion in his fold at a blow, and hugged the breath out of a bear, is no plaything for such a scaper-up of dirt as thou art, thou puny reed of a man--thou poor *chou-been!* Beware, I say!"

The Kermanee no sooner heard these things, than, pulling his legs from under him, and rapidly working his heels against the ground, he rapidly shuffled off on his haunches, and took sanctuary with the Moolahs, at which proof of his discretion there was a burst of mirth, and afterwards much murmur of contempt. From this moment the jesting turned from Hadjee Meer to the poor shrinking trader; the Hadjee sat respected, finished his mass in peace, and, that despatched, filled up his kalleego, and settled comfortably down to a bowl of the lawful *maw-ul-hyat*, a spirit which the faithful will drink till they are drunk, because it is not the forbidden wine. The sun being now down, and the Sabbath ended, enjoyment had its fill, till smoke, and opium, and lusty draughts, and, lastly, sleep, came over all the travellers, and, one after another, they sunk into repose, even where they squatted on the floor.

At sunrise Meer Meerza awoke punctually as a shepherd wakes, and shaking himself up, throwing his wallet on his back, and grasping a sturdy staff to steady his steps in the stony high places, and, if need were, to defend the little store of wealth with which he was travelling to bless his good old mother, he set forward on his day-long, dreary journey. The few who were awake when he departed bade him good cheer, and gave him "the blessing of the Prophet" for his protection. The good-humored shepherd, laughing at their fears for him, then went his way, as light of heart and of foot as cheerfulness, youth, strength, and a good conscience could render him. And so, during the first five hours of his journey, he trudged merrily along, now breaking the silence of the solitude around him with snatches of shepherds' songs, and now pausing for a minute to gaze reverently on the sun--adore the wilderness of the scene--pick up a mountain flower--listen to the twittering of the passing birds, and watch their rapid flight.

This amused, some hours of the day passed uncounted away, and it was noon ere he felt hungry and weary; for ere he started he had swallowed a score or two of dates, a fruit so strength-sustaining that many an eastern traveller will journey on from sunrise to sunset and want no other food. Not so our traveller. He had a shepherd's appetite, which the fresh mountain air made tiger-keen. He looked around him, therefore, for a sheltered spot where he might rest awhile, and this he found—a nook among the dark blue rocks which wildly sweep the heights of Aboran, near which a little mountain rivulet ran brawling and wrangling with the impeding stones. There, throwing himself on the ground, he opened his well-packed wallet, and rummaged out some coarse but sweet bread, a flask of goat's milk, and a second flasket, which he had stuffed with the hair of the same dog which had bitten him at the caravanseri. Having eaten heartily, and drunk up his goat's milk, and still feeling thirsty, he laid his lips to the mountain stream, and drew up a long draught of its delicious waters. "Water is not so sweet as goat's milk, nor so strong as *maw-ul-hyat*," said the shepherd, wiping his mouth upon his rough, coarse *kabba*, a humble vest, "but it will do very well till they abound!" And so saying, he turned to flask the second, and took a qualifying dram.

Cheerful and refreshed, he now resumed his way, and, in another hour, approached the spot which the robber was said most to haunt. It was then, and not till then, that he felt an undefinable dread—not fear, but some feeling next of kin to it—steal gradually over him. "The air of these heights is cold," said Hadjee Meer, "or else the water, which I drink too freely, has chilled me, for I feel as if winter had searched my poor *kabba* through;" and he shivered, and muttered "*La-ilah-he-il-ah!*" Poor Hadjee! the dread of danger, which makes cowards of the strong at heart, who yet, when danger comes, can meet it firmly, had got fast hold upon his fancy, and made his strength to tremble and his warm blood to turn wate-cold.

Suspense is more terrible than certainty. He halted a few moments and looked around him; and, far as the eye could reach, no living thing—not even a wild bird—appeared. Loneliness itself is an insipid of dread; and when the expectation of some danger is added, the heart may well shrink, if it do not faint. Again he set forward, singing a shepherd's song as he went; his song was, however, often interrupted by serious pauses of ruminating: but these gave place, at last, to his old natural cheerfulness and stoutness of heart, and his singing was as loud and as light as ever. Thoughts of the robber, however, still haunted him, and recurred the more seriously the higher he mounted the steep path which wound over the hills. "This goat-path is precipitous," murmured he, breathing laboriously, "and might put the stoutest lungs at a goat's gallop!" and he held again to recover his breath. He still deceived himself; it was his apprehension, and not the steepness of the path, which made him pant and expire so irregularly.

And now he had reached the rugged head of that hill which he had so often gazed upon with wonder at the home door of his childhood; and being weary with the toilsome ascent, he flung himself on the ground, and once more unbuttoning his wallet, drew forth a second dole of bread, swallowed it with ravenous hunger, and washed it down with a long draught of flask the second. Home being now in sight, and his body refreshed, his spirits mounted up as high again as they were low; and he laughed and was merry when he turned his eyes towards the beloved valley of Humamloo. His dread was gone: so, springing upon his feet, he set forward on his descent, and wantonly amused himself, as he went almost headlong down the heights, by striking with his staff at every stone and sturdy shrub which came in his way, till one half of it was

shivered into splinters; and as often as he struck a more than common blow he cried, "By the beard of my father, thus would I beat Caussim Al Kadjer!"

He had now entered upon a dreary path, overhung with lofty pines, which darkened the ground with their thick masses of dusky foliage, and threw a solemn, shadowy atmosphere around. Huge round pebbles made his steps uncertain, and giving way as he trod upon them, sometimes threw him down, to the bruising of many a bone. Gigantic blocks of porphyry jetted overhead, or lay disorderly around, looking like the vast remains of some old mountain-altar of the Fire-Worshippers. It was a wild and melancholy scene, and he felt its awfulness creep over him. Again he rallied, and again plied his staff on the right hand and on the left, till, just as he was about half spent with his sport, at one blow so great a portion of it was broken off, that he had but three strong feet left in his hand. Half vexed at his folly in thus disarming himself, he struck at a huge stone in humorous spite, and again cried aloud, "And thus would I beat the bones of Caussim Al Kadjer!"

A giant figure, which looked black as a seal, bear, in the darkness made by the sycamores, started up instantly from behind the block of stone, and with a growl, which sounded more like that of a beast than the voice of man, cried "Wouldst thou?"

"Even as I said!" answered Meer Meerza, briskly, and not all startled by the sudden interposition; but when he lifted his eyes, and beheld who it was that had spoken, his hand clutched convulsively the poor fragment of his staff, and he felt that now he had need of the original whole, and another weapon to boot, to stand up for him. For a moment he quailed, and in the next he felt assured; for the danger he had dreaded stood before him, and he made not to meet it—there it was; and he made up his mind, and struck up his strong bow to meet it like the shepherd who, among shepherds, was known as "The Lion-hearted Lamb."

"I take not so much beating as thou hast valiantly bestowed upon my stock and stone representatives," said Al Kadjer, with a surly sort of humour.

"Bismillah! Art thou to say how much? I never give less when I bestow a cudgelling," said the shepherd.

"If thou wilt not have all, I am unwilling to take so much, and thou art unwilling to give less—say we shall decide it thus: I will take a many blows as thou canst give me, and thou shalt take two of mine in return. It is a bargain!" If so, let us fall to, and do thou keep the reckoning. Come, I will begin! Score thou one!" And saying this, the robber set upon Hadjee Meer with a staff six feet in length, and of a thickness which made him wince to look at it. He parried the blow, however, which else would have laid him sprawling; and a second was coming, when he leaped aside, and exclaimed, "Caussim Al Kadjer!—for thou art he, and none other—great as thou art, and terrible as thou art to men, had I but a weapon such as thine, I would make thee to keep the reckoning on thy bones! But look at my staff!"

"Well," said the Hadjee, "for a robber, that looks honest! I will trust in thee!"

"Follow me, then," commanded Caussim, and the shepherd did, undoubting.

"Ho! led him but a little way, when, coming to a rocky recess, he entered it, while Meer Meerza loitered at the door, and immediately obtained abundance of fruits, a plentiful portion of recently-roasted kid, and, lastly, a couple of flaskets of the unbroken *maw-ul-hyat*. These he afterwards spread upon the ground, and invited the Hadjee to fall to. He did not require twice bidding, for he looked as ravenously on these dainties, if his eyes had an appetite independent of his stomach. The shepherd was about to fill his mouth, when the robber, to his astonishment, interrupted him by crying, "Give Allah and the Prophet thanks, my son, before thou eatest, for these their mercies!"

"Well, thou presumptuous hypocrite!" cried the Hadjoe, "Darest thou give thanks to Allah and his Prophet for these good things, which thou hast violently taken, haply from the poor, with blows and blood? Dost thank Allah that thou art a villain—the Prophet, that thou art powerful to shed blood? I dare not be so wickedly profane. I shall thank no giver of this food but he from whom it was forced away!"

"Ho! sayest thou so? None shall report of Al Kadjer that he took a fair antagonist at a vantage! Here, take my staff," said he, and he threw it to the shepherd; "for I have its brother; and, should these fail, deadlier weapons to wind up the quarrel!" and stooping behind a block of stone, he produced a staff in all respects like to the other.

Hadjee Meerza unstrapped his wallet, deposited it behind a pine, and, being now fairly armed, he shifted his ground, and chose an open spot, where the stems of the trees were so far apart, that his staff might fly freely round his head; and, planting his foot firmly, awaited the assault. The next hit was again the robber's, and had the shepherd failed to ward it off, he would have bitten the dust. Then he put in a blow; but, as his foot slipped in delivering it, it fell so feebly, that Caussim smiled in scorn at such boy's play, and said, "We are not a match, shepherd, for thou striktest weakly!"

"Sooth to say," replied Meer Meerza, "I am weary, for I have journeyed so far, and flung so much of my strength away upon stock and stone Al Kadjers, that now I have no strength left in me, and none to strike with." "What! cried Caussim; "wouldst thou stone my dog at mine own door?"

"Well, then, you shepherds of men have better notions of the luxuries of life than we poor dwellers of the valley, when we dream of them, and know no more of their sweet sinfulness. I am a shepherd and kindred, too; but muttons and kids are delicacies too delicate for my mean mouth: my masters know what kids and muttons are, and it is my business to see that they get them in good condition and in due season; but as for me—Bismillah! who am I, that I should have a mouth?"

"Rob, then, as I do!" counseled Al Kadjer.

"Ya, become a lion, and ravage flocks and folds, to have every man's hand against me! Nay, by the Prophet, nay!" cried the simple shepherd.

"Every man's hand, as thou knowest, has been uplifted against me, and thou seest, has done me little mischief hitherto. When they have lifted their right arm, mine was always raised at the same moment, and fell the heaviest," vauntingly cried Al Kadjer.

"Take it, if thou canst," said the Hadjoe, putting on his mettle.

"Thou dost not fear me, then?" demanded Caussim.

"I fear nothing that wears a beard," replied Meer Meerza.

Hearing this confidence, the robber gazed at his young antagonist, and having surveyed him from head to foot, and duly considered his bodily capabilities, he said, "What art thou?"

"A shepherd in Erivan."

"Art honest?"

"I trust I am. I never yet stole a lamb from a neighboring shepherd's fold!"

"Ah, a glorious robber was spoiled when thou wert made a simple keeper of sheep!" cried Al Kadjer.

Meer Meerza laughed, and said, "Happily; but who shall murmur at his fate? Not I. I am content to be honest and right of heart."

"Meer Meerza, youngest son of old Allee Meerza, now with the dead, of the valley of Humamloo!"

"Bismillah! What, art thou indeed the son of the double-jointed iron master of the valley?"

"No other man's son. My mother said so, and my father believed her; for, as she never respected the Prophet, she spoke the words of truth."

"Alas! Meerza, saidst thou? Do I live? He was a man! Bismillah! We have no man like him in these latter days! His hand was a smith's hammer! Sacred be the dust upon his grave!"

"Thou knowest my father, then?"

"By the Prophet, yea. Al Kadjer was indeed a man! He could handle a sword, spear, or staff! Ere I took up his trade, he broke two of my bones in a caravanseri quarrel."

"I inherit his bones," said the Hadjoe, with a significant laugh.

"By the Prophet, yea. Al Kadjer was indeed a man! He could handle a sword, spear, or staff! Ere I took up his trade, he broke two of my bones in a caravanseri quarrel."

"Sacred be his memory!" cried the robber.

"And thou art journeying to thy home? And what may that wallet of thine contain?"

"Some twenty tomans, sooth to say, which I am carrying as a tribute of piety to my poor mother, with half a dozen black lamb skins, and four kid skins, for her winter comfort."

"A pious son!" cried the robber, and sighed heavily. The shepherd started at hearing a sigh from such a bosom! Caussim, after a struggle with his conscience, added, "By the head of my father, I reverence thee! Thou art a brave, and good, and pious son of double-jointed Allee!"

"To show thee how I love thee—" and he was silent for a time as his thoughts were contending with his feelings. "Was I to lose two tomans—I care not what: so as the day declines, the sooner we decide it as to whether to keep or sell."

"Not I!" cried the Hadjoe. "What thou seekest to have, thou must take it in despite of this strong arm, and this good staff!"

"Bravely said I!" cried Caussim: "I love thee more and more! The poor wretches I have battled with hitherto were half beaten before a blow was struck on either side; but thou—come, thou shalt sup with me, and drink with me, and after that, if we meet again, I will reward thee!"

"A pious son!" cried the Hadjoe.

"Well, even as thou will!" said Al Kadjer:

"I am in a good humour this day, or thou

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1851.

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 25, 1851.

### AGENTS.

BOSTON.—MESSRS. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., State street, are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STRETHAM.—MR. G. W. DIXE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

### TEMPERANCE.

The Maine Liquor Law is now agitating the mind of the Temperance community throughout New England, and every day we hear various opinions expressed as to its utility, its aims, and its results; and while we find all temperance men agree as to the evil effects and results of intemperance, we find opinions expressed as to the means of curing the evil as diversified and opposite in their details as the North is from the South, and as different as white is from black.

No man who has studied the history of the temperance movement for the past twenty-five years, can doubt the truth of the above statement; and while to a person of rational judgment, it cannot but be a matter to be deeply regretted that the brethren who work in this noble cause do not agree, yet to the one-sided advocates of peculiar views it is strong argument for them to know that they have opponents who profess to seek the same end.

We say all agree as to the evil effects of intemperance. Who in this land, that possesses the least observation, can pass by the daily sights that greet our eyes, without noticing, interwoven closely in the events that continually transpire, the influence of this debasing and soul-destroying principle? The hydra-headed monster is seen in New England, adapting himself to all our customs and peculiarities; in the Middle States, we find him under a different and more open aspect; in the West, custom and taste brings him even more prominently before our eyes; and at the South, we find his power almost entirely untrammelled: and in all these spots we also find the truth—a matter of prominent fact—that progression is the path in which intemperance treads.

When we take a broad and comprehensive view of our beloved land, with the above facts before our eyes, we cannot but admit that the power of intemperance is very great. We believe but few realize it to anything like its actual extent; we never heard it exaggerated, and doubt if the tale was ever fully told. Of its individual, its social and its public influence, we might fill our sheet, and then, perhaps, give but a faint idea of what intemperance is.

If, then, we all agree in the starting-point, why cannot temperance men fight under the same banner? Why can they not say—We will not be satisfied until the monster is annihilated; we will not rest until every liquor shop and every distillery is driven from our land; we will not stop until weak man is in that position that he cannot obtain the poison which destroys him, and the peace and comfort of his family. These questions are easily asked, but not so readily answered; for one man will say, such is my object and desire, but this is my way of bringing about the desired end. Another will say—I agree about the result wished for, but my way is different. And so we differ and clash. Intemperance gains by temperance quarrels, and thousands yearly reach a drunkard's grave.

Now, to our views, this is not, nor should it be, a sectional question. The North cannot say to the South, "you are meddling with our business," nor vice versa, for our whole country is equally interested in the temperance movement. The nation's firesides and homes,—the nation's welfare and future prosperity,—are all closely connected with this vital question; therefore we maintain that some plan of action should be fixed upon which shall suit all; and few men of good common sense can be found in any community, who will not acknowledge that such plans are only to be arrived at by mutual concessions, and by a general giving up of preconceived prejudices.

In commencing this article we spoke of the *Maine law*, which is entirely a new feature in the treatment of this traffic; and we cannot but admire the starting point or ground work of the law in question—it is this. It treats the manufacturing and dealing in liquor as contraband, and thus aims a blow at the root of the whole difficulty. By this law, no person is now shielded who has any interest in disposing of this poison. Licensing a man to injure his neighbor and his brother, is not now on the Statute Book of Maine. And while we would not place ourselves in the position of those *one-sided* reasoners of whom we have just been speaking, we cannot help remarking that we respect the wisdom of this movement, and consider the uproar made among interested parties as a strong argument in favor of the law.

We hope the time will speedily come, when the temperance men of America will have a single purpose and aim; and then we believe with a "strong pull and a pull all together," they will accomplish in a short space more than has ever been done before.

NEW BRIDGE.—Subscribers will receive their papers at the store of MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN, & CO.

Our article on air, &c., is crowded out this week.

D. S., on Education, will appear next week.

### For the Journal.

#### THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

An oak and pine now mark the place,  
Where silent lies in death's embrace  
The body of our son;  
His time on earth has been but short,  
He soon has reached his distant port,—  
His time on earth is done.

These trees will flourish every year,  
And in their season green appear,  
With each returning Spring;  
But this poor little mortal must  
Return and moulder into dust,  
This is a certain thing.

Three sister and an elder brother  
Lie moulder close to one another,  
Near where they lived and died;  
But this young stranger far hath come,  
Away from friends—away from home—  
And here he must abide.

His parents and his friends may mourn,  
Yet he can nevermore return,—  
Oh! what a solemn thought;  
Yet they hope the heavenly dove  
Hath wing'd his soul to heaven above,  
And hath it safely brought.

Now let us all prepare for death,—  
Then when we yield our latest breath  
And have our sins forgiven,  
Triumphant we shall ascend,  
A long eternity to spend,  
With our bliss and friends in heaven

WOBURN, Oct. 1851 A. B.

### OUR RECEPTION.

We do not desire to sound any trumpet as to our looks, as a paper, or the matter in our paper, but yet we cannot resist the inclination to let our readers know what our brethren of the press think of the "Woburn Journal," and accordingly place below some of the notices which we have clipped from papers received at our office.

We return our thanks to the press, and also to our correspondents who have seen fit to speak of our sheet in such flattering terms; and would also add, that it will hereafter be our desire and aim to merit all the good opinions that have been so liberally bestowed on us:—

**A NEW SUBURBAN PAPER.**—We have received the first number of a new weekly newspaper, called the Woburn Journal, published in the smart and thriving village of Woburn, by Messrs. Fowle & Brother, at the pleasant suburban village of Woburn. The paper is very neatly printed, and bears marks of good taste and good sense in the editorial department. It bears, in the outset, marks of strength which we have no doubt will give it stability and usefulness.—Traveller.

**A NEW PAPER.**—We have received the first number of a large and handsome looking sheet, published in the smart and thriving village of Woburn, by Messrs. Fowle & Brother, bearing the title of Woburn Journal. Mr. Fowle officiates as editor. The paper is well edited and neatly printed, and the people of Woburn should, and we doubt not will, give it a hand-some support. Success to the Woburn Journal.—Herald.

**For the Journal.**  
**THE HUSBAND'S HYMNS.**  
Mr. Editor:—As you have published "A Wife's Commandments,"—she is over-righteous, I think, as they number twelve,—I hope you will be as willing to publish a husband's hymns.

A good wife should be like three things, and three things she should not be like:—

Good wives like snails should be akin,  
Always their houses keep within;  
But not to carry fashon's knacks;  
All they are worth upon their backs.

Good wives like echoes still should do,  
Speak only when they're spoken to;  
But not like echoes—most absurd—  
To have forever the last word.

Good wives, like city clocks, should chime,  
Be regular, and keep in time;  
But not, like city clocks, aloud  
Be heard by all the vulgar crowd.

**A HUSBAND.**

**THE LATE TRIAL OF LOCOMOTIVES.**—The following, from the Lowell Courier, is the award of the board of judges, upon the late trial of engines and exhibition of railway machinery, connected with the Middlesex Mechanic's Fair:—

To John Howe, Jr., Agent of the Brandon Works, a silver medal, for Mowry's carriage coupling.

To the Addison Gilmore, from the Western Railroad, a gold medal, for the best time made.

To the Nathan Hale, Boston and Worcester Railroad, a silver medal, for the second best time made.

To the Pequod, from the Boston and Providence Railroad,—for the peculiar arrangement of the engine and tender, the importance of which we have alluded to, and for the drawing apparatus, which increases the adhesion, with increased load or increased draft, on inclined planes, a silver medal.

To the Milo, freight engine, from the Boston and Lowell Railroad, for the best performance according to the prescribed rules, a gold medal.

To the St. Clair, freight engine, for the second best performance, a silver medal.

**THE FIREMEN.**—Fountain Company paraded last Saturday in good numbers, and looked finely. They worked their old machine like heroes, but it was no match for Winchester's "Excelsior," as it proved, and the "Fountain" tub—not the boys—was beaten. We hear that a trial is talked of between "Excelsior" of Winchester, and the "Giant Worth" of Stonham, both first class machines, and of the same build and size. If this trial takes place there will be warm work, and "may we be there to see!"

**ELECTIONS.**—The various political parties, are marshalling their forces for the State election, which comes off on Monday, Nov. 10th, the prospects are, that there will be quite a warm contest; the most distinguished and effective lecturers of all the parties are now thoroughly canvassing the counties. Next week we shall give the various tickets that are offered for the support of our citizens.

**For the Journal.**  
**JOHN CLOUGH, Chairman.**  
**GEORGE M. CHAMPNEY, Secretary.**

**THE BEST KEY.**—The best key ever invented is a Yan-kee. As an instance, see young Hobbs of this city, who has picked everything in John Bull land.—Bee.

Tu-key is the best key for securing those who pick-locks illegally.—Journal.

We go in for a nice fat tur-key—especially about Thanksgiving time.

**For the Journal.**  
**JOHN G. FLAGG, Esq., has been appointed by the Governor and Council, as Justice of the Peace, for Middlesex county.**

### "MUSIC IN SCHOOLS" AGAIN.

MR. EDITOR.—Your correspondent "Crotch," et al., reasons well on the subject of "Music in Schools," but for one, I must take decided exception to his side of the argument. I do not think we ought to go on in our schools, murdering music in the style in which it is now done, and for this very reason (which he brings up in his letter,) I say it should not be taught in our schools at all.

You know sir, the good old adage about "two many irons in the fire," and the conclusion there drawn, that some of them will get burned, so I believe it is in education; we crowd too much into the mind of the young child, and the result is that, instead of learning a few things well, it gets but a few general ideas on all points, and very little of thorough education.

I think the idea of infantile precocity, or the hurrying ahead of the young mind, is exceedingly injurious, and in after years recalls on the injured party with great power; it would certainly be much, yes! very much better, if our teachers, or those having the arrangement of these matters, would strive to have our children learn a little of all kinds of information to memory, to be forgotten the next day perhaps; but let what education they do receive be thorough.

I would not Mr. Editor, desire to be found among the class of fault finders, but I cannot help saying that I am among the number of those who have a perfect horror of modern accomplishments; it does seem to me perfectly ridiculous, to see a little child of seven to nine years, sing in *Italian*, or *finger* with the grace of an artist; I would have "a time for everything and everything in its time," and, therefore, would have the great science of music taught as an art, and taught at the proper age and time; and the place at which it is taught, should not be in a common school, where children should learn the common English branches.

I am aware there are arguments that can be brought to show the utility of learning to sing at school, but would it not be vastly better to teach singing by itself, and make it a thorough study; and in this way, a teacher who understands his business, would answer for a whole town, which would be a great saving, as an item of expense, for now, if we have a teacher who has all these accomplishments, why, of course they have a good argument to demand higher pay.

Music is a great study, and should not be trifled with, and for one, I hope the day will come, when people's eyes will be opened to see the importance of its being a study that demands more than a passing note, now and then to be learned.

QUAVER.

### For the Journal.

#### SEND ME YOUR PAPER.

MR. EDITOR:—I have a few words to say to you, on the reception of your first number in my family. You must know that I have three children—two boys and one girl; my wife has four sisters, all out of their teens,—well, we had a family circle in the evening, the Woburn Journal was handed to me to read, I gave a hasty look at its columns, to see if there was any *matter* in it, which I could not a moral man, read aloud to my family; (for many of the papers, contain matter not fit to be read in a family circle.) I read the "Journal" through, and had you seen the bright faces and heard the remarks, you would have felt satisfaction for your labor; but, there is another feature in this "Woburn Journal," it has turned over a new leaf in my family; we have all taken to reading—my wife's sisters carry a pair of *scissors* and *clip* pieces from every paper I carry home, they are perfectly delighted with the *selections*, and intend to send you some—and my children are perfectly crazy to be editors; my oldest boy wants to know if he can't write a piece about good children obeying their parents—my wife is over *eloquent*, in all she does and says, and when I come home at night, I find them all reading; all these are indications of the influence of a *moral* Journal—and I rejoice to see it. If your first number is a specimen of what you mean to perform, and you do not deviate from it, you will receive the thanks and support of this community, as sure as I am a FATHER.

Woburn, October 22nd, 1851.

REV. GEORGE F. SIMMONS, of Springfield, will preach in the Unitarian Church, tomorrow, Oct. 25th.

**QUILL AND SCISSORS.**

The Town House has been newly painted, and looks nice as a new hat.

"Did you ever see Niagara Falls?" said a lady passenger to her friend. "No, I never met such, but I've heard them highly spoken of."

It is stated that Mr. Gleason, the publisher, has purchased the Montgomery House for \$80,000, and will convert it into a publishing house.

The following toast was given at the supper of the National Guards, New York:—"The four Boxes which govern this world: "The Ballot Box—the Jury Box—the Cartridge Box—and the Band Box!"

The editor of the Lynn Bay State has been presented with a "lot of apples," and the editor of the Lowell Journal with a big piekerel.

We are also pleased to acknowledge a rich loaf of sponge cake!

Absence diminishes moderate passions, and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers, and adds fury to fire.

If you have an acquaintance you wish to cut, loan him a "ten spot," and he will never trouble you again unless you follow him.

Dr. Graham used to say that the best food for a consumptive patient was a cedar shingle fried in saw-dust batter, washed down by half a pint of hickory shavings.

The difference between love and law is this, in love the attachment precedes the declaration, in law, the declaration comes before the attachment.

An Irishman writing a sketch of his life, says he early ran away from his father, because he was only his uncle!

A man out West, who owns a large farm, says he stacks up all the hay he can out doors, and the remainder he puts in his barn.

**POCKET PICKED.**—A gentleman from the country had his pocket picked of a watch and gold seal, in Sudbury street, last evening.—Value, \$45.

**The Middlesex Society of Sabbath School Teachers held their annual session at Concord, on Wednesday.**

**A letter from Havana states that a Spanish officer, who captured Lopez was assassinated.**

**ACCIDENT ON THE LOWELL RAILROAD.**—On Wednesday afternoon, as the 1 o'clock train from Lowell was passing through Somerville, one of the drive wheels became disabled, and the train was detained till the arrival of the half-past 1 o'clock train from Woburn. This train pushed them along, arriving at Boston between 2 and 3 o'clock.

**A fight took place at West Newton, on Monday night, in which an Irishman beat his wife severely, and then seriously injured her father, who came to her rescue.**

### BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN

FROM THE YEAR 1651 TO 1656.

In this list the arrangement of the records has been somewhat altered and abridged, that they may be consulted with more convenience, the spelling of proper and christian names are as found on the old records. The letter s. for son, and d. for daughter will be readily understood:—

W.

1651.  
Tottenham, Elihu, s. of John, 29th of 16th.  
Lepinewell Michell, w. of Michell, 20th of 4th.  
Simonds, William, s. of William, 15th of 2nd.

Chamberlin, —, d. of Edmund, 11th of 1st.  
Wyman, Judith, d. of Francis, 29th of 7th.  
Balduin, Susanna, d. of Henry, 25th of 6th.  
Knight, Samwell, s. of Joseph, 8th of 7th.  
Brooks, Sarah, d. of John, 21st of 1st.  
Tedd, Hannah, d. of John, 21st of 7th.  
Read, Elizabeth, d. of George, 29th of 4th.  
Lepinewell, Rachell, d. of Michell, 20th of 1st.  
Convers, Theophaus, s. of Allen, 20th of 7th.  
Carter, John, s. of John, 6th of 11th.  
Fuller, Jacob, s. of Thomas, 14th of 11th.  
Wyman, Elizabeth, d. of John, 8th of 11th.  
Johnson, William, s. of William, 20th of 12th.  
Knight, John, s. of Joseph, 10th of 11th.  
Poly, George, s. of George, 4th of 11th.  
Pierce, Mary, s. of Robert, 4th of 10th.

1652.  
Cutter, Susannah, s. of John, 7th of 2d.  
Knight, Hannah, d. of Joseph, 25th of 1st.  
Cleveland, —, s.





## WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE,  
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY  
**FOWLE & BROTHER,**  
**JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.**  
TERMS, \$1.50 per year, payable always  
in advance.

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at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring towns, solicited.

### TALES AND SKETCHES.

#### THE RABBI AND THE MENDICANT.

A TALE OF JERUSALEM.

It was fast approaching the eleventh hour ; the busy hum of the holy city had sunk into comparative stillness, and, save some straggling wayfarers, and field labourers returning from their daily toil, few passengers were to be seen in the streets of Jerusalem. One middle-aged man alone kept his seat in the Water Gate, looking with placid smile along the rugged road which led down to the Valley of Jehoshaphat : a silver gerah was held between his fingers, as in the act of giving an alms ; but for some minutes no object appeared on whom it might properly be bestowed. He rose from his seat, and gathering his flowing robe around him, was preparing to depart, when the figure of an aged man tottering slowly up the steep, arrested his attention. The old man was meanly clad ; and, as he leaned feebly on his staff, to take breath after his toilsome ascent, his glance rested upon the person of the sage Rabbi Abimelech, for it was he who sat in the gate distributing his daily alms to the poor, the hungry, and the wayfarer.

"The Lord direct thy going out and thy comings in," said the Rabbi, with a self-satisfied smile, dropping the coin into the extended palm of the stranger. "Lo ! I have tarried from the ninth hour until the towers and pinacles of the Temple have thrown their dark shadows across the brook of Cedron, even unto the base of the Mount of Olives, to bestow this last gerah of forty in an alms, according to a vow which I made last Pentecost, and behold thou art here to receive it."

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WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1851.

NO. 3.

VOL. I.

## JOB PRINTING.

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high of the alliance. In this dilemma, they might perhaps have proposed an elopement ; but Fritz loved his regiment almost as much as his mistress, and could not think of deserting his duty ; and before they could make up their minds as to what line of conduct they should pursue, a couple of transports sailed into the harbor, bringing out a regiment which was ordered to relieve them while they were summoned immediately to England. There was no time for plots or arrangements, and the lovers were separated.

But his old friend, the lady Fortune, having brought Fritz thus far, was determined to stick by him still. Doubtless for the purpose of smoothing the way to Fritz's marriage with the fair Spaniard, she contrived through the instrumentality of Napoleon, to render the Duke of Brunswick's situation so unpleasant, that he found it advisable to abandon his dominions, and take refuge in England. Being a staunch ally, the duke was immediately appointed to the command of a British regiment, and in looking about for an aid-de-camp, who happened to be the steward, took him to the captain, and communicated the whole affair. "We can't get rid of the rogue now," said the captain ; "so we must find a close eye upon him, and when we return, well bring him back to his master." He happened to have a distant relation in the same line of business at Bremen ; and to this person he committed the child, with an injunction to treat him well, and make a good tailor of him. But Fritz had no aptitude for tailoring ; nor, indeed, to speak the truth, did he appear to have an aptitude for anything—at least for anything that was useful, or likely to be advantageous to himself. Not that he was altogether stupid, but that, either from indolence or from not having found his vocation, his energies never seemed awakened, and he made no progress in his business and very little in his learning. The man with whom he was placed was a violent and unreflecting person, who, without seeking to ascertain the cause of the boy's deficiencies, had recourse to the scourge ; and when he found flogging did nothing towards the development of Fritz's genius, he tried starving ; and that, at least for anything that was useful, or likely to be advantageous to himself. Fritz was sent before the mast, and made to scrub the decks, help his mates, and make up for the mistake of his master ; and he would have been tolerably contented, had it not been for the apprehension of being restored to his master. However, like many anticipated evils, his fears on this score were never realized. The period in question was

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1851.

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 1, 1851.

### AGENTS.

BOSTON.—*Mrs. S. M. PATERSON & CO.*, State street, are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—*Dr. DALE YOUNGMAN*, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job printing.

STONHAM.—*Mr. G. W. DIXE* will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

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**AMASA WALKER,**

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FOR SENATORS,

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SAMUEL E. SEWALL, of Stoneham,  
JOSEPH FULLER, of Framingham.

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OF GROTON.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,

**HENRY W. CUSHMAN,**  
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FOR SENATORS,

**JOSEPH FULLER**, of Framingham,  
**HENRY WILSON**, of Natick,  
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**ANSON BURLINGAME**, of Cambridge,  
**CHARLES C. HAZEWELL**, of Concord,  
**SAMUEL E. SEWALL**, of Stoneham.

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FOR GOVERNOR,

**ROBERT C. WINTHROP,**  
OF BOSTON.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,

**GEORGE GREENNELL,**  
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**UZIAH CHAMBERLAIN**, of Malden,  
**JOSIAH RUTTER**, of Waltham.

### WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Rather a queer caption, but at the same time an interesting subject, and an all-absorbing topic of the day. In fact, "Woman's Rights Conventions" have got to be regular and "fixed facts;" their proceedings are reported in full by the city papers, and commented quite freely upon by the press, at home and abroad.

This subject is brought to our notice by seeing a report of the doings of a Convention, recently held at Worcester; and on the first page we give to our readers a report of one of the speeches made before that body. As it is a question of considerable interest to inquire what woman's rights are, it may not be out of character to give the matter a little consideration.

That the Creator has provided for Woman a sphere of influence and action, cannot be doubted. It is also true that the influence she is called upon to exert is of very great importance; but the great matters of discussion seem to be, as to where her sphere is, and by what limit her influence is to be bounded.

It is boldly asserted by some of the extreme advocates of woman's rights, that she does not, even in this enlightened age, occupy her true position. She is fitted, say they, for any office, and her position should be such in society that she can openly battle with the cares and trials of the world; she should be placed on the same platform with Man; she should have all, and the same privileges with him; political and religious privileges should be extended to her—in other words, they would have Woman occupy precisely the same public position as Man.

To support such assertions and assertions, past experience is brought up and used as a powerful argument; the degradations, the wrongs and oppressions of past times are all arrayed, to show and prove that Woman has been oppressed. These facts are used with good reason, for they conclusively show that many nations have never fully realized or known what was, or should be, the true position of the gentler sex.

While we would treat with all due respect and deference such reasoning, and admit that there is much of sound argument in it, we should feel called upon to take the opposite side of the discussion, and assert that Woman, in our beloved land, occupies her proper place,—that she now moves in the sphere intended for her by an all-wise Creator, and exercises an influence at this present time more potent than ever before;—not that we would say there is no room for improvement, or that society, in its mutual relations, is just what it should be. No; perfection is not the essence, nor is it the foundation of any of our human laws, rights or privileges. But, on the whole, after taking everything into consideration, we are inclined to the belief that the fair sex should be satisfied with the present bounds to her sway and influence.

Woman is peculiarly fitted for domestic influence and power, to which Man can never reach or attain. It may be almost unseen to a casual observer of the "tide of human events," but like the mighty stream, whose current and power is none the less because it flows so silently along, she, by her early influence over the human mind, controls many of the most important events that transpire. Her great

power lies in ruling the heart and affections rather than by virtue of office, or any other influence.

At the fireside, from whence our earliest and happiest recollections date their commencement,—that spot where the young mind first awakes into life and being,—the place where the twig is often bent, "for weal or for woe,"—there is the place and spot, above all others, for Woman to use her power and exercise her influence. What should she care for all the public honors that this world can give?—they are but as chaff compared with the golden wheat, when she remembers that the destiny of nations is in her hands.

When we reflect upon the biographies of the many great and good men who have lived in by-gone days, and remember the close connection there has been between a mother's training and their after life, we think we can, without hesitation, point to *home influence* as the answer to the question.—In what do Woman's Rights consist, or what is her sphere? If we err in our conclusions, we hope some of our readers will endeavor to convince us of our errors, by giving their views on the much talked-of subject of "Woman's Rights."

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We take this opportunity to state to those who may favor us with communications, that we shall always be happy to publish any matter that may prove of interest to our readers, but on no account can we admit anything of a personal nature.

We may be over particular in regard to this matter, and possibly may offend some by excluding their articles from our columns; still, we cannot but think such a course will suit our readers best. Criticisms, where they are likely to prove beneficial, will always be gladly received and published.—Should any of our readers notice in this paper anything that sets forth views not in accordance with their own, we invite them to express themselves in their own way in regard to such matters, and our columns shall be open to their communications. It may not be out of place to mention, that *brevity*, or condensation, is an important part of an article, and serves to make it more attractive to the general reader.

Several communications have come to hand which are crowded out this week.

"J. L. S."—we are much obliged for your compliments to the Journal. Your poetry is very acceptable. We hope to hear from you again.

"Hermit,"—much obliged, and, like Oliver Twist, we ask "for more."

"P."—your article is of a personal nature, and we shall decline it.

"\* \* \* will be published in our next. You are rather severe on Homopathy, but we have no doubt the system will find in our midst able defenders.

"D. Y."—will receive our thanks for his articles—shall publish them in this and future numbers.

"Simple Green"—is received. We object to its length; it would make two good pieces, in our next will make room for part of it.

"X."—will receive attention in our next—shall be glad to receive further articles.

"G. S." and "E." will be attended to next week.

Our usual list of Births is crowded out.

A TOWN CLOCK.

The citizens of Waltham, noted for their public spirit and liberality, have erected a town clock on the tower of the Unitarian Church. Besides the convenience of the place, it is a great ornament, thus uniting the useful and beautiful. Like a pretty face, every body is looking at it.—*Bea.*

When we read the above notice in the "Bea," we could not help thinking of the time when such a notice would appear about Woburn: the question naturally arose when shall it be, and echo answered when.

But with all seriousness we say, cannot we have in this town a clock, a spot that all can gaze upon with delight, "like a pretty face, every body looking at it." To say that one is needed, and that it is really necessary that we have one, would be really useless; everybody looking at it.—*Bea.*

We stand ready to give a printer's "V" or more if needed, and could name several persons, nearly as poor as ourselves, who are willing to give the same amount.

Any person who is ready to place himself in the position of a public benefactor, should immediately start a list, and our columns are open and free to any thing that will help along the good cause.

We hope our *fair* readers will think of this matter; we should advise them—and charge nothing for it—to go ahead, and the men will be sure and follow. We believe a good "Tea-Party," or something in that line would bring the clock.

"THE RABBI AND THE MENDICANT"—on the first page, is a culling from our Arabian garden, and although an exotic, will richly repay the reader for an attentive perusal. The moral of the tale is excellent. Let each ask the question—"When the time comes, will I stand fast?"

THE CARPET BAG—for this week, is a rich affair. It contains a portrait of "The Man who can see Fun in the Carpet-Bag"—very natural and life-like—the funny sayings of Mrs. Partington, and lots of other good things. The key to unlock the Bag may be obtained at Fowle's counter—for four cents.

A NEW PAPER—to be issued tri-weekly, is about to be started in Charlestown, by Decosta & Williams. It is to be about the size of the Boston Transcript.

REV. O. H. Wight will preach at the Unitarian Church to-morrow, Nov. 2d.

### LYCEUM LECTURES.

It gives us much pleasure to be able to announce that we are to have a course of lectures the present season; in our last we published the proceedings of a meeting, held to take measures in regard to these lectures, since which time, we learn that several distinguished lecturers have been engaged by the committee who have the matter in charge. We are authorized to state that Dr. O. W. Holmes, E. P. Whipple, Esq., Dr. J. V. C. Smith, and Revd. F. D. Huntington, will lecture before the Lyceum during this year's course; these with other names, will form quite an array of talent, and without doubt the course will be quite an attractive one.

At an early day the arrangements will be completed, tickets prepared, and the programme published; we hope our citizens will be ready to, take the tickets as soon as issued, and thus enable the committee to complete the course in a liberal manner. It of course will be desirable that throughout the winter we should be favored with first class lecturers, but we should not forget that a committee to provide such lecturers, must have the countenance and support of *all*, and we feel assured that this winter there can be no very reasonable excuse, why the Lyceum should not receive the support of all. Fifty cents to see and hear the gentlemen who may lecture, is most certainly within the means of every one.

### TOWN WARRANT.

We publish below the substance of the warrant for the Town Meeting on Monday, Nov. 10th. Hereafter, we shall publish them officially in our columns, provided a vote of the town be passed to that effect:—

To bring in their votes for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Senators and Town Representatives.

To bring in their yeas and nays on the following question:—Is it expedient that delegates should be chosen, to meet in Convention, for the purpose of revising or altering the Constitution of Government of this Commonwealth?

To hear and act upon the report of the Selectmen on laying out a road petitioned for by J. C. Richardson and others.

To hear and act upon the report of the Selectmen on laying out a road petitioned for by Stephen Richardson and others.

To see if the town will annex a piece of land south of Horn Pond, to District No. 1.

To see what compensation the town will pay Assessors, for the year 1851.

To see if the town will build one or more reservoirs.

To see if the town will purchase a new fire engine for Engine Company No. 1.

To see if the town will cause surveys of all their streets to be taken, planks made, and bounds put down.

To see if the town will pay Mr. Geo. Murray for work done on New Bridge road.

To see if the town will have a map taken of all its able defenders.

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We stand ready to give a printer's "V" or more if needed, and could name several persons, nearly as poor as ourselves, who are willing to give the same amount.

It is stated that a new company is about to be started in Boston, under the name of the "Liberty Guards," to be composed of young men from eighteen to twenty-two years of age.

"THE TRUE FLAG"—is the title of a new weekly paper published in Boston, by Moulton, Elliot & Lincoln. From its neat appearance, and the interesting variety of matter contained in it, we should say it is a valuable acquisition to the list of Boston weeklies. We notice it is conducted by practical men, and think it gives evidence of future prosperity. We wish it "good speed" on the road to success. It can be had at G. W. Fowle's book-store.

TO THE LADIES.—When Messrs. Warren & Co. say they are selling out cheap, the public know what to depend upon, for these gentlemen are well known for their uprightness in dealing with their customers; they advertise that they are now closing out their stock at low prices, of which fact our fair readers would do well to take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

A GOOD PEN.—It is a delightful privilege to have a good pen to write with, and as we pen this article with one of "Wm. Heath's" gold pens, we are reminded of how much the public are indebted to them for the opportunities they give of getting pens that "are pens"; they advertise them, and also jewelry, in another column, and we recommend those who visit the city to purchase, to give them a call.

ATTEMPT AT HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—On Saturday morning about 1 o'clock, two Irishmen attempted to rob Mr. Joseph Easterbrook, on the Salem Turnpike. They made the usual demands and threats, but Mr. D. whipped up his horse smartly and went on his way.

### AIR.

In continuing the subject from our first number, we desire to state that we do not attempt to give any learned or philosophical dissertations on the subjects treated of, but merely intend to put down a few facts, and perhaps some practical observations connected therewith.

The component parts of air cannot be exactly described. We know that fire and water are the chief ingredients; we know, also, of the existence of various gases in air; but it being of itself invisible, of course precludes the idea of a correct description. By some it is supposed that the electric fluid may be the only agent that provokes flame,—that it carries with it, or collects the fire that invests surrounding space; and yet there may be something of a hidden nature yet undiscovered, that may be a distinct element.

Air is a thin, plastic fluid which surrounds the earth and extends to a height of some fifty miles above us; it is the element in which we live and breathe, contains the principles of life, and constitutes the power of vegetation. We constantly inhale air by the action of our lungs; this, by natural heat, is expanded, immediately expelled, and supplied anew as before. Air, too much rarified, or too much condensed is alike unsuited to animal existence, therefore any effluvia that tends to impregnate the air with vapors or atoms of an unusual kind, is unwholesome. The purer the air is when we inhale it, the more visible the healthy effects of it will be in our bodies; therefore, we should be exceedingly careful that the air we breathe is as pure as possible. Let us be out of doors as much as we can,—let us see to it, that our dwellings are well ventilated, and never sleep in a close or ill ventilated room; if we do, we shall be pretty sure to breathe over again and again, the air that we first exhaled from our lungs.

Many persons seem to forget entirely the importance of understanding the qualities of air. Perhaps they do not even realize that it is the supporter of animal life; and this may account for the fact that so many places of residence and business are so poorly ventilated; perhaps this is the reason why so many public places have scarce a loop hole where a little fresh air can get in. Our churches, our school houses, public halls, are many of them so constructed, that what fresh air finds its way into them during their vacancy, is very soon used up after an audience gets in to them: We readily realize the effects of air when the storm comes, when a tornado sweeps terribly by, we are filled with wonder and astonishment; but when all is calm, we easily forget that the same element in which we live, is that agent which produces all the alarming phenomena around; we forget that circulation of fresh air is of vital importance to our health and strength.

CHURCH-BREAKING IN SAUGUS.—We learn that the Methodist Church in Saugus was broken into on Thursday night last, and the missionary box robbed of six or seven dollars in change. About thirty yards of carpeting was also taken from the floor. A base viol was carried off, but afterwards found behind a stone wall near by. The trustees of the church have offered a reward of twenty-five dollars for the detection of the miscreants. We learn also that the Universalist Church in the same place was entered on the same night, but nothing of consequence was stolen.—*Lynn Daily State.*

MILITARY LOOKING UP.—The military spirit has never seemed more active than at present. New companies are springing into existence, and old ones reorganizing for duty. The old "Massachusetts Guards," of Cambridgeport, held a meeting at the Watson House last Saturday evening, and made choice of the following gentlemen for officers to serve on target excursion:—Major Abraham Edwards, Captain; Capt. Thomas French, 1st Lieut.; Col. Royal Douglass, 2d do.; Capt. Nathan Stone, 3d do.; Capt. Alonso Coy, 4th do.; Lieut. Wm. E. Parmenter, Adjutant; Adj. John H. Fellows, Orderly. It

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1851.

For the Journal.  
**POPULAR EDUCATION.**

NUMBER ONE.

This is an age of improvement. Every energy of man is directed towards the best method of improving his physical condition. Every scheme is devised and every means used to add to his riches and increase his popularity; he neglects no opportunity of outstripping his predecessors, and of rising pre-eminent over his competitor.

But while external objects almost entirely engross his attention, while man vies with man, and summons to his aid the power of steam and the speed of the telegraph, that he may visit unknown regions, and send despatches to remotest climes with lightning rapidity—while, in fact, every want of his physical nature is scrupulously attended to, his moral and intellectual culture is too often and too sadly neglected. What is the cause of this general neglect? Why is this tendency to absorb intellectual in physical pursuits? Surely enough is done for the education of our youth. Our common school system is an excellent one. Abundant measures are taken in all our institutions of learning to introduce and sustain a higher standard of intellectual vigor. We are far from supposing that our various systems of education are perfect; or even that all the notions and habits inculcated while under their influence, are pure or intellectual. But inasmuch as the child receives much of his education before attending school of any kind, the conclusion is safe and irresistible, that this evil tendency of which we speak, has its origin at home, under the immediate influence of the parents.

The subject now introduced will be considered under these two heads, viz. —

1st. Parental education.

2nd. School education.

No one will for a moment doubt that parental education ought to precede school education. But few persons have any correct ideas of the importance of this department; and fewer still believe, that in reality it equals, and in many instances, far exceeds in amount, that derived from schools.

By parental education we mean juvenile training; or, as Mr. Webster says, "The bringing up of a child."

The first point to be settled is, when should this training commence? Some contend it should be deferred till the age of accountability—others, till the age of three or four years; while a few admit that it should commence at birth; and fewer still date its commencement prior even to that period. Reason and physiology would both favor the latter theory. This early mental development is what is generally called native talent, or innate principle. And the earlier this process of mental training is commenced, the more talent the future individual will possess. From this view of the subject, it will be readily seen, that the *intellectual condition of parents* has much to do in giving character to the intellect of their offspring. But to go no further than at birth, the question comes up, when should parents begin to correct the faults of their children? Some never correct them; others at a year old, &c. But we firmly believe, that any child old enough to commit a fault, is old enough to be corrected for it; without specifying whether its age may be one year or one day. Let parents correct their children for the first, and for every offence, and require implicit obedience for the first year or two; and they will, ordinarily, find no trouble afterwards. In this way, principles of order and government will be established, which will be lasting as their lives. Parents are not generally aware how much influence they exert, though imperceptibly, in laying the foundation for whatever amount of education their children may afterwards obtain. Many parents never think of giving their children any instruction from books; but allow them to grow up, unlettered and untaught until such time as may be convenient for them to send them to school. They never teach them the objects of a school, the nature of a school-room, or the responsibilities of a teacher. Worse than this, even, many send their innocent ones to school, at the age of three or four years, for the sole purpose of avoiding their trouble at home. But for the sake of humanity we would say, O Teachers forgive them, for they know not what they do! Let parents in their leisure moments, teach their children the alphabet, and the meaning of some of the simple words. Let them teach them some of the principles of numbers. Let them also explain to them the objects and advantages of the common school and the reasons why they are sent. Let them, just so early as their children are capable of reasoning, make them understand that they have something to do for themselves. Hold up inducements before their minds for attending school and reading books. Let the idea of usefulness be inculcated early, and a consequent preparation for it. Many precious moments, I might, even say years, are wasted from the want of some fixed object, early inculcated in the youthful mind. Let this truth be presented to the minds of children, early and continually. Prepare yourselves for some useful employment, and some useful employment you shall certainly find. Let parents in a special manner see to it that correct habits of pronunciation are formed. It is a very general fault among parents to humor the foibles of their children, and suffer them to acquire a most barbarous practice of pronunciation, by indulging them in a kind of nonsensical language, *yelped baby's talk*. If this evil was confined to the illiterate, it would not seem so objectionable. But more or less of it

will be found in almost every family. Habits thus formed will be a serious hindrance to the future efforts of the teacher. Parents should make an absolute rule and live up to it; that a word should never be uttered in the presence of their children, with any different accent or pronunciation from that of the true standard. Every teacher will bear me testimony, how much must be first unlearned before any profitable advance can be made; and how much is thus spent at the commencement of every term, and that too often with the same scholar, in consequence of the last named propensity.

Winchester, Oct., 1851. D. Y.

For the Journal.

Mr. EDITOR:—I am a little girl, nine years old, and was so delighted to see your paper that I send you something from my Scrap Book:—

On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, there is a stone with the following strange inscription, no doubt intended for the information of strangers travelling that way:—

"N. B.—When this stone is out of sight, it is not safe to ford this river."

But this is surpassed by the famous post erected a few years since by the surveyors of the Kent road, in England:—

"This is the bridle path to Feversham; if you can't read this you had better keep the main road."

Yours, ANN ELIZA.

**IMPORTANT LAW DECISION.**—In the U. S. Circuit Court, Judge Curtis presiding, the case of Salmon Falls Manufacturing Company vs. Wm. G. Goddard, was concluded on Saturday. The suit was to recover the value of three hundred cases of manufactured goods, which plaintiff contracted to deliver to defendant. The goods were burnt at the destruction of the Maine Depot in this city. The defendant was notified that the goods were at the Depot, but the question being submitted to the Court whether or not this constituted a legal delivery, it was decided that it did not, and the jury were directed to return a verdict for defendant. The contract between the parties specified that the goods should be delivered on board the defendant's vessel. The suit has been on trial several days, and has excited considerable interest. Eminent counsel were enlisted on both sides.—*Bee.*

**RECOVERY OF A LOST DOG.**—An inhabitant of one of the adjacent towns having lost a valuable dog, and having reason to suppose that it was in the house of a certain party, forced the door and whistled, when the lost animal came forth and was thus recovered. The occupant of the house now makes a complaint criminally against the owner of the dog for house breaking, on which he was arrested this morning. The question that will arise is, whether the man was justified in resorting to so much force to recover his lost property.—*Traveller.*

**GEX. LOPEZ.**—A letter from Count de Pozen Dulces, the brother-in-law of Lopez, who was with him in his last moments, states that Lopez' dying request was that all his private letters, compromising in any way, persons in Havana, might be destroyed, reserving only such an interest his son, now residing in Geneva.

**GEN. LOPEZ.**—A letter from Count de Pozen Dulces, the brother-in-law of Lopez, who was with him in his last moments, states that Lopez' dying request was that all his private letters, compromising in any way, persons in Havana, might be destroyed, reserving only such an interest his son, now residing in Geneva.

**THE MEXICAN EXHIBITION.**—During the few months that the Mexican Government threw open the port of Tampico to the importation of American flour, up to the 1st inst., between 25,000 and 30,000 barrels of that staple were sent there from the port of New York.

**ITALY.**—It is stated that there is no longer any question of the French troops leaving the Papal States, and that the probability is that the Pope will put himself under the protection of the Austrians in Bologna.

**THE GREAT EXHIBITION.**—The last of the shilling days of the great Exhibition was very wet and unpropitious, and the number of visitors fell off to 90,000.

**COMMERCE OF BOSTON.**—Value of American products exported to foreign ports last week, \$188,636 68; foreign products, \$27,698 74.

**A NEW STONE CHURCH.**—A new stone church edifice is being erected in Taunton, Mass., at a cost of \$24,000, for the use of the first Congregational Society of that place, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Worthy.

**RUMORED CHANGES.**—It is rumored that there will shortly be some important changes at Philadelphia, including probably Collector, Surveyor, and other prominent officers.

**THE THAMES.**—There are upwards of 60 steamers plowing daily on the river Thames. It is computed that they pass under Waterloo bridge at the rate of one per minute during the entire day.

**THE GARDNER.**—The Gardner (Me.) Transcript says the crop of winter wheat in that State this season will yield over one million bushels—for exceeding the wheat crop of any preceding year.

**HIRAM TEMPLE'S BOAT.**—Hiram Temple's boat and shoe factory in Ashland was destroyed by fire on Friday last week.

**JOSEPH BLUNT.**—Nine men who were engaged in gambling in the shop of Geo. W. Wood, Newburyport, were arrested on Sunday last by the City Marshal.

**A BANK NOTE.**—A wag who was asked to buy the Bank Note Detector, said he would purchase it, if it would detect a bank-note in his pocket.

**GUANO.**—Guano has been successfully applied to tobacco land in lower Virginia this season.

**BAIN'S LINE OF TELEGRAPH.**—Bain's line of telegraph has opened communication between N. York and Newark, Ct.

**MARBLE.**—Marble of the best quality, has recently been found in California.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

### Lecture on Hydropathy.

Dr. E. A. Kingley, of Boston, will give a lecture on Hydropathy, at the Town Hall, on WEDNESDAY evening, Nov. 5, at 7 o'clock. The citizens of Woburn are invited to attend.

Woburn, Nov. 1, 1851.

### Great Attraction at the Town Hall!

Hon. J. M. Root, Member of Congress from the State of Woburn, will address the Free Soil party of this town, on TUESDAY evening next, Nov. 4th, at the Town Hall, at 7 o'clock. All parties are invited to be present.

Woburn, Nov. 1, 1851.

### Come One, Come All! and hear the Truth!

A young BURLINGAME, Esq., will address the citizens of Woburn, at the Town Hall, THIS (Saturday) EVENING, at 7 o'clock. The ladies are particularly invited.

Woburn, Nov. 1, 1851.

### MARRIAGES.

In Falmouth, Me., Oct. 23d, by the Rev. John Wilde, Mr. Alvah Hosmer, of North Woburn, to Miss Octavia S. Pool, of Falmouth.

In West Cambridge, 29th ult., Mr. John B. Perkins to Miss Adelia V. Palmer.

In Cambridge, 24th ult., Mr. John Duncan to Miss Jane Lillie.

### DEATHS.

In this town, 26th ult., Mrs. Lydia K. Perham, 26 years, 6 months.

In Winchester, Sept. 29th, of cholera infantum, Adele, younger daughter of Joseph and Caroline Johnson, 2 yrs. 3 months.

This lovely lad, so young and fair,

Called hence by early doom,

Just come to show how sweet a flower

In Paradise would bloom.

### TO SELL OUT ALL!

**GEO. W. WARREN & Co.,**

WILL OFFER THEIR STOCK AT

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

—FOR—

**NINETY DAYS,**

AT SUCH A

REDUCTION

AS WILL ACCOMPLISH THE SALE OF THEIR

**ENTIRE STOCK,**

PREPARATORY TO A

**Dissolution of Copartnership,**

ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY NEXT.

THE LADIES MAY EXPECT

"More than their Money's Worth!"

**192 Washington St., Boston.**

Nov. 1, 1851.

DR. FONTAINE'S

**BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS!**

FOR the Toilet, the Nursery, Bathing, &c. Many medicinal properties, equal to any known, and a complete remedy for all diseases.

Recommended by the faculty of some of the best European cities, and established under the patronage of many physicians in London and Paris, and thousands of individuals who make daily use of it in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and New England, as the greatest luxury as well as the greatest comfort, and with for the improvement of health, for comfort and personal embellishment, and its delicate, soothed sensation, and the delightful softness it imparts to the complexion.

It is the principal property of the BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, already well-established by actual experience.

First.—*This Balm evades every defect of the complexion*, and establishes in its entire beauty and health, at the first application, by the effect of any or freaks of nature, or disease, and has obtained a wide reputation, and is used by all the best physicians.

Second.—*It promotes the growth and increase of the hair, causing it to curl in the most natural manner*; it cleanses the head from dandruff, giving vigor, health and life to the very hair, and is equal to any known hair-dressing.

Third.—*It is a surpassing article for sharing, being superior to all descriptions of soaps, creams, pastes, &c.* As a dentifrice for cleansing the teeth it is by far the most effective of any compound yet discovered, preventing decay, &c. &c.

Fourth.—*It is a most valuable article for sharing, being superior to all descriptions of soaps, creams, pastes, &c.* As a dentifrice for the teeth, it is by far the most effective of any compound yet discovered, preventing decay, &c. &c.

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Nineteenth.—*It is a surpassing article for sharing*

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1851.

## POETRY.

### WHAT IS TIME?

I asked an aged man, a man of care,  
Wrinkled, and curvd, and white with hoary  
hairs;

"Time is the *warp* of life," he said. "Oh tell  
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,  
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;  
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,  
"Time sowed the seeds we reap in this abode!"

I asked a dying singer, ere the stroke  
Of ruthless death life's "golden bowl" had  
broke;"

I asked him, "What is time?" "Time," he  
replied,

"I've lost it! Ah! the *treasure*!" and he  
died!

I asked the golden sun, and silver spheres,  
Those bright chromometers of days and years;  
They answered, "Time is but a meteor's  
glare!"

And bade me for *eternity* prepare.

I asked the seasons in their annual round,  
Which beautify or desolate the ground;  
And they replied, (no oracle more wise),  
"Tis folly's blank, and wisdom's highest  
prize!"

I asked a sparrow lost; but oh, the shriek  
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I  
speak!

It cried, "A particle, a speck! a mite  
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of things inanimate, my dial I  
Consulted, and it made me this reply:  
"Time is the season's fair of living well,  
The path to glory, or the path to hell."

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,  
"Time is the present hour; the past is dead;  
Live! live to-day! To-morrow never yet,  
Or any human being rose, or set."

I asked old Father Time himself at last;  
But in a moment he flew quickly past;  
His chariot was a cloud; the viewless wind  
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel who shall stand,  
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;  
"By heaven's great King I swear the mystery's  
over!"

Time was," he cried; "but time shall be no  
more!"

[*Joshua Marston.*

## MISCELLANY.

### CONNECTICUT FOREVER.

We have a story to tell—and must tell it in our own way. The reader will please not to bother us with any questions. A few days since, a Connecticut broom pedlar, a shrewd chap, from over among the steady habits and wooden clocks, and schoolmasters and other fixings, drove through the streets of Providence, R. I., heavily laden with corn brooms. He had called at several stores and offered his load, or ever so small a portion of it; but when he told them that he wanted cash, and nothing else, in payment, they had uniformly given him to understand that they had brooms enough, and that he might go further. At length he drove up to a large wholesale establishment, on the west side and not far from the bridge, and once more offered his wares, "Well," said the merchant, "will you want the brooms badly enough, but what will you take in pay?"

This was a poser. The pedlar was aching to get rid of his brooms, but he would sooner sell a single broom for cash than the whole load for any other article, especially an article that he could not as readily dispose of as he could brooms. After a moment's hesitation, therefore, he screwed up his courage to the sticking point—it required some courage, after having lost the chance of selling his load half a dozen times by a similar answer,—and told the merchant that he must have the cash, of course the merchant protested that cash was scarce, and that he must purchase with what he had in store to pay with. He really wanted the brooms, and he did not hesitate to say so; but the times were hard, and he had goods that must be disposed of. Really, he would put his goods at cost price for the sake of trading, and would take the whole load of brooms which the pedlar had labored so unsuccessfully to dispose of.

"So," said he to the man of Connecticut, "unload your brooms, and then select any articles from my store, and you shall have them at cost." The pedlar scratched his head,—there was an idea there, as the sequel shows plainly enough. "I'll tell you what it is," he answered at last, "just say them terms for half the load, and cash for the other half, and I'm your man. Blowed if I don't sell out, of Connecticut sinks with all her broom stuff the next minute." The merchant hesitated a moment, but finally concluded the chance a good one. He should be getting half the brooms for something that would not sell as readily; and as for the cost price, it was an easy matter to play gammon in regard to it.

The bargain was struck, the brooms were brought in. The cash for half of them was paid over. "Now what will you have for the remainder of your bill?" asked the merchant. The pedlar scratched his head again, and this time most vigorously. He walked the floor, drummed his fingers on the head of a barrel—whistled. By and by his reply came, slowly, deliberately: "You Providence sellers are cut; you sell at cost pretty much all of ye, and make money—I don't see how 'tis done. It must be that somebody gets the worst of it. Now, I don't know what your goods cost, barin' our article, and of I take anything else I may get cheated. So, seen' it won't make any difference to you, I guess I'll take brooms. I know them like a book, and can swear to just what you paid for 'em."

And so saying the pedlar commenced re-loading his brooms, and having snugly deposited one half of his former load, jumped on his cart, with a regular Connecticut grin, and while the merchant was cursing his impudence and his own stupidity, drove off in search of another customer.—*Providence Post.*

"Dad, you know that brass thing the fellow gin me for my trunk, there at the depot?"

"Yes."

"Well, 'twant nothin' but brass, was it?"

"No, I pose not."

"Good!—well I tuck it onto that hackman back there for a quarter, and he went off satisfied."

Jonathan found out what kind of a game he had played when he saw the hackman present his check and take his trunk from the baggage master, in spite of his own loud protestation that it belonged to him.—*Waterville Mail.*

### THE DEAD SEA.

There appears to be no satisfactory evidence as to whether any fish are to be found in the Dead Sea. Our guides said that some small black fish have been there, but others deny this. A dead fish has been found on the shore near the spot where the Jordan enters the lake; but this might have been cast up by the overflow of the river. It is said that small birds do not fly over this lake on account of the deleterious nature of its atmosphere. About small birds I cannot speak; but I saw two or three vultures winging their way down obliquely. The curious lights which hung over the surface struck me as showing an unusual state of the atmosphere—the purple murky light resting on one part and the line of silver reflection in another. Though the sky was clear after the morning clouds had passed away, the sunshine appeared dim, and the heat was very oppressive. The gentlemen of the party who stayed behind to bathe, declared, on rejoining us at lunch time, that they had found the common report of the buoyancy of the water of this sea not at all exaggerated, and that it was indeed an easy matter to float in it, and very difficult to sink. They also found their hair and skin pyramided with salt when dry. But they could not admit the greasiness or stickiness which is said to adhere to the skin after bathing in the Dead Sea. They were very positive about this; and they certainly did observe the fact very carefully. Yet I have seen since my return a clergyman who bathed there, and, who declared to me that his skin was so sticky for some days after that he could not get rid of it, even from his hands.

And the trustworthy Dr. Robinson, a late traveller there, says:—"After coming out, I perceived nothing of the salt crust upon the body of which so many speak. There was a slight prickling sensation, especially where the skin had been chafed, and a sort of greasy feeling, as of oil, upon the skin, which lasted for several hours."

The contrast of these testimonies, and the diversity which exists among the analyses of the waters which have been made by chemists, seem to show that the quality of the waters of the Dead Sea varies. And it appears reasonable that it should; for it must make a great difference whether fresh water have been pouring into the basin of the lake, after a winter rain, or a greater evaporation has been going on under the summer's sun. In following the margin of the sea we had to cross a creek where my skirt was splashed. The splashes turned presently to thin crusts of salt; and the moisture and stickiness were as great a week afterwards at the moment.

We wound up amongst salt marshes and brakes, in and out, on the desolate shore of this sea—this sea, which is not the less dead and dreary for being as clear and blue as a mountain tarn. As we ascended the ranges of hills which lay between us and the conveniences where we were to rest, the Jordan valley opened northwards, and the Dead Sea southwards, till the extent traversed by the eye was really vast. How beautiful must it have been once, when the Jordan valley, whose verdure was now shrunk into a black line amidst the sands, was like an impenetrable garden, and when the cities of the plain stood bright and busy where the Dead Sea now lay blank and gray! As I took my last look back, from a great elevation, I thought that so mournful a landscape, for one having real beauty, I had never seen.—*Miss Martineau.*

### A FORGOTFUL MAN.

A man, endowed with an extraordinary capacity for forgetfulness, was tried a day or two ago, for vagabondage. He gave his name as Auguste Lessive, and believed he was born at Bourges. As he had forgotten his age, the registry of births in that city from 1812 to '22 was consulted; but only one person of the name of Lessive had been born there during that time, and that was a girl.

"Are you sure that your name is Lessive?" said the Judge.

"Well, I thought it was, but may be it ain't."

"Are you confident you were born at Bourges?"

"Well! I ollers supposed I was, but I should not wonder if it was somewhere else."

"Will you do your family live, at present?"

"I don't know; I've forgotten."

"Can you remember ever having seen your father or mother?"

"I can't recollect, to save myself; sometimes I think I have, and then again, I think I have not."

"What trade do you follow?"

"Well, I'm either a tailor or a cooper, and for the life of me I can't tell which; at any rate, I'm either one or the other."

"Have you ever been in prison?"

"I don't much think I have; if I had, seems to me I should recollect it."

Mr. Lessive was accordingly sent there, and during a period of six months retirement, he will have superior advantages for refreshing a memory, jaded, doubled, by too great a stock of useful knowledge, acquired by long intercourse with vicefulness and misfortune.—*Paris Correspondence of N. Y. Express.*

### NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

The Indians that I have had an opportunity of seeing in real life are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics that they are represented—tautum, unbending, without a tear or a smile. Ta-tum they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally tautum under like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, there cannot be greater gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons, also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them impressed with a profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting everything in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye, occasionally exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other when anything particular strikes them, but reserving all comments until they are alone. Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry and mirth.

In the course of my journey along the frontier, I had repeated opportunities of noticing their excitability and boisterous merriment at their games; and have occasionally noticed a group of Osages sitting round a fire until a late hour of the night, engaged in the most animated and lively conversation, and at times making the woods resound with peals of laughter. As to tears, they have them in abundance, both real and affected; at times they make a merit of them. No one weeps more bitterly or profusely at the death of a relative or friend; and they have stated times when they repair to howl and lament at their graves. I have seen their dolorous wailings at day-break, in the neighborhood of Indian villages, made by some of the inhabitants who go at that hour into the fields to mourn and weep.

*M. A. STEVENS,*

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No. 5

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

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### TALES AND SKETCHES.

#### REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

A SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

PART I.

It was a mild autumnal evening in 1813. The sun had just gone down, and his lingering beams, like dallying lovers, still kissed the blushing foliage of a forest, in what was then called the "Far West." Jack Frost, that inimitable painter, had already decked each tree and shrub with a thousand hues, from the rich, deep, golden tint, to the modest Quaker drab. All nature, indeed, seemed to have put on the "coat of many colors," as it determined to have at least one grand display before old winter should throw over its face the white veil of unwilling seclusion.

The venerable forest of a thousand years, seemed to forget its age as its tree tops smiled in the departing light of the sun, while the nestling birds from its embowered recesses caroled forth their simple vespers. The blue smoke, too, curling from the rudo chimney of a solitary log cabin, which stood in the centre of a small "clearing," in the midst of the wood, seemed to rise joyfully into the clear atmosphere, as if it were the evening sacrifice of the tenement's humble inmates.

These were a hardy New England Pioneer, his wife, two sons, and an infant daughter. The sons, William and James, were old enough to assist their father at "clearing, breaking, and cropping." The members of this humble family were among the first settlers in that part of the West, and of course endured many hardships, while they were deprived of the luxuries of an Eastern residence; yet they were cheerful and contented, and had it not been for the difficulty of paying for the land they had purchased, their happiness would have been complete.

The difficulties which frowned upon them from the future, and the spirit with which they met them, will appear from what follows.

Upon the evening in question they were partaking of their frugal supper, when a knock from without interrupted their meal and conversation. Lee, the head of the family answering the summons at the door, was saluted by a well-dressed stranger, on horseback, who requested "accommodation" for himself and his tired animal until morning. He was immediately welcomed by the sturdy pioneer, and given his horse in charge of one of the boys, soon found himself comfortably seated by the side of his host. A plain but substantial supper was quickly prepared, after partaking of which, the stranger, won by the unaffected cordiality of his entertainer, forgot all reserve, and in the course of the conversation which ensued, communicated to him his name and history.

The guest, Henry Florence, was a native and a merchant of one of our eastern cities. He was wealthy and fond of adventure, and having vested a few hundred in western lands, he resolved to gratify his desire of seeing the vast forests, the rolling prairies, and the noble lakes and rivers of the great West. Upon a visit of adventure as well as profit, therefore, he had accidentally become the guest of the settler.

"You must endure many privations in this wild, unsettled country," said Florence in the course of the evening's conversation.

"Yes; but the 'East' ain't the place for poor men; now me and mine are as good as any body, and I like to be where I can live like other folks. The West's a growin' country, and I've a notion I can grow with it, and when I die leave something handsome for my children."

"How long have you been here?"

"Three years last March."

"How have you prospered during that time?"

"Oh! first-rate, so far; but the drought has almost ruined the crops this year, and I'm hard pressed to raise the money to make my last payment on my land. The 'shiners' are mighty scarce in these parts, and I'm afraid sometimes, I'll have to give up my land, and all I've earned these last two years, and paid towards it. But never mind, we must have troubles, or else we wouldn't know what we could do, if we tried."

"These last words were spoken with a tone of resolution, though his voice trembled slightly, as he bent down to kiss the little Ellen in his lap. The child looked up into his face, smiled sweetly in response to his caress, and then nestled closer on his bosom.

"Do you not get discouraged at times?" asked Florence.

"Well I do once in a while, feel something like it; but then, it'll all come out right—that's my motto. We have got to be a little earlier and later at the business. Boys!" he continued, turning towards his sons, "We've all got to work harder! I tell you, if we don't get no fitter footed!"

"I reckon we can do our share," resolutely replied the youngest; his words met a response in the determined look of his elder brother, and in the approving smile of his father.

Henry Florence remained several days with the settler, whose unremitting exertions to make him comfortable were both effectual and appreciated.

Upon leaving, he urged his worthy host to accept some compensation for the trouble and expense of his protracted stay, but received, in answer to all his entreaties, the blunt reply:—

"Money aint the price of Isaa Lee's hospitality."

A few days after the departure of the stranger, the wife and children of the settler stood at the door of their humble cabin, awaiting his return from the country town, whither he had gone, half-despairing, to arrange for the payment of the land which had cost him so many months of toil. The countenances of the group were sorrowful, save that of the little Ellen, who, like the rose blushing beneath the April cloud, innocently smiled, unconscious of impending misfortune. Twilight gathered slowly, and, as if imbued with the spirit of the quiet hour, they were silent and sad, while they watched for the return of Lee.

They did not wait long. He soon emerged from the woods on the opposite side of the "clearing," and as he saw them, he swiftly urged his horse towards them, shouting at the top of his voice:—

"Hurrah! wife! Jimmy! Bill! Pet! all of you, hurrah! The land's all paid for! Mr. Florence did it! He got the receipts made

# WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1851.

NO. 4.

VOL. I.

### THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

I love the banging hammer,  
The whirring of the plane,  
The crashing of the busy saw,  
The creaking of the crane,  
The ringing of the anvil,  
The grating of the drill,  
The clattering of the turning-lathe,  
The whirling of the mill ;

The buzzing of the spindle,  
The rattling of the loom,  
The puffing of the engine,  
And the fan's continuous boom ;  
The clipping of the tailor's shears,  
The driving of theawl,—  
The sounds of busy labor,  
I love, I love them all !

O ! there is good labor,  
If we labor but aright,  
That gives vigor to the day-time,  
And a sweet sleep at night ;  
A good that bringeth pleasure  
Even to the toiling hours,  
For duty cheers the spirit  
As the dew revives the flowers.

O ! say not that Jehovah  
Bade us labor as a doom ;  
No ; it is His richest mercy,  
And will scatter half life's gloom !

Then let us still be doing  
Whatever we find to do,  
With an earnest willing spirit,  
And a strong hand free and true.

### MRS. JOHN SMITH.

"Shrewsbury," said my friend John Smith to me, "is a really delightful place—on a fine morning when the oafing covered with fishing craft, their little white sails form a pretty contrast to the bright sky, and to the waves green and sparkling as emerald, which laugh in the tiny barks. I assure you 'tis one of the pleasantest things in the world, to stand on the shore and watch the maneuverings of the miniature fleets, and still pleasanter to take your fishing tackle on board and row into the midst of them. 'Tis true they'll laugh at your awkwardness, but then you know as long as a hearty laugh is raised, it matters not at whose expense."

He fell back exhausted, but soon another paroxysm aroused him from his temporary quiet.

"Tis bitter, bitter cold! Well, ha! ha! this clean, white snow-bank makes a fine death-bed!—and then, that's good, I have this world's charity for a bed-fellow, for I feel its icy embrace."

He paused a moment gasping for breath; then, less wildly, and in a more melancholy tone, he continued—

"Houseless, moneyless, friendless; —has Edward Florence come to this? Has—

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed the astonished couple, as the strange likeness was explained; "can this be true?—the son of our benefactor deserted?"

"My dear! mother!—but I forgot you were dead, so you can't help me!—no, no, I'll die here by the road-side."

Again he fell back exhausted and speechless. The two sadly gazed on the son of him who had been their best friend.

"Thank God he has been directed to our roof!" at length fervently ejaculated the wife.

"He has found a refuge prepared by the benevolence of his departed father and friends whose love shall be constant as their gratitude!"

"May heaven restore him!" said the husband.

"Amen!" sobbed the wife.

The angel of love bore that heartfelt prayer to heaven, and breathed it in the ear of mercy. A calm slumber descended upon the sick man, and his respiration became more regular. For hours he lay thus, and when he awoke his fever had left him. Intelligence sat once more upon his countenance, and mild gratitude beamed from his eye. The danger was past, yet his excessive debility indicated that weeks would elapse before his strength would entirely return to the sitting-room.

The kind family did all to assuage his suffering, that affectionate solicitude could do—they are unanimous, and are soon involved in the "chapter of accidents"—such as making the "blind-man" fall over a chair, by way of prelude, then laughter as a chorus; or, perhaps, some blooming lass, having taken refuge in a corner, finds herself caught in the outstretched arms of the stumbling fellow, in attempting to escape. All is borne in good part, though the complimentary swains do venture to object to having her bright eyes concealed beneath the bandage.

Edward Florence, indeed, felt a growing affection for her, who to him appeared more than an angel; for in his loneliness and desolation, sympathy and love were doubly valuable. But a year before death had robbed him of his parents. Reverses in business, prior to this, had made his father almost a bankrupt; and the young man, bereaved by the loss of all he loved, and chilled by the prospect before him, had sought in the West the few acres of land left him, which offered the only hope of support. He soon exhausted his little stock of money, sickness came upon him, and on the verge of despair and death he was rescued by the son of him, whom his father, in better days, had saved from ruin.

Here we would drop the curtain, but we cannot forbear a single glance more.

Florence is alone no longer. He has almost forgotten the gloom of the past in the joyfulness of the present. A year has elapsed, and it finds him in the possession of a flourishing farm. The woods are cleared away; fences surround fields of waving grain; a cottage neatly built, smiles from the midst of the little grove just back from the highway,—and, shall we look in? The village clergyman, as he joins the hands of Ellen Lee and Edward Florence, invokes the choicest blessings of heaven upon them, and repeats the fervently spoken words of the old farmer—"Remember that a good action never goes unrewarded."

DISCOVERY OF THE TELESCOPE.—Galileo placed at the ends of a hidden tube two spectacles-glasses, both of which were plain on one side, while one of them had its one side convex and the other its second concave; and, having applied his eye to the concave glass, he saw objects pretty large and pretty near him. This little instrument, which magnified only three times, he carried in triumph to Venice, where it excited the most intense interest. Crowds of the principal citizens flocked to his house, to see the magical toy; and after nearly a month had been spent in gratifying this epidermal curiosity, Galileo was led to understand from Leandro Deodati, the Doge of Venice, that the Senate would be highly gratified by obtaining possession of so extraordinary an instrument. Galileo instantly complied with the wishes of his patrons, who acknowledged the present by a mandate conferring upon him for life his professorship at Padua, and generously raising his salary from 526 to 1000 florins.

They did not wait long. He soon emerged from the woods on the opposite side of the "clearing," and as he saw them, he swiftly urged his horse towards them, shouting at the top of his voice:—

During the whole night Isaac Lee and wife watched by his bedside, for his sleep was restless, and a violent fever heated his brow. Thus they sat, when the gray light of breaking dawn, stealing through the half-opened window curtains, diffused a sombre hue over the

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"Mr and Mrs Smith, allow me to introduce to your favorable regard, a lady who has just consented to become to-morrow Mrs. Watson, but who may now be cousinship with you. Mrs. Smith, take to your heart your lovely namesake, my lively widow, Mrs John Smith."

"God bless you both," said I.

My friend John said not a word, but went up to his wife and led her to her new acquaintance, but I marked a sly pressure of the hands; a lighting up of his eye, and a returning smile on my cousin's lip, indicated more than words, a heartfelt reconciliation.

"Well," cried Jerry, "I thought the quintette would produce harmony."

We all laughed, and even the widow, who had unwittingly given my poor friend a bite of the green-eyed monster, joined in without knowing.

"Smith," said I, "before we left New York, you remarked that as long as a hearty laugh was raised it mattered not at whose expense."

### HOME.

HOME, the home of childhood and of youth, how dear must it ever be to the heart of manhood. Years may have elapsed since we looked upon its venerable form, or crossed its threshold, worn by the tread of generations, but it can never fade from our memory, or be displaced from our recollections by any other we have since learned to call our home.

The love of home, like the love of country, is confined to no class; it is not to be bounded by the landmarks of nobility, or limited in its universal sympathy by the restraints of rank. The lordly mansion and the spangled palace may have little of home to *desire* their magnificence, while the lowly hut reposing beneath their shade may make a good title to the endearing name. The traveller may have gazed on many a sunny landscape and many a noble shore. The hearing forest or the waving prairie may have spread their loveliness before him, majestic rivers may have coursed his admiration, or the soft murmurings of one blue lake have woosed him to repose—but these, though they may charm for awhile, cannot win his heart from home. He may have wandered beneath the glowing sky of Italy, or climbed the rocky heights, grand in their towering ruggedness, of Switzerland. His footsteps may have echoed amid the ruins of Greece, or trod in paths hallowed by the feet of Him who trod earth, with no home in which to lay His head. But the glories of Italian scenery, the mournful associations of lovely Greece, or the still more tender recollections of holy Palestine, may not tempt him to do more than linger for a moment by the way, and then press on to that less favored, it may be, but far dearer, land where is his home.

The sailor, as in his lonely night-watch paces the deck of his gallant vessel, bounding along over some distant sea, while the moaning wind whistles through the cordage, dreams it is the voice of spirits whispering of home; he quite so well, but, while he may long for as the tempest-driven bird for the nest it has too rashly forsaken. Many a strange vicissitude has his undergone since he left that peaceful spot; at one time the scented gales of Arabay have flung their fragrance around him, as his bark glided gracefully through the rippling waters of the blue Mediterranean; at another, the rude blast of the tempest has struck his racing ship, and sent her leaping and quivering over the mountain waves of the boundless Atlantic. But, alike in sunshine and in storm, the silken zephyr could not woo, nor the roaring hurricane drive from his breast the sweet hope of one day revisiting the home now so far away.

The thought of home is that which infuses its greatest vigor into the arm of the warrior, rendering him on the battle-field indifferent to the tramp of the war-horse, the flash of the bayonet, or the roar of the cannon; and which he now longs for as the tempest-driven bird for the nest it has too rashly forsaken. Many a strange vicissitude has his undergone since he left that peaceful spot; at one time the scented gales of Arabay have flung their fragrance around him, as his bark glided gracefully through the rippling waters of the blue Mediterranean; at another, the rude blast of the tempest has struck his racing ship, and sent her leaping and quivering over the mountain waves of the boundless Atlantic. But, alike in sunshine and in storm, the silken zephyr could not woo, nor the roaring hurricane drive from his breast the sweet hope of one day revisiting the home now so far away.

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1851.

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1851.

### AGENTS.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Statestreet, are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, in agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DURE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

### FREE SOIL NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,  
**JOHN G. PALFREY,**  
OF CAMBRIDGE.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,  
**AMASA WALKER,**  
OF NORTH BROOKFIELD.

FOR SENATORS,  
**HENRY WILSON,** of Natick,  
CHARLES C. HAZEWELL, of Concord,  
ANSON BURLINGAME, of Cambridge,  
ITHAMAR W. BEARD, of Lowell,  
SAMUEL E. SEWALL, of Stoneham,  
JOSEPH FULLER, of Framingham.

### DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,  
**GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,**  
OF GROTON.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,  
**HENRY W. CUSHMAN,**  
OF PEMBROKE.

FOR SENATORS,  
**JOSEPH FULLER,** of Framingham,  
HENRY WILSON, of Natick,  
ITHAMAR W. BEARD, of Lowell,  
ANSON BURLINGAME, of Cambridge,  
CHARLES C. HAZEWELL, of Concord,  
SAMUEL E. SEWALL, of Stoneham.

### WHIG NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,  
**ROBERT C. WINTHROP,**  
OF BOSTON.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,  
**GEORGE GREENNELL,**  
OF GREENFIELD.

FOR SENATORS,  
**CHARLES R. TRAIN,** of Framingham,  
JOHN BOYNTON, of Groton,  
ELISHA HUNTINGTON, of Lowell,  
H. P. FAIRBANKS, of Charlestown,  
URIAH CHAMBERLAIN, of Malden,  
JOSIAH RUTTER, of Waltham.

### ELECTION.

ABOVE our readers will see the various party nominations for the State Election, to be held on Monday, the 10th. The polls in this town will open at half-past 12 o'clock.

This is quite an important election, as voters are not only called upon to choose State officers, but to express their opinion upon the question of a revision of the State Constitution; and on this part of the ballot, they will simply decide *yes* or *no* by open ballot,—on State officers they will vote by secret ballot. Voters should be particular to see that all the requirements of the new law are complied with in every respect, if they do not they may lose their vote.

Probably never, in any political campaign, have we had more energetic endeavors used by all parties than during the present season,—the whole field has been most thoroughly canvassed, and there is every prospect of a very close vote.

It, therefore, becomes every man,—no matter to what party he may belong,—to exercise his influence and power, by depositing a vote for his favorite candidates, and thus discharge the duty he owes to his country and himself.

We would not say a word to influence a vote either way, as it would not become our position; but we hope all will ever make use of this privilege of voting, and thus lend their aid in sustaining our rules, and show that they appreciate the value of a government which gives every voter an equal interest in its affairs.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Village Rustic, North Woburn, your poetry is received, and will be attended to in our next.

J. of Winchester, gives us an excellent article on "Agricultural Education," which will appear next week under our agricultural head. We hope the subject he treats of will be further discussed in our columns by those interested in such matters.

Several of our lady and other patrons have sent us in selections of prose and poetry, which we shall make use of in due time. We thank them for the interest they take in this matter.

E. TAYLOR, of Woburn, esq. BOSTON AND LOWELL RAILROAD.—We learn this case was recently decided at Cambridge, in favor of the plaintiff,—he recovering \$156 damages. It seems Mr. Taylor, of this place, on the evening of last 4th July, had entered the depot at Boston, after having delivered his ticket at the door, and was then forcibly ejected, with some others who had crowded in without giving up tickets; for this and some other treatment, suit was brought against the Railroad Co. Nelson and Converse for plaintiff, and Abbott, of Lowell, for defendants.

DEATH OF A CALIFORNIA TRAVELLER.—We learn that Mr. James Baldwin, who left this place three or four weeks since, en route for California, died at Havana a few days ago. This adds another to the list of the many persons who have perished either in going to, or returning from, this attractive country.

It is quite important that our readers should read the advertisements.

### OUR RECEPTION ONCE MORE.

We will add a few more of the notices which have been given us by the press, and will again return our grateful thanks for the many compliments we have received from all quarters. We are happy to be able to say, that the permanent establishment of the "Woburn Journal," may be now considered as a "fixed fact." Our subscription list already exceeds our most sanguine expectations, with a fair prospect of still further increase.

WOBURN JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of a new paper, bearing this title, which has been ushered into existence in Woburn. The publishers are Messrs. Fowle & Brother—John A. Fowle, editor. This number is well "got up," both in its editorial and typographical departments, and we hope the new comer will have a long and healthy existence. We are pleased to know that the "Journal" is indebted for its neat appearance to the taste and talent of our friend Hastings,—recently one of the "Bay State boys," and whom editor, printer, and publisher of the "Woburn Guide-Pilot,"—who has taken charge of that particular department of the paper. Friend H. can handle the pen, as well as the "stick," and in his time has fired some unmerciful squibs, and perpetrated some good jokes and horrible puns. We expect to see his good-natured pliz again shining through the types. Success to him and the "Journal."—*Lynn Bay State*.

We beg leave personally to thank our friend of the "Bay State," for his complimentary notice of the "Journal," and—our humble self. We have endeavored to make the "Journal" what the "Bay State" is,—neat and modest in appearance, and workmanlike in its arrangement. The "Bay State" can boast of two "right smart types,"—Messrs. P. L. and H. S. Cox—both gentlemen well known in the publishing and printing world; and the "senior" can point a pen better than we can handle one, as the above "unmerciful" hit shows. We were a "Bay State boy," and our friend's allusion to the fact awakens many pleasing associations, and reminds us of our snug little corner, where we have passed so many happy hours, our labors lightened no little by the pleasant companionship we there enjoyed. We wish friend Josselyn much success in giving the Lynn people a paper as is a paper; and the recent improvements in its appearance betokens a prosperity we are glad to witness. As for "all the boys," we wish them all sorts of good luck, and if they will come to Woburn, we'll show 'em round in shape, and treat 'em on oysters and clams besides.—*PRINTER "JOURNAL."*

WOBURN JOURNAL.—A handsome paper, bearing this title, has just made its appearance in the pleasant and enterprising town of Woburn. It is just the thing that is needed to give direction and efficiency to the business energies of the place. The Journal is neat in its typographical appearance, and pleasant and manly in its editorial tone. Healthy as a child, may it exert a happy and beneficial influence in a vigorous manhood; and we trust it will earn its publishers and editor not only golden opinions, but—the dollars. The Journal is published by Messrs. Fowle & Brother, John A. Fowle is the editor. We are pleased to learn that our friend H. N. Hastings presides over the typographical department—

Cambridge Chronicle.

The WOBURN JOURNAL.—Under this title, was issued, on Saturday last, the first number of a new weekly paper, published by Messrs. Fowle & Brother, of Woburn, Mr. John A. Fowle, editor. Its typographical appearance is highly creditable, paper and type both excellent. Judging from the modes and yet comprehensive "Salutatory," the editorial matter promises to be of a character that must prove acceptable to the judicious reader. We gladly welcome it to the neutral ranks, and wish for its enterprising publishers, a deserved success.—*Clinton Courier*.

WOBURN JOURNAL.—The title of a good-sized and neatly printed paper which has just been commenced in the enterprising village whose name it bears. It is published by Fowle & Brother, and edited by John A. Fowle, Esq. We see no reason why Woburn should not have a local paper, and the Journal is one which its citizens should take pride in sustaining.—*Clipper*.

WOBURN JOURNAL.—This is the title of a neat weekly, just started at Woburn, in this State, by Fowle & Brother. The number before us is filled with interesting matter, and we have no doubt it will prove a valuable addition to newspaperdom. Success to it.—*Concord Freeman*.

The WOBURN JOURNAL, is a neat and valuable sheet, started last week. It is worthy of a liberal support from the people of Woburn. No matter if they take Boston papers; and the Journal should not have a local paper, and the Journal is one which its citizens should take pride in sustaining.—*Clipper*.

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WOBURN JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of the Woburn Journal, a neuter weekly paper, by Fowle & Brother. It looks well, and we wish it success.—*Chelsea Union*.

DAMAGES RECOVERED.—Mr. N. M. Lawrence and wife, of this town, have recently recovered of the town of Mount Vernon, Maine, the sum of \$15, for damages received by the running away of a horse in that place; the horse, having been frightened in the evening by some lumber left in the road, ran away and upset the carriage, injuring Mrs. L. The suit was brought in the Supreme Judicial Court, Kennebec County, and was conducted by James M. Randall, Esq., of this town.

To THE LADIES.—Messrs. Chapman, of Boston, advertise in our columns European and American Goods;—their principal trade is done in fine dress goods, such as de laines, &c. We speak from personal knowledge when we say, that no firm in Boston has a richer or better selected stock to offer to the inspection of customers.

Nathaniel A. Richardson, Esq., of Winchester, has been appointed Justice of the Peace for Middlesex county by the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council.

It is quite important that our readers should read the advertisements.

### For the Journal.

#### GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Immortal Sir! thy name will live,  
And honored be, by th' good and brave,  
Long after Alexander's fame  
Shall rot 'neath dark oblivion's wave.  
Thy noble deeds will brighter glow  
Upon thy country's truthful page,  
And hails bright of glory throw  
Around thy name from age to age.  
From '97—'98 and Napoleon,  
With all their blood-bought fame and power,  
May sleep forgotten in the dust,  
As sleep the mushrooms in an hour!  
But still, Columbia's cherished son!  
Thy name shall live and honored be,  
As long as beats one heart that loves  
The priceless boon of Liberty!

### "COLD WATER."

R. Kittredge, of Boston, the interesting lecturer on Cold Water, delivered a lecture in the Town Hall, on Wednesday, to quite an intelligent audience. We are sorry to say the Hall was not as crowded as the nature of the subject deserved.

The Doctor is one of those men who comes down to the level of most every one's understanding; and mixes so much common sense, good humor, and practical knowledge together, that it is really worth while to take some pains to hear him. "Laugh and grow fat" is an old saying, but none the less true for its age; and when the Dr. "lets on," a person must laugh in spite of himself, and no doubt the rest of the old adage comes after.

We hope Dr. K. will be induced to come into our midst again, and enlighten our citizens on the virtues of cold water, not only as a cleansing agent, but as a remedial power, and doubt not but he will receive the attention of a full audience.

MEDICAL MEETING.

The Middlesex East District Medical Society held its annual meeting at Reading, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 5. The following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing year:—For President, Dr. Horace P. Wakefield, of Reading; for Vice-President, Dr. A. Chapin, of Winchester; for Secretary, Dr. T. Rickard, of Woburn; for Treasurer and Librarian, Dr. A. Plympton, of Woburn; for Auditor, Dr. M. Parker, of Melrose; for Censors, Dr. Cutler, of Woburn, Dr. Phiney, of Melrose, Dr. Mansfield, of South Reading; for Counsellors, Dr. Cutler, of Woburn, Dr. Parker, of Melrose, and Dr. Plympton, of Woburn.

This Society was formed one year ago, and embraces all the members of the Massachusetts Medical Society in the towns of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Melrose, South Reading, Reading, Wilmington, and Burlington. The object aimed at by the members is, mutual improvement, and a better acquaintance with each other. The meetings during the past year have been well attended, interesting, and profitable to the members, and they believe will have a salutary influence upon the health of the people embraced within the limits of this society.

We notice with eggs-ulting feeling, and with no apprehension of failure thereunto connecting itself, that the *Fowl* Society will hold its annual *roasting* and *cackling* on the 11th of November and three following days. Some bold crowing may be expected. It is understood that Deacon Dorking and Signor Shanghae will grace the occasion. Our *Unympy* reporters will be on hand, to scratch down anything of interest. Peter Snooks, Esq., we suspect, will be *cock* of the walk, on the occasion.—*Clipper Bay*.

Hoping to "further their nest," a couple of the *Fowl* society in Woburn are *packing-up* matters of local and general interest, and giving them to the public in a weekly "Journal;" and they *cackle-ate* every family in town ought to have a number "laid on their table." Their motto is "Eggs-elsior."

The ladies of Rev. Mr. Edwards' Church say, in another column, that on Tuesday evening they hope to meet their friends, in the Vestry. We would add something in favor of the objects they have in view, but deem it uncalled for, as we know that, when the fair ones invite the co-operation of the benevolent, it is enough; for certainly no one, who has any desire to please them, will refuse aid, especially when for so small an admission-fee they have the prospect of spending a most agreeable evening.

To CALIFORNIA.—California travellers often complain of the impositions practiced on them at the "Isthmus," both by exorbitant charges and misdirections. We are informed by a returned Californian, who has experienced the hospitality of *Mons. Justo Lugo* at the "*Granada Spanish Hotel*," that it is highly important in taking the Nicaragua route, to get correct information; and by stopping at the above-mentioned house, travellers can rely on being well treated. This information may be of value to those who journey gold-ward.

At the Criminal Term of the Court of Common Pleas, at Lowell, Franklin Shours was found guilty on three indictments,—one for stealing from a shoe manufacture, another for stealing from a carpenter's shop, and another for stealing from the depot of Woburn Branch Railroad, all in the town of Woburn.

CAMBRIDGE ATHENAEUM.—The beautiful new edifice just erected by this institution, upon Main street in Cambridgeport, at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, was last Tuesday evening dedicated by appropriate and interesting exercises.

Full returns of the Election will be found at Fowle's on Tuesday morning.

### For the Journal.

#### REVERIES OF AN OLD MAN.

MR. EDITOR:—There is certainly a satisfaction in being *satisfied*; and when we are looking for an object, and attain it, if it meets our views it is natural for us to commend it. I have received your new paper, but when you mailed it you did not know it was for the Hermit. Old men seldom flatter,—their days of expectancy are past; therefore I say that I like your paper for three reasons. The first is, the printing and style is excellent; the second is, the matter it contains can be read in the family circle; and the third is, its morality. Now, sir, perhaps you will not thank me for these expressions, but I like to become acquainted with my neighbors, and wish them to know my opinions of them before we become intimate,—it always saves an after ex-

planation. The town of Stoneham, with a population of only 2000, and a valuation of \$600,000, expends this year \$16,000 for the erection of new school-houses; and makes an appropriation of \$1700, in addition to the State Fund, for the support of schools. Well done, thou good and faithful neighbor!

The Providence *Transcript* says there is a lady in that city so aristocratic that she refuses to take a newspaper, because the paper is made of rags! She very studiously avoids every thing of a low origin.

The Louisville Journal says, "The man who walks on a marble slab in an inverted position, has arrived, and will perform this extraordinary feat to-night." Numerous respectable citizens of Pittsburg testify that they have witnessed the remarkable performance.

Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows were the only kind of second hand goods that sold at prime cost.

Somebody has said that the arrival of the morning papers at the bookstore causes quite a *commotion* in the money market.

Twenty thousand persons, it is estimated have travelled to the top of Bunker Hill Monument within the past year.

What town in this Commonwealth is in want of bacon? Needham. So the Carpet Bag says. And speaking of pork, what musical body does a drove of pigs represent? A *cornet* band.

The extreme pressure in the money-market has affected coin very materially. We notice that the pillars have been squeezed from the fourpences, ninepences and quarters in this region.

Our readers will please notice a change in the time of running trains on the Boston and Lowell Railroad.

### BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN

FROM THE YEAR 1655 TO 1661.

Baldwin, John, son of Henry, born 29th of 8th month. Farmer, Mary, d. of John, 10th of 2d.

Blegett, Ruth d. of Samwell, 29th of 10th.

Beale, John, d. of John, 29th of 10th.

Bell, Mary, d. of John, 10th of 9th.

Pierce, Samwell, s. of Thomas, 27th of 2d.

Gardner, Benjamin, s. of Richard, 29th of 10th.

Convers, James, 29th of 10th.

Cleaveland, Samuel, s. of Moses, 9th of 4th.

Farrer,

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1851.

For the Journal.

## NEW THEORIES IN MEDICINE.

**Mr. EDITOR:**—There is a quality of the human mind which is easily taken captive at the announcement of any new discovery. No matter how absurd it is, or how it may deviate from the generally received opinions of the day, it will have its advocates and its followers. The practice of medicine, for the cure of diseases, has abounded in new and fanciful theories, from the earliest ages down to the present time. Perhaps, for the want of a more perfect system than has generally prevailed, there has been a greater disposition to seize upon every new thing that has been presented. At one period of the world, it was customary to resort to incantations, amulets, and holy reliques, for the cure of diseases. By the touch of the smallest particle of such remains,—the hair, nail, or bone of a finger,—the most astonishing effects were produced. This practice was sometimes carried on, by removing patients to the ground of the consecrated dead, which added solemnity and awe to the farce. Nor have we wholly emerged from this superstitious practice; for now even, we see, occasionally, individuals resort to the manipulations of the hand which is cold in death for the removal of certain diseases. I have been credibly informed, that in the present age, a family who were all predisposed to consumption, disinterred one of its members, who had died of this disease, removed the heart, burned it, the ashes of which were regarded a sovereign remedy for those of the family who might be afflicted with this disease. At one period, portions of pulverized mummies were used as medicines, and thought to possess extraordinary virtues. One Perkins made his appearance comparatively recently with his metallic tractors, which he alleged would supersede anything before discovered in curing human maladies. His plan was, to pass the tractors over the parts affected, and the cure was sure to follow. Newspapers and pamphlets set forth the wonderful effects of this new method of curing diseases, and the government granted a patent with royal letters for the discovery. At the height of this excitement, Dr. Haggard was induced to try experiments with wooden tractors, painted so as to resemble the metallic, and found them to succeed equally well. After this was known the tractors fell into disrepute, and soon lost all power in curing diseases. Volumes might be written to show that no system has been more shrouded in mystery, or more fraught with humbug, than medicine. Every age has its share; and if no new discovery is made, or no new specific announced, some old one must be revived. I will not say that the advocates of those new theories are more blamable than the public. There are elements of character in the community, which demand them and persons possessed of them, when sick, always to stand ready to be cured by something new, far-fetched, or wonderful. This age has cold water and homeopathy, saying nothing of the ten thousand species trumpeted forth in the newspapers. The cold-water system will undoubtedly do much good in more ways than one. Many people will get well washed, who could not bear cold water to touch them before it was recommended by Priesznitz. It is also a valuable medicinal agent in many complaints, when judiciously employed. Much prejudice formerly existed against the use of cold water in sickness. The excitement that was produced by the German water doctor, induced people to "conquer their prejudices," and it now constitutes a part of domestic and medicinal practice.

The use of cold water constitutes no part of the homoeopathic system proper, but has been recently engrained on to it, in order that there may be something to it. Homoeopathy had its day, but waned and died, to be revived for the benefit of the present age. This system of practice will do much good in showing the people that medicine is not always necessary in curing diseases. In order to have them fully understand this, it is necessary to have them informed on the subject. I observe, in conversing with them, that most people believe homoeopathic medicine possesses great strength and power, and though the pills are exceedingly small, they are supposed to be endured with great majesty. Now, this is so far from being true, that they contain next to no medicine at all. The medicines are essentially the same as are used by all regular physicians, but so diluted that one common dose would be sufficient to medicate all the water in Massachusetts Bay. For instance, according to their theory, if it is found necessary to take sulphur, a spoonful may be thrown into the dock at Liverpool, and the water in Boston Harbor would be sufficiently medicated for use. Some may think this is an exaggeration, but it certainly is not; and more than this, the founder of this system insists that only smelling, or touching the medicine at a dilution more attenuated than this, is all-sufficient for most patients. I do not object to this mode of practice, if it suits its advocates and followers; but what I wish them to understand is, that they may as well swallow the rays of moonshine as homoeopathic medicine. The right is inherent, for every person to be doc-tored as he chooses, no matter what prejudices may be shocked; and no one has a right to call it in question, any more than Orthodox religionists have to dictate to the Baptists their particular mode of worship.

When the public get well informed on this matter, and they can doctor themselves by taking nothing, which, in my estimation, is equivalent to taking such medicines.

The yellow fever has made its appearance in Mobile.

**ARTIFICIAL LEATHER.**—A correspondent, who has recently visited Abington, Mass., informs us that going into a shop a few days ago, he witnessed another triumph of art, aided and guided by science. A steam engine, of six or eight horse power, is erected for grinding up the chips and shavings of leather which are cut off by the shoe and boot-makers, and which have heretofore been burnt or thrown away. These are ground to a powder resembling coarse snuff, and this powder is then mixed with certain gums and other substances, so thoroughly that the whole mass becomes a kind of melted leather. In a short time this dries a little, and is rolled out to the desired thickness—perhaps one-twenty-fourth of an inch. It is now quite solid, and is said to be entirely water-proof. On putting the question whether it was strong, the manufacturer cut several strips a foot long and half an inch wide, which our informant endeavored in vain to break.

This new-fashioned leather will make good middle soles for shoes, and perhaps inner soles, and would be very durable round the shafts of a carriage, or in any place where mere chafing is all the wear desired. It is supposed it would wear well as bands for some kinds of machinery, and will doubtless be used for many other purposes. A patent has been secured, and the article will soon be in the market for use.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

**THE WAY THEY WAGE WAR ON THE UPPER SACRAMENTO.**—About a month since three men went out to prospect on the Coast Range, and were killed by the Indians. A few days ago Mr. Soars, who owns a rancho on Stony Creek, while taking a ride was stoned by the same tribe, barely escaping with his life. The next morning a party of sixteen left Monroe's rancho, the present country seat of Colusa, and after proceeding twenty miles came upon a rancheria which contained some sixty Indians. They surrounded it and proceeded to exterminate the inhabitants after a fashion of their own. By ten o'clock the next morning the party returned, bringing in sixteen persons, good fellows, and all that remained of the tribe. They accomplished thefeat without distinguishing from their horses. A specimen of the race is now in town, a fine looking young Indian, and may be seen at the Crescent City Hotel.—The affair created no excitement and was hardly spoken of afterwards. This is one way of getting rid of unpleasant neighbors.—*Sacramento Times and Transcript.*

**THE MONSTER ELEPHANT "COLUMBUS."**—The largest in America, and weighing 10,750 pounds, belonging to Herr Driesbach's menagerie, died at Lenox, last Saturday, from injuries received from falling through a bridge near South Adams, Oct. 25. His tusks are valued at \$300.

**JENNY LIND.**—The Boston Transcript says that a telegraph despatch from Columbus, Ohio, dated Wednesday night, and addressed to Mr. Chickering of that city, announces that Jenny Lind will commence a series of concerts in Boston, at the Melodeon, on the 22d inst.

**THE QUEBEC CHRONICLE.**—The Boston Transcript says that the ground is covered with snow to the depth of 3 inches on a level, and that the cattle are all housed. Many farmers were taken by surprise, and much of the turnip crop, and many potatoes are still in the ground.

**THE BANK OF ENGLAND.**—The Bank of England uses in her accounts no less than 60 folio ledgers, filled up completely every day! 28,000 bank notes thrown off daily, and all so registered, that the abstraction of a single note is followed by immediate detection.

**SEVERAL OF THE AUXILIARY STATE RIGHTS ASSOCIATIONS.**—Several of the Auxiliary State Rights Associations of South Carolina have determined not to hold any more meetings at present, or further to agitate secession—declaring their purpose to await the measures of the majority.

**MR. FREDERIC A. FISKE.**—Mr. Frederic A. Fiske, late of Yale Theological Seminary, has been invited, with singular unanimity, to become pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in Ashburnham.

**PHILLIPS'S FIRE ANNIHILATOR.**—Phillips's fire annihilator has been tried in Hamburg and found wanting. A shaw was set on fire, but the heat was too great to permit an approach, and a common water engine was brought to bear upon the flames.

**AN EXCHANGE PAPER.**—An exchange paper says the city of Boston is worth the whole State of North Carolina. By assessment the property in this city is ascertained to be \$167,000,000. That of North Carolina cannot exceed \$140,000,000.

**A DESPATCH FROM BUFFALO.**—A despatch from Buffalo states that the propeller Henry Clay, loaded with a valuable freight, and bound to Ogdensburg, was totally wrecked in a gale off Long Point, Canada, Thursday night. All on board were lost except one man.

**THE LAKE SUPERIOR JOURNAL.**—The Lake Superior Journal, published at Sault St. Marie, says that cranberries are very abundant in that region, this season, and will make quite an item of export.

**FATHER MATTHEW.**—Father Matthew will postpone his departure, to the 7th of November, Mr. Collins having offered to transfer his passage ticket from the steamship Atlantic to the Pacific.

**THE LYCEUM.**—The Executive Committee of the LYCEUM would respectfully announce, that they have made arrangements for the Lecture of the Congregational Church, on TUESDAY evening, Nov. 11th. Addresses on the subject will be given, and exercises. Various useful articles and refreshments, will be offered for sale. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Admission 10 cents. Woburn, Nov. 8, 1851.

**MARRIAGES.**—In North Woburn, Nov. 2d, by Rev. Samuel Sewall, of Universalist Church, Fairstead, Cambridge.

In this town, Nov. 6th, by the Rev. Hollis Kendall, Mr. Henry Tyler, of Woburn, to Miss Eliza W. Sander of Somerville.

In Malden, Oct. 20th, by Rev. Mr. McClure, Mr. Jason Haley, of Cambridge, to Mrs. Mary Magoun, of Malden.

**DEATHS.**—In this town, Oct. 30th, Harriet F., daughter of Abel Turner, aged 3 years and 4 months.

Nov. 1st, Newton Caldwell, 29 yrs. and 4 mos.

Nov. 4th, Charlotte C. daughter of William and Charlotte G. Leath.

In Clinton, Oct. 19th, Leander P. Huntington, 20 years and 9 months. [Boston papers please copy.]

**WOBURN LYCEUM.**—The bids which have been received for paving the extension of the Capitol at Washington with marble, vary from \$1,500,000 to \$2,500,000.

**MR. RICHARD WALKLEY.**—Mr. Richard Walkley, who was stabbed by his own son a few days since at Springfield, died on Saturday from inflammation of the wounds received at that time.

**IT IS STATED THAT A PROJECT IS ON FOOT FOR A WORLD'S FAIR AT NEW YORK.**—It is to be held in a glass palace, similar in material and structure to that at London, but much smaller.

**THERE ARE SIXTY-FIVE CITIES AND TOWNS IN THE UNITED STATES.**—The population of which, by the census of 1850, is 10,000 or upwards.

**TELEGRAPH LAW SUIT.**—The great Telegraph case between Morse and Bain has been decided in favor of Morse.

**BILLY, MY BOY,**—Billy, my boy, can't you eat a little more? "Well, I don't know but I could, mother, if I stood up."

**THESE ARE ABOUT SEVEN HUNDRED MECHANICS AT THE PRESENT TIME EMPLOYED IN THE CHARLES-TOWN NAVY YARD.**

**ARTIFICIAL LEATHER.**—In Charlestown, Mass., is the largest rope manufacture in the world. It belongs to the National Government, and is situated in the Town Hall, in Woburn, so much of the Real Estate (situated in said Woburn) belonging to the following residents of said town, as shall be sufficient to pay the TAXES assessed thereon for the year 1851, and all legal costs and expenses, viz:—

**JOHN ANDREWS.**—About two-thirds of an acre of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Warren Street, northerly by land of John Johnson, southwesterly by land of John Lovell, and northerly by land of B. B. Kimball, James Marston, and Asa Kimball, of Woburn, Town & County Taxes, \$2.00. School Dist. Tax, \$0.24.

**SAMUEL W. RUSSELL.**—About five and one-fourth acres of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Railroad street, and bounded northwesterly by said street, northerly by land of Seavall Flagg, southeasterly by land of Sylvanus Wood, and by a lane, and southwesterly by land of John Lovell, Town & County Taxes, \$2.00. School Dist. Tax, \$0.24.

**JOHN ANDREWS.**—About five and one-fourth acres of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Warren Street, northerly by land of John Johnson, southwesterly by land of B. B. Kimball, James Marston, and Asa Kimball, of Woburn, Town & County Taxes, \$2.00. School Dist. Tax, \$0.24.

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## TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE BROWN MUG.

BY SARA SMITH.

Returning from a pedestrian excursion to the Notch of the White Hills, that wonderful gorge which makes the traveler, the first time he approaches it, stop and hold his breath, and look up to the mountains on the right hand and on the left, and down the deep valley that sweeps away below him, and feel if he never did before, an overpowering sense of the might and majesty of the eternal—we had wandered down the valley of the clear, swiftly-flowing *Saco*; had tarried a few hours at the beautiful village of Fryeburg; had been into the little muscum attached to the academy, and tried to hold at arm's length the long gun that shot the Indian Chief *Paugus*. The sight of this gun gave us a strong desire to behold the scenes of that memorable and tragical conflict, where the brave Lovewell and his devoted followers, in the heart of the wilderness, fifty miles from any white inhabitants, fought through the long summer day with *Paugus* and his warriors, till but few on either side were left to tell the news of the encounter. The place was scarcely a mile distant, and taking a guide, we repaired to the spot. How could we do otherwise, when we called to mind the ballad, that has embalmed the memory of the unfortunate, but heroic littleband?

"With footstep slow shall travelers go,  
Where Lovewell's Paugus saw clear and bright,  
And mark the place where those are laid  
Who fell in Lovewell's bloody fight?"

Says the old ballad. The name of the bard is lost, but was a true prophet; travelers do go and visit Lovewell's pond, and we went among the rest. We stood on its quiet margin and had the various scenes of battle pointed out to us; the place of ambush, the onset, the retreat to the water's edge, and the very spot where Chamberlain is supposed to have stood when he leveled his fowling piece and brought *Paugus* down. As saith again the old ballad—

"Two Paws led the Pequot tribe;  
As runs the fox, said *Paugus* run,  
A wolf will wail when he howls,  
But *Paugus* had Paws on.

"One whom a savage never shall stay,  
Met *Paugus* by the water's side,  
And shot his dead upon that day."

We stood and muse'd awhile upon the melancholy fate of Lovewell, and Wyman, and Frye, and their brave companions in arms, and then turn'd silently away and pursued our rambles down the valley of the *Saco*.

We had been upon our excursion about a week, and sometimes emerging into an opening and stopping at some farm house to pass the night, when we found ourselves, one afternoon, approaching a small but tidy looking dwelling not many miles from *Saco* village. The place looked inviting, and our stock of provisions was low.

"Come Joe," said I, "let us try our luck here for something to eat."

"Agreed," said Joe, "for I begin to feel hungry as a bear."

The house stood a few rods from the road, and as we turned up the road that led to it, we were suddenly challenged by a little sandy colored dog, which came running toward us, growling and barking furiously, showing his teeth and bristling the hair on his shoulders like a young wolf.

"Let's shoot him," said Joe, "and go about our business." And he actually made a motion to that effect, for he had a little touch of the harum-scarum about him; but I forbade it at once, and told him to put up his rifle. At that moment an old lady appeared and called Jowler stoutly away, who readily obeyed her and retreated behind the house.

"Good woman," said I, "as we came up to the door, will you allow us to rest a half hour in your cottage?"

"Oh, certainly, an hour and a half if you're a mind," said the old lady, looking at us sharply through her spectacles. "Come, come in; my door is never closed against the civil caller."

With that we followed the old lady into her little parlor, which was furnished in the most simple and plain mode of country life, but exhibited, in a marked degree, an air of neatness and comfort. The chairs she handed us were of round, straight posts with high backs, and the seats woven from the bark of the elm, finely stripped and twisted. The uncarved portal looked white and clean enough for a table. A few ordinary pictures hung round the room, which bore such decided marks of age, that I at once inferred that they were relics of generations that had gone by. A single oaken chair, of antique appearance, somewhat elaborately carved, stood against the wall between the two front windows, and over it hung a small looking-glass, in an oaken frame, that looked as though it might have reflected the faces of several successive generations.

A modest-looking, fair-faced girl, apparently about sixteen, sat in the corner of the room with sewing work in her hands as we entered. She rose and courtesied to us, with evident diffidence, and resumed her work.

"Good woman," said I, "would it be convenient for you to furnish us with a bit of a lunch?"

"Anything at hand—no matter what we have been in the woods all day, and have not yet dined."

"To be sure," said the old lady, "such as we have shall be at your service in a few minutes. We have nothing very lousy or very nice; but if you have a real appetite for a plain dish, perhaps Sally will pick up something that will answer the purpose. Come Sally," continued the old lady, addressing the young girl with the sewing work, "set out the table, and see if you can't get a mouthful or two for the gentlemen to eat."

As Sally left the room, the eyes of the old lady followed her with doating fondness.

"That's my granddaughter," said she, as the door closed; "she has lived with me ever since she was four years old; and though I say it myself, there isn't a nicer gal in the whole State of Maine, always ready and willing—and I so kind, and always at work. She can get a meal of viands as well as ever I could in my life, and better than I can now, in my old age. There's nothing about the house but what she knows how to do."

"She has been fortunate," said I, "to be brought up by such a grandmother."

"Well I don't know," said the old lady; it seems as if some children take to goodness nat-

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1851.

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urally. I never had the least trouble with her—nothing but to tell her what to do, and she always did it."

"But she is not all your family?" said I. "Yes," said the old lady with a sigh, "she and I have lived alone here now going on three years; even since my poor husband died—Heaven rest his soul! his body rests under that willow you see from the window yonder, in the corner of the lot. For the last two years of his life he suffered a painful lingering illness. And to see how that child waited upon him for two whole years, almost, as it were day and night, was enough to melt the heart of Pharaoh. An angel from Heaven could have done more than she did!"

By this time Sally came in again, and began to spread the table. The day was warm, and I asked for a glass of water.

"May be," said the old lady, "you might like a glass of small-beer, made of sarsaparilla and a few greens we get in the woods?"

I thanked her, and she told Sally to bring some.

"Sally, my child," said the old lady, as her granddaughter was going out of the door.

Sally turned round. The old lady pointed to a little cupboard door in the corner of the room. Sally, who seemed readily to understand the signal, went to the cupboard, opened the door took down a large brown earthen mug, and went out. Instantly she returned, and placed the mug full of beer upon the table, with a couple of tumblers. We filled the tumblers, and drank some of the most delightful beverage we ever tasted. We could not help draining it, upon which the old lady urged us to take some more, adding that we need not be afraid to drink what we liked of it, for it was not only harmless but very wholesome. We renewed our draught; and in lifting and setting down the mug, I was struck with the peculiar appearance, and took it up and began to examine it. On glancing at the old lady, I perceived an expression of pleasure on her countenance.

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "but I think you have a choice article in this mug."

"It is a choice article," said the old lady; "it's a mug that we set a great deal by, in our family. We don't make much common use of it; but when we have company come in, and particularly strangers, I like to set it before them, for it is in some degree a record of our family history."

I still held the mug in my hand; and had discovered a crowned head stamped upon it, and the name of King William.

"Ah! then this is an ancient affair, is it?" said I; "but it can't be as old as King Will—it can't, though!"

"Yes, I believe it is," said the old lady; "it has been in our family about a hundred and fifty years."

"Is it possible?" said I; "then it must have witnessed some interesting scenes in its day."

"It has indeed," said the old lady; "sit down a few minutes, while Sally is bringing in your lunch, and I'll give you a short account of its history."

I thanked her heartily, and took my seat.

"That mug, which we commonly call King William's," said the old lady, "because it bears King William's image and name, a hundred and fifty years ago belonged to my great-grandfather, whose name was Humphrey Scammon. His youngest son, Samuel, was my grandfather; and when I was a child, I have many and many a time sat on his knee, and heard him tell the story of the brown mug, and about being carried away by the Indians." In those days—that is, when my grandfather was a little boy, there were but a few white inhabitants in this part of the country, and they lived in constant fear of being killed or carried off by the Indians. A few families were settled round the *Saco* falls, and a few scattered about in other places. They had built a strong fort on the south side of the river, a little below where the village now stands, to which the inhabitants in the vicinity, on any alarm of the approach of the Indians, fled for security; and those who were so fortunate as to reach it, escaped without injury. Mr. Humphrey Scammon, my great-grandfather, lived on the north side of the river, a mile or two below the fort, towards the river's mouth. One day he was out at work with his oldest son, upon a piece of marsh some ways from the house. Samuel, my grandfather, was then about ten years old, and remained at the house with his mother. Samuel's mother called him, and told him that his poor father and brother were at work hard in the field, and the day was hot, and she wished they had a mug of her new beer. Samuel at once said he would go and carry some to them; and his mother took that same brown mug—that same King William mug, standing there now on that table, filled it with beer, and sent Samuel away with it to the field. He had gone but a very few minutes, when he came running, breathless with terror, into the house, and crying out, "Mother! mother! the Indians are coming!" I see them coming down the hill in the edge of the woods, and they are coming right this way!" In all his fright, he still held the mug of beer in his hands, which he now placed on a shelf in the back part of the room.

"Oh, mother, let us fasten the doors," said Samuel, "or they'll come in and kill us."

"No, child," said his mother, "if we fasten the doors so they can't open them, they'll set fire to the house, and burn us up in it. The only way is to let them come in, and take our chance!"

In a moment more, a dozen savages were at the door and came grimly stalking into the house with their weapons of war in their hands. After reaching the house, and helping themselves to such things as they liked, and emptying a couple of feather beds and taking the ticks for bags, to carry away their booty, they demanded of the woman where her husband was. She refused to inform them. They then told her, they would kill her and the boy at once; but if she would tell where her husband was, they would not hurt any of them. This induced her to tell where her husband and other son were at work in the field. The Indians took Mrs. Scammon and Samuel with them, and started for the field which had been pointed out to them. Here they succeeded also in making prisoners of Mr. Humphrey Scammon and his son James. Another party of Indians at this time came up, and the whole proceeded up the river, intent on capturing all the whites they could find, and carry them prisoners to Canada, where they would receive a reward from the French. France at that time being at war with Eng-

land. They would probably have succeeded in taking more prisoners than they did, and perhaps would have taken the fort itself, had not a fortunate circumstance given seasonable alarm at the falls. A boy by the name of Robinson was passing with a team near the marsh where Mr. Scammon was captured, and discovered the Indians in time to make his escape. He mounted the horse that was attached to his team, taking his garters for a bridle, and rode with full speed up the river, till he came to Gray's point a little below the present village, and swam his horse across to Cow Island. Here he left his horse, plunged into the river and swam the remaining channel himself, flew to the point as fast as possible, and immediately fired the alarm gun.

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1851.

to the world, the world invariably demands the private memoirs. Mankind wish to learn something of the private life, habits, and manners of the individual whose great public actions have commanded their admiration, whose illustrious public services have won their gratitude and love. Voltaire, in speaking of Sir Isaac Newton, said, "Does the great Newton eat like other men?"

The labors of America's distinguished historians have given to his country and the world the life and actions of Washington, as connected with the age in which he flourished, and the mighty events thereof in which he bore so prominent and illustrious a part. It has become the honored duty of the author of the Recollections to lift the veil that always conceals the private life of a great man from the public gaze, and to show the Pater Patriae amid the shades of domestic retirement, where, in the bosom of his family, on his farm, and at the fireside, friendship, kindness, and hospitality shed their benignant lustre upon his latter days.—*National Intelligencer.*

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1851.

### AGENTS.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

WOBURN.—Mr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

SYRACUSE.—Mr. G. W. THURS will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

### A YANKEE.

A correspondent mentions to us in a letter, in which he speaks of the closing of the World's Fair, that "America went into the Exhibition at rather the 'little end of the horn'; but in coming out, she entirely fills the other end." How emblematical this is of Yankee spirit and Yankee enterprise,—it is always bound to go ahead, no matter where you find it.

The great exhibition has placed us in a position in Europe which we did not before occupy, for all the vast multitude who have visited the Fair have noticed the character of the American part of it, and undoubtedly have been struck with the many articles of use and real value that were there shown. We are told that America may have been behind other nations in the fancy articles, but when we come to the most valuable part of the list, we find she far outstrips her competitors.

The fact is, a Yankee's wits are always at work to see how, and by what means, he can accomplish something which no one else ever has; and in all classes of "labor-saving machines," we find him peculiarly fortunate in his inventions. In our cotton and woollen mills, in our machine-shops,—in agriculture, and in every department of science or art, we find the Yankee is "bound to go ahead." This is well illustrated in the shoe business. The idea of making pegged boots and shoes was sent over to England by the Yankees, and some of them are now in Liverpool, London, and other places, making fortunes.

Our good "John Bull" brethren now begin to appreciate the fact, that the United States does contain a race of beings who do know something, even if they are "Jonathans;" and we consequently find that the newspapers of England begin to talk about us quite favorably, and "Punch" gives John some pretty hard hits. We possess the elements internally that will make our influence to be felt more and more. It is yearly extending, with a rapidity that is unprecedented in the history of any people; and while much of the credit belongs to all our country, we know that a very large slice of it belongs to New England. It is our section that has sent so many sturdy sons to the West, to build up that portion of the States; it is our section that has furnished most of the important inventions of the last twenty years.

"A Yankee," then, is indeed a person of some consequence. And when we contemplate the triumphs of the past year, at the World's Fair, and other places, can we not, with some feeling of satisfaction, remember how much of influence we, as a people, are exerting? Then let us not be afraid to be called "Yankees," even if it has been often used as an epithet of contempt, by a vain glorious people,—let us see to it, that we fully discharge our part of the duties that belong to the Yankees of a great and powerful nation as our own.

**WOBURN LYCEUM.**—By a reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that the lectures before this institution commence on Tuesday evening next. The list of lecturers, as announced by the committee, embraces much of the best talent in this department; and the committee hope to add the names of Gov. Briggs and Rev. Mr. Giles to the list, which will make the course of lectures exceedingly useful and popular. We trust every ticket will be sold, as nowhere can our citizens obtain a more rational entertainment for a small sum.

**SIDEWALKS.**—Everybody who travels, likes a nice sidewalk to help him along. We have them on a good part of Pleasant street, and they are both neat and substantial. A handsome sidewalk is a great ornament to any estate, while at the same time it is a comfort and convenience to pedestrians.

**YANKEES FOREVER.**—Hobbs's Yankee lock has stood the trial of the greatest lock-makers in England, and been returned to him as impregnable. A fortnight was spent in efforts to open it, but it was no go.

**A NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.**—is being erected in "Thompson Village," in this town. A sure sign of prosperity.

### PROCEEDINGS OF TOWN MEETINGS.

The following is the official vote and record of the Town Meetings of Monday last, as we receive them from our Town Clerk:

FOR GOVERNOR,  
Whole number of ballots cast,.....639  
John G. Palfrey,.....254  
George S. Boutwell,.....226  
Robert C. Winthrop,.....159

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,  
Whole number of ballots cast,.....635  
Anassa Walker,.....256  
Henry W. Cushman,.....218  
George Greenell,.....160  
Wm. Parmenter,.....1

FOR SENATORS,  
Whole number of ballots,.....637  
Charles C. Hazewell,.....440  
Henry Wilson,.....434  
Anson Burlingame,.....433  
Ithamar W. Beard,.....440  
Samuel E. Sewall,.....435  
Joseph Fuller,.....440  
Charles R. Train,.....160  
Elisha Huntington,.....161  
Henry P. Fairbanks,.....161  
John Benton,.....160  
Josiah Rutter,.....158  
Uriah Chamberlain,.....159  
Abijah Thompson,.....32  
Gorham Brooks,.....33  
John Henshaw,.....33  
Joseph Barney,.....33  
Drury Fairbanks,.....33  
Timothy Butterfield,.....33  
Samuel Hoar,.....1

### YEAS AND NAYS.

The yeas and nays on the question of calling a Constitutional Convention, were as follows:

Yea,.....416  
Nay,.....165  
FOR THE REPRESENTATIVE,  
Whole number of ballots cast,.....595  
Necessary for a choice,.....293  
Timothy Winn had.....420  
and was chosen.  
Horace Conn,.....154  
Scattering,.....21

### TOWN MATTERS.

On Art. 1st, J. B. Winn was chosen Moderator.

On Art. 2d, in relation to a road petitioned for by J. C. Richardson and others, voted to dismiss.

On Art. 3d, in relation to a road petitioned for by Stephen Richardson, Jr., and others, voted to dismiss.

On Art. 4th, voted to annex all the land south of Horn Pond, that does not belong to any other District, to District No. 1.

On Art. 5th, in relation to the compensation of Assessors, voted to dismiss.

On Art. 6th, voted that a committee be raised to make an estimate of the probable cost of one or more reservoirs, and likewise the location of said reservoirs, and report at the next town meeting.

Voted to choose a committee of three, by nomination from the Chair, and Albert Thompson, Abijah Thompson and Luke Fowle were nominated and chosen as that committee.

On Art. 7th, in relation to fire engines, voted to dismiss.

On Art. 8th, in relation to determining the bounds of streets, voted to refer to the Selectmen.

On Art. 9th, voted to pay George Murray seventy-five dollars, for work done on the New Bridge and New Boston road.

On Art. 10th, in relation to a map of the town, voted to dismiss.

Voted to dissolve the meeting.

### MASS MEETING IN WOBURN.

It will be seen by reference to another part of our paper, that a series of Temperance Mass Meetings is to be held in Middlesex County.

The first of these meetings will be held in this town on Thursday next. And, inasmuch as there will probably be a large number of persons from abroad, the friends of this reform, will, we doubt not, very cheerfully make all necessary arrangements for the place of the meeting, and for the entertainment of the strangers that may be present. It is customary at such meetings to provide a collation, and we very much mistake in regard to the liberality and public spirit of the friends of temperance in Woburn, if they do not have all things "done up" decently and in order on that occasion.

Able and eloquent speakers are expected to address the meeting. Similar meetings will be held at Groton, Framingham, and Lowell. We cannot but believe that on a subject of such vital importance to the well-being of the community in which we live, there will be but one heart and one voice.

**FAT.**—Ex-Gov. Brooks Fire Company, of Medford, having lately sat down to a supper at the Spy Pond House, West Cambridge, on their return home "let fly" the following poetical strain:—

"We had a rich, delicious feast,  
Oyster sauce and montral geese,—  
Turkey, chickens, the best of supplies  
Of apple, meat and pumpkin pies."

**A GOOD SHAVE.**—makes a man feel better, look better, and of course act better. Roberts, at his new shop, will shave you quickly and comfortably, and trim you up in the most genteel manner. He is perfectly "at home" with the razor and shears, and looks "snug as a bug in a rug" in his new quarters. Call in and see him.

**SETTLED DOWN.**—the town hay-scales, we hope not for the winter, however. Will the proper authorities see to the matter, for it certainly looks dangerous, if it is not.

**COLD.**—the weather for the past week. Old Winter is coming along, so lookout for your fingers and toes—and your nose.

**HEAVY FORGERIES.**—Heavy forgeries have been discovered in New York, and the parties arrested.

### OBITUARY.

Last week, it will be remembered, we were called upon to announce the painful fact that a fellow-townsmen, Mr. James Baldwin, had died at Havana, on his passage to California. Since then, the following, from the Bee, has been handed us, with a request to publish, and we willingly do so:—

DIED, in Havana, Mr. James Baldwin, of Woburn, Mass., aged 24 years. Mr. Baldwin was passenger in the Empire City, for California. Arriving at Havana, he was attacked with the yellow fever, which resulted, after an illness of four days, in his decease. A few weeks since he left us to seek his fortune in that land of promise, young, vigorous, enterprising, he set out with the highest anticipations and highest prospects for the future before him. Yet how soon did he come to his journey's end. Uniting a manly and generous disposition, with a remarkably even temperament, he was without an enemy, while his integrity of character, his honesty of purpose, endeared him to his friends by more than ordinary ties. In the vicinity of his home, where he was best known, there was he appreciated, and his many characteristics of sterling worth, will long be cherished and remembered. His body lies buried in a stranger land; his spirit has gone to Him who gave it, yet it cannot but be a source of consolation to his afflicted relatives he has left a name without a blemish, a character without reproach, and many friends whose sympathies are freely extended, and who mourn with them his untimely end.

J. H. F.

### BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN

FROM THE YEAR 1860 TO 1865.

Lepewell, Tabitha, d. of Mitchell, 8th day of 3d mo. Colts, Rosannah, d. of Tracy, 21st of 9th. Lock, John, d. of Tracy, 1st of 1st. Baile, Mary, d. of Mitchell, 1st of 1st. Brush, William, s. of George, 20th of 8th. Baldwin, Timothy, s. of Henry, 27th of 3d. Cleveland, Joanna, d. of Moses, 19th of 7th. Thorne, Anna, d. of George, 21st of 5th. Todd, Joseph, s. of John, 20th of 11th. Evans, Mary, d. of Robert, 11th of 4th. Brooks, Timothy, s. of Timothy, 2d of 8th. Berenson, Mary, d. of John, 2d of 5th. Wyman, Sarah, d. of John, 15th of 5th. Wright, Diana, d. of Joseph, 1st of 5th. Farren, Joanna, d. of John, 9th of 3d. Gardner, Ruth, d. of Richard, 1st of 3d. Wyman, Timothy, s. of Francis, 15th of 7th. Smith, Samuel, s. of Mathew, 20th of 11th. Smith, John, s. of Mathew, 9th of 11th.

Knight, Samwell, s. of Joseph, 18th of 1st.

Parter, Mercy, d. of John, 1st of 2d.

Barker, Susannah, d. of John, 2d of 2d.

Eams, Priscilla, s. of John, 2d of 3d.

Smith, Sarah, d. of George, 26th of June.

Hall, Mary, d. of Henry, 10th of 5th.

Button, Sarah, d. of Thomas, 5th of 1st.

Russell, John, s. of John, Jr., 1st of 6th.

Crageen, Abigail, d. of John, 4th of 6th.

Brooks, John, s. of Thomas, 9th of 3d.

Menon, s. of Henry, 14th of 7th.

Johnson, Esther, d. of William, 13th of 3d.

Smith, Sarah, d. of John, 2d of 2d.

Conway, Samuel, s. of Samuel, 4th of 2d.

Conway, Henry, d. of John, 21st of 5th.

Wright, Elizabeth, d. of Joseph, 21st of 5th.

Johnson, Obediah, d. of John, 12th of 6th.

Lock, Joseph, d. of William, 8th of March.

Knight, Joseph, s. of George, 1st of 1st.

Reed, Sarah, d. of George, 12th of 12th.

Reed, Timothy, s. of Ralph and Mary, 14th February

### FASHIONS.

The Cambridge Chronicle,—a handsome and ably edited sheet, by the way,—hits off the fashions in the following pleasant and humorous manner, letting out a secret, the while, concerning the "Bloomer" costume:—

"THE FALL (ING OFF) STYLE OF BONNETS is still much in vogue. It is whispered about in relation to the 'Bloomer' costume, that the full trousers having proved on trial to be rather cumbersome and unwieldy, are to be supplanted by the old pattern of *small clothes* worn by the great grandfathers of the present generation. Closely fitting jackets are much approved for cool weather, and as we understand from good authority that the Paris ladies have adopted the gentlemen's style of *vests*, we suppose they will be the mode forthwith. We notice sacks which are but a very slight elongation of the old cut of pea-jackets, and being generally combined with very tight-fitting pants, give to the wearer very much the appearance (at a short distance) of a pair of kitchen tongs of generous dimensions.

Very short gentlemen sport the longest watch-chains, and very young gentlemen display the tallest dickeys. Mustaches and goatees, of all light and bright colors, appear to be in extensive request. Hats have very much the appearance of being generally designed according to the taste or whim of the wearer, and the different styles are 'too numerous to mention.'

"**THE LADIES' FAIR.**—at the Rev. Mr. Edwards's Church, was very creditable, and passed off quite pleasantly, and resulted in the receipt of some eighty dollars.

**MIDDLESEX SENATORS.**—The Traveller says that it is not certain that any of the Senators from this County are chosen. There is no certainty until the official vote is declared.

**Forty-four thousand acres of land have been taken up in Illinois during the present quarter of the present year. 2600 were claimed on Mexican land warrants.**

**MORRIS.**—the colored lawyer, tried in Boston, for aiding the escape of Shadrach, the slave, was acquitted.

**MR. WEBSTER.**—has received a beautiful letter from Kossuth, referring to his celebrated letter to the Austrian minister.

**ARRANGEMENTS.**—Arrangements are making in Philadelphia for a demonstration in behalf of the Irish exiles.

### THE ELECTION.

There is no choice of Governor by the people, and it will devolve on the Senate and House of Representatives to elect him. It is impossible at this moment to give a correct list of members elected. Each party makes strong claims, and it remains yet in doubt, The Coalition, thus far, have the Senate, and the House, as near as can be ascertained, stands 171 Whigs, and 157 Coalitionists. The purpose for which the Convention was called, was to take into consideration the propriety of forming a County Temperance Society, and to discuss the Maine Liquor law. Twenty-two towns were represented, by their delegates, and the number in attendance, as large as could, under all circumstances, have been expected. John A. Knowles, Esq., of Lowell, was chosen President of the Convention. A Committee, of which Hon. Samuel Hoar, of Concord, was Chairman, was chosen to prepare business for the Convention, with more special reference to the drafting of a resolution bearing upon the Maine Law. This Committee having retired, the question on the formation of a County Temperance Society came up for discussion. The best feeling prevailed on the general subject of doing something to awaken a new interest in Middlesex in the cause of Temperance. It was stated that we had within the County twelve or fifteen hundred grog shops of Boston, 1010 of which are kept by foreigners, and among the dealers in which are found 125 females; the scores of similar shops in the suburbs; the immense increase of taxes by which this liquor business drains the pockets of sober men; the immorality, suffering and crime which it produces—these things, it is firmly believed, are not in accordance with the wishes of a majority of the people, and we hope that on *next Thursday* the people of this region will say so.

### THANKSGIVING.

Some very superficial editors are applauding the several Governors of the New England States for unitedly fixing upon the 27th day of November, as a day of Thanksgiving, and think the arrangement a capital one. Now we don't think any such thing at all. If Governor Dinsmore had had the happiness of his people at heart, when he found that Governor Boutwell had appointed the 27th in Massachusetts, he would have stolen a march upon him, and appointed the 20th. That would have given us a chance for the first pick of turkeys, and we could have taken them at a fair price, too. Now every body who has got a good turkey will run off to Boston with it, thinking that Boston folks will pay the biggest prices, and so we shall have to put up with just such

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1851.

For the Journal.

## SCRIBBLINGS.

Alone in the field I was toiling, toiling, toiling, beneath early September's hazy sky; for be it known, I have to earn my bread—ay, and my potatoes too "by the sweat of my brow, for I am poor. And, although persevering at my daily task, I was so deeply absorbed in a day dream, in which both gladness and sadness acted their widely different parts, and in which commingled both light and shade, that I was almost entirely unconscious of what was passing around me, until my reverie was suddenly broken by the sharp report of a gun in the hands of some "hunter halting idly nigh," and I was forced to fold the wings of my dreaming imagination, that had borne me off on a "wild goose chase," and again alight among the stern realities of real life. Evening's soft, vigor-imparting breath, born from a summer clime, fanned gently my heated brow, and I was conscious that the moment for day's departure over "Prairie land" and the "Queen of the Pacific" toward the empire of the "Celestials," was drawing nigh. Tired and weary I turned from the scene of my daily toil and wended my way to a little commanding eminence that reared its green, inviting summit some fifty feet above the surrounding country. I seated myself on a rock that reared its moss-enclosed form beneath a noble patriarchal oak that had battled the storms of centuries, and with outstretched arms and nodding head defied the vivid lightning's stroke, and fearless stood amid the deafening roar of heaven's artillery, which caused the very hill on whose soil its very roots found sustenance, to tremble to its base. This giant-tree, once the proud monarch of a vast forest, long since by the woodman's keen-eyed axe laid low, is also possessed of considerable interest. This tree bears acorns now, and in its younger years bears feasted on the fruit that grew plentifully on every limb. Among its dark, rich foliage, long years ago, the little harmless warblers of the wood, at each return of Spring, built their nicely-constructed nests, and reared their tender offspring un molested by the cruel urchin who takes delight in destroying nests, young ones and the fond hopes of parent-birds, and also undisturbed by the harsh report of the heartless fowler's bird-extirminating gun. Beneath its shade the proud young Indian warrior his dusky sweetheart wooed, and poured into her willing ear the story of his deathless love, nor feared the listening tree that waved above their heads so noiselessly, would hear the tale and bear it down to coming years. In the "times that tried men's souls" this tree was in its prime. Doubtless, it heard—if trees can hear—the first gun fired at Lexington on that threecentury battle-morn, the 19th of April, 1775:—that signal gun that aroused the slumbering Spirit of Liberty, which has never since slept, and, thank God, never will sleep again, so long as the name of our immortal WASHINGTON is loved and honored, and the "stars and stripes" float out upon the breeze. And too, it saw, if trees can see, in less than two short months after, the tocsin of war was sounded at Lexington and Concord, the sulphur smoke arise from Bunker Hill, on that eventful day when our brave fathers knelt upon its hallowed bough "in prayer and battle for a world." It likewise beheld the flames and smoke of burning Charlestown. And still it stands, this noble tree, and overlooks many a proud city and thriving village of our beloved land, that have sprung up as it were, by magic, in every direction, where but a few years ago, comparatively, was one vast and almost unbroken wilderness. Nearly all these places have objects of deep interest both to the resident citizen and the passing stranger; the most prominent among which is that vast monumental pile that rears so high its lofty granite form, and marks that sacred spot where the lamented, martyred WARREN, together with many other spirits brave and true, fought, bled and died in freedom's holy cause, at the commencement of that great and glorious struggle which finally terminated in the independence of these United States of America.

In meditative mood I sat on my somewhat exalted seat, until two little fleeting hours had pushed off from the shores of time into the vast ocean of eternity. The sky had become suddenly overcast, and the damp, chill wind was blowing freshly from the east. I started from my now solitary retreat nearly benumbed with the cold, as I was thinly clad, and groped my way through the thick gloom to my humble dwelling, almost reproaching myself the while, for thus endangering my health by such wanton exposure to the cold night air. Weary and almost melancholy I threw myself on my bed, and ere many minutes had passed, I was quietly slumbering in the arms of Morpheus, forgetful of all life's cares and anxieties. SIMBO GREEN.

David Hume declared that he would rather possess a cheerful disposition, inclining always to look on the bright side, than with a gloomy mind, be master of ten thousand a year.

No fewer than 585 omnibuses are now employed on the twenty-four stage routes within New York city limits. They employ 3500 horses.

Mrs. Catherine Johnson, of Madison Co., Ky., killed her husband a few days since, by stabbing him. She was arrested and held to bail in the sum of \$200.

Some of the walls of New Jersey have been dried up this summer for the first time in seventy years.

He is happier who has little, and with that little is content, than he who has much, with impatience for more.

## COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

### A PROCLAMATION FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

In accordance with ancient usage, and as an acknowledgement of the blessings and privileges we have enjoyed, I do, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, the 27th day of November next, to be observed by the people of this Commonwealth, as a day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

The day which is now closing has furnished many reasons for public gratitude:

In the increased attention given to Agriculture;

In the development of Mechanical, Commercial and Manufacturing Industry;

In the prosperity of our Educational system in all its departments;

In the diffusion of Christian principles;

In the prevalence of the sentiment, and the practice of the arts of Peace;

And finally, in the continued existence and harmony of the American Republic.

I do, therefore, earnestly invite the people of this Commonwealth, to assemble in their usual places of public worship, and render Thanksgiving and Praise to the Ruler of Nations, for the blessings they have enjoyed; and may all remember the poor, the afflicted, and the oppressed, and especially those who have been bereaved by the casualties of the mighty deep.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, our fourth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, and of the Independence of the United States, the seventy-sixth.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice of the Council.

ANASIA WALKER, Secretary.  
God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

### LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Cambria arrived at Halifax on Wednesday last, with three days' later news from Europe.

Kossuth, with his family, is on his way to this country, having embarked in steamship Washington, from Southampton, on the 13th inst. The English people were paying much respect to him. The London Times attacks Kossuth severely.

Lady Franklin has made another appeal for a steamer, to search for her husband. Matters in Europe thus far appear quiet.

ATTEND TO YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—A man who had become rich by his own exertions, was asked by a friend the secret of his success. "I have accumulated," replied he, "about one half my property by attending strictly to my own business, and the other half by letting other people's alone."

A lady upon taking up Shelly's novel, "The Last Man," threw it down very suddenly exclaiming, "The last man! Bliss if such a thing ever were to happen, what becomes of the women?"

The President has appointed Mr. Bloomer, the husband of the Mrs. Bloomer, Postmaster at Seneca Falls, N. Y.

A chain of hills abounding in iron ore has been discovered in Liberia.

The Erie Railroad has a motive force of one hundred and seventeen engines.

There were some 1200 ladies at the Women's Rights Convention at Worcester.

Forty colored persons sailed from New York a few days since, for Liberia.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

**Woburn Lyceum.**  
The first Lecture of the course will be given on TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, 18th inst., in the Vestry of the Rev. Mr. Edwards' Church, commencing at 7 o'clock, by REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON.

J. C. STURBRIDGE, & CO., COMMITTEE.  
G. M. CHAMPNEY, SECRETARY.  
Woburn, Nov. 15, 1851.

**W. M. P.**  
The members of the WOBURN MECHANIC PHA-  
LANX, are requested to meet at their Armory, THIS  
(Saturday) EVENING, Nov. 15th, at 6 o'clock.  
For Order, F. A. THOMPSON, Clerk.  
Woburn, Nov. 15, 1851.

### MARRIAGES.

In this town, 10th inst., by Rev. John Edwards, Mr. B. Newhall, of Lynn, to Miss Sarah Phillips, of Woburn, by Rev. John Pierpont, Mr. Oliver S. Wellington, of Medford, to Miss Ellen L. Symmes, of Charlestown, 13th inst., Mr. A. K. Packard to Miss Caroline M. Carton.

### DEATHS.

In Wilmington, 3d inst., Mr. John Flagg, aged 63. In Charlestown, 4th inst., Mr. Thankford, wife of Rev. Jared Curtis, Chaplain of the Mass. State Prison, 65 years, 8 months.

In Somerville, at the McLean Asylum, Miss Susan Partridge Mills, a native of Gloucestershire, Eng., 59.

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

MIDDLESEX, SE. Nov. 13, 1851.  
TAKEN ON EXECUTION, and will be sold at Public Auction, on Monday, the fifteenth day of December next, at 10 o'clock A.M., in the County Courthouse, in Woburn, in said county, all the right, title and interest that LORENZO RICHARDSON had on the 7th day of July last, to or in a certain Real Estate, situated in Charlestown, in said county, on Elm Court, No. 2, being the place where Lorenzo Richardson, in his life, at that time, is described in a mortgage deed from Lorenzo Richardson and Mary Ann Richardson to Job Richardson, with Middlesex Deeds, Book 551, page 142, on Nov. 15th ALBERT THOMPSON, Deputy Sheriff.

**POWDERS HERBS.**  
FRESH Powdered Herbs, for cooking, such as Sage, Thyme, Sweet Marjoram, etc., to be had by the Sheet, for sale by E. COOPER & SON, nov 15.

DINING and Tea KNIVES, Carvers and Forks, together with a good assortment of Pocket Cutlery, for sale by THEO. LADD.

VERGOGATIS, and other garments, to be found in great variety, at Nos. 1 and 2 Wade's Buildings, nov 15.

SKATES. A splendid assortment of American and German Skates, just received at THEO. LADD'S.

## COLLECTOR'S SALE FOR TAXES.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Monday, the 1st day of December next, at 2 o'clock, P.M., at Town Hall, in Woburn, so much of the Real Estate (situated in Woburn) belonging to the following residents of said town, as shall be sufficient to pay the Taxes assessed theron for the year 1851, with all legal costs and charges. Same residents, real estate, and taxes, are as follows, viz:—

JOHN ANDREWS.—About two-thirds of an acre of land, with buildings thereon, situated on Warren St., and bounded easterly by said street, southeasterly by land of John Robinson, and northwesterly by land of John Johnson, and northwesterly by land of B. H. Kimball, James Marston, and Asa S. Kendall.—Town and County Taxes, \$54. School Dist. Tax, \$9.00.

SAMUEL W. RUSSELL.—About five and one-fourth acres of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Railroad Street, and bounded northwesterly by said street, northwesterly by land of Sewall Flagg, and southwesterly by land of Sylvanus Wood, and by a lane, and southwesterly by said lane.—Town & County Taxes, \$16.48. School Dist. Tax, \$9.00.

If said Taxes, and all legal costs and charges, shall not be paid on or before said time of sale, so much of said Real Estate will then be sold as shall be sufficient to pay the same.

EDWARD SIMONIN.—Collector of Taxes for Woburn.

Woburn, Nov. 8, 1851.

## TRUEMAN, SLEATER & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOSTER'S WHARF,... BOSTON.  
Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Powle's Bookstore, Woburn, will receive attention.

NO. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS,  
WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. First Foreign Leeches constantly on hand. Oct 18 if

FISK & CUSHING,  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
96 WASHINGTON STREET,  
ELIJAH P. FISH,  
ISAAC CUSHING.  
oct 18 14

JOHN HAMMOND,  
REAL ESTATE BROKER,  
No. 15 CONGRESS STREET,  
BOSTON.  
oct 18 if

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Oct 18 if

T. A. & H. G. CHAPMAN,  
DEALERS IN  
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS,  
6 Hanover Street,  
3 DOORS NORTH OF COURT STREET,... BOSTON.  
Nov 8 if

COLE & ORDWAY,  
PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS,  
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling, Sashes, Blinds, of every description, furnished, PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality.

JOHN G. COLE,  
F. E. ORDWAY.  
Shop first building South of the Branch Railroad depot, Nov 8 if

N. WYMAN, JR.,  
DEALER IN  
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS  
No. 8 WADE'S BUILDINGS,  
WOBURN.  
Oct 18 if

T. J. PORTER,  
Woburn & Boston Express,  
Woburn, Mass.

Offices in Boston, No. 16 State street, and 46 North Market street. Office in Woburn at Woodbury's Store. Orders for freight, packages, &c., promptly attended to, Nov 1 if

EATRS & FAIRBANKS,  
STATIONERS,  
AND—  
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,  
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET,  
BOSTON.  
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c., Oct 18 if

WILLIAM SIMONDS,  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
BUREAUS AND SECRETARIES,  
WINCHESTER, MASS.  
Oct 18 if

HENJ. F. WYER & CO.,  
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN  
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings, &c., WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN, BENJ. F. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoe Made to order. Boots, Shoes and Rubbers neatly Repaired, Oct 18 if

CALVIN A. WYMAN,  
LICENCED AUCTIONEER,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms, Oct 18 if

ALBERT THOMPSON,  
DEPUTY SHERIFF,  
Residence, Woburn Centre.  
All communications will receive prompt attention, Oct 18 if

RICHARDSON & COLLAMORE,  
DOOR, SASH AND BLIND MAKERS,  
House Builders and Dealers in Lumber,  
BOSTON.  
HORACE COLLAMORE,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Cherry and Pine Sashes, of every description, made to order. Planing and Sawing done at short notice, Oct 18 if

WALTER RICHARDSON,  
WOBURN,  
MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms, Oct 18 if

WANTED,  
GUITTER BOOT FITTERS. Also, good workmen  
on Gaitor Boots. Extra wages paid.

N. BODWELL,  
Court street, Woburn.

ALMANACS FOR 1852.  
FARMERS, Christian Family, and Comic ALMANAC, for sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE, Nov 18 if

JUST RECEIVED, a lot of that new style WHITE GLAZED WARE, at PLAGG'S Dry Goods and Crockery Store, Nov 18 if

SOLAR LAMPS. A good assortment of large and small Solar Lamps, at WM. WOODBERRY'S, Nov 18 if

BOSTON.

GOOD assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's WOOLEN HOSE, just received at PLAGG'S.

BOSTON.

BOSTON.

WISTERS, KNOTS, & COTTON HANGERS, IMITATIONS OF WOOD AND MARBLE, Dealers in Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oil and Glass, STEPHEN CUTTER, WOBURN, MASS., Oct 18 if

CUTTER & OTIS,  
PAINTERS, GLAZIERS, AND PAPER HANGERS  
IMITATIONS OF WOOD AND MARBLE,  
Dealers in Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oil and Glass,  
STEPHEN CUTTER, WOBURN, MASS., Oct 18 if

THEO. LADD,  
C. S. CONVERSE

WOBURN, MASS., Oct 18 if

W. E. YOUNG,  
C. S. CONVERSE

WOBURN, MASS., Oct 18 if

W. E. YOUNG,  
C. S. CONVERSE

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WOBURN, MASS., Oct 18 if

W. E. YOUNG,  
C. S. CONVERSE

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1851.

## POETRY.

For the Journal.

### LINES TO MISS

BY THE VILLAGE RUSTIC.

I've walked mid pleasure's giddy throng,  
I've followed beauty's train;  
I've heard the gay and witching song,  
In its soft and melting strain;  
I've roamed o'er many a lovely land,  
O'er many a sparkling sea;  
I've looked on beauty's form bedecked  
In robes of majesty.  
  
I've gazed on beauty's witching grace,  
Mid pleasure's changing scenes;  
On eyes that shed o'er beauty's throng,  
Their soft and melting beams;  
I've looked on beauty's shining brow,  
All bright and fair to see,—  
But those bright charms were doomed to fade,  
When I have thought of thee.  
  
I've roamed in many a sunny land,  
In many a genial clime;  
I've looked on many a fairy form,  
But none so fair as thine;  
I've wandered 'mid the forest wild,  
Among earth's fragrant bower,—  
I've listed music soft and sweet,  
In the bright moonlight hours.  
  
I've listed to beauty's silvery voice,  
With all its magic powers,  
But sweeter far were those sweet tones  
That cheered my darkest hours.  
In vain I seek 'mid beauty's throng,  
A form more fair to see;  
To thee this heart still fondly turns,  
For thou art dear to me.  
  
North Woburn, Nov., 1851.

## MISCELLANY.

### MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

Of all the sights that nature offers to the eye or mind of man, mountains have always stirred my strongest feelings. I have seen the ocean when it was turned up from the bottom by the tempest, and more was like night, while the conflict of the billows and the storm tore and scattered them in mist and foam across the sky. I have seen the desert rise around me; and calmly in the midst of thousands uttering cries of horror, and paralysed with fear, have contemplated the sandy pillars, coming like the advance of some gigantic city of conflagration, flying across the wilderness, every column glowing with intense heat, and every blast death; the sky vaulted with gloom, the earth a furnace.

But with me, the mountain in tempest or calm, the throne or thunder, or with the evening sun painting its cells and declivities in colors dipped in heaven, has been the source of the most absorbing sensation. There stands magnitude, giving an instant impression of a power above man; grandeur, encumbered; beauty that the touch of time makes only more beautiful; the trust earthly emblem of that ever-living, unchangeable, irresistible majesty, by whom and from whom all things were made.

### PILING UP JOKES.

The wretch who perpetrated the following atrocities must be lost to all sense of shame, and absolutely incorrigible. We tried hard to compose our nerves while reading them, but 'twas no use, and we 'fairly snickered right out,' as Sam Slick says:

Speaking of wags—what is more *waggish* than a dog's tail when he is pleased?

Speaking of tails—we always like those that end well. Hogg's for instance.

Speaking of hogs—we saw one of these animals the other day lying in the gutter, and in the opposite one a well dressed man; the first had a ring in his nose, the latter had a ring on his finger. The man was drunk, the hog was sober. A hog is known by the company he keeps, thought we; so thought Mr. Porker, and off he went.

Speaking of going off—puts us in mind of a gun we once owned. It went off one night, and we haven't seen it since.

**FEMALE SOCIETY.**—Nothing is better adapted to give the last polish to the education of a young man than the conversation of virtuous and accomplished women. Their society serves to soothe the rough edges of our character, and to mellow our tempers. In short the man who has never been acquainted with females of cultivated minds is not only deprived of many of the purest pleasures, but also will have little success in life; and I should not like to be connected by the bonds of friendship with a man that has a bad opinion and speaks ill of the female sex in general.

**A DILEMMA.**—Three boys went out a-fishing one day, when a thunder storm coming up, they ran to a large hemlock-tree a few rods from the brook, for shelter. Just before they reached the tree, it was shivered into a thousand pieces by a stroke of lightning. The boys stopped aghast; at last one said to the nearest, 'Sam, can you pray?'—'No.'—Bill, can you?'—'No.'—'Nor I, either; but, by hokey, something must be done!'

**SOUTHAY SAYS,** in one of his letters—"I have told you of the Spaniard, who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyment; and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little a compass as I can, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

**A FELLOW** was engaged to a girl in Maine, but liked her sister better than he did her. Wishing to be off with the old one before he was on with the new, he asked his betrothed what she would take to release him—he replied that about sixty-two dollars he thought was as much as he was worth; whereupon he paid the cash, took a quiet claim, and married the sister.

**OLD DR. RAND** was once called to visit a hypochondriac lady who fancied she had swallowed a mouse. 'Nonsense!' cried the doctor, 'tis all fudge!' Oh no, doctor! said the patient, 'tis not nonsense, it's a live mouse. I feel it now, trying to gnaw out. Oh, what can I do?' 'Do,' exclaimed the old man, 'there's but one thing you can do,—you must swallow a cat!'

## A GREAT MAN.

Campbell, in his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England," says of Sir Matthew Hale, that in the year 1660 he was appointed Chief Baron of the Exchequer, on which occasion he wrote and adopted the following rules:—

1. That in the administration of justice I am entrusted for God, the king, and country, and therefore—
2. That it be done uprightly, deliberately, resolutely.
3. That I rest not upon my own understanding or strength, but implore and rest upon the direction and strength of God.

4. That in the execution of justice, I carefully lay aside my own passions, and not give way to them, however provoked.

5. That I be wholly intent upon the business I am about, remitting all other cares and thoughts as unreasonable, and interruptions.

6. That I suffer not myself to be prepossessed with any judgment at all, till the whole business and both parties be heard.

7. That I never engage myself in the beginning of any cause, but reserve myself unprejudiced till the whole be heard.

8. That in business capital, though my nature prompt me to pity, yet to consider there is a pity also due to the country.

9. That I be not too rigid in matters purely conscientious, where all the harm is diversity of judgment.

10. That I be not biased with compassion to the poor, or favored to the rich, in point of justice.

11. That popular or court applause, or disaste, have no influence in anything that I do, in point of distribution of justice.

12. Not to be solicitous what men will say or think, so long as I keep myself exactly according to the rule of justice.

13. If in criminals it be a measuring cast, to incline to mercy and acquittal.

14. In criminals that consist merely in words, where no harm ensues, moderation is no injustice.

15. In criminals of blood, if the fact be evident, severity is justice.

16. To abhor all private solicitations, of what kind soever, and by whomsoever, in matters depending.

17. To charge my servants not to interpose in any matter whatever—not to take more than their known fees—not to give any undue precedence to causes—not to recommend counsel.

18. To be short and sparing at meals, that I may be the fitter for business.

He was a religious man, and never, on any account whatever, intruded on the Sabbath. In his early career he invariably spent sixteen hours each day in study, and eventually filled the office of Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

### IM ALMOST HOME.

The following is related of a young girl whose journey of life was near its end:—

About her chamber glided gently the loved form of her parents, and only sister. She silently noted their movements with a mild expression of her dying eye, turning it from side to side. Arrested by her peculiar look, so expressive of affliction and patient suffering, they paused to look upon her, whom they now saw but dimly through their tears; and so soon should see no more.

A feeble effort to speak, a quivering, voiceless movement of the lips, drew closely around her the loving hearts of that sorrowing circle. Mother, father, sister, all came closer to her side. A playful smile lit up her countenance. She laid her little pulseless hand within her mother's palm, then closed her eyelids to the light of earth and sank away. The cold, damp air of death's shadowy valley seemed circling over her. Slowly sinking down, she glided towards that river's shore, which like a narrow stream, divides the spirit land from ours. But see the quivering lips essay to speak!

'Mother! Oh! how each heart throbbed now, and then each pulse stood still. They list! Mother! The dying girl breathes forth—"I—soe—a—light—I'm almost home!'

Blessed thought! Light is sown for the righteous, even amid the gloom and darkness of the grave.

### COLUMBIA RULES THE SEA.

BY THE PEASANT BARD.

Josiah D. Canning, a "farmer poet," as he calls himself, of Gill, Massachusetts, is author of the following lines, which, if not equal to those of Campbell, yet possess very considerable merit.—Boston Post.

The pennon flutters in the breeze,  
The anchor comes a-peak,  
Let fall! sheet home! the briny foam  
And ocean's waste we seek.  
The booming gun speaks out adieu,  
Fast fades our native shore,  
Columbia free shall rule the sea  
Britannia ruled of yore.

We go the tempest's wrath to dare,  
The billows' maddened play,  
Now climbing high against the sky,  
Now rolling low away,  
While Yankee out bears Yankee hearts,  
Courageous to the core,  
Columbus free shall rule the sea  
Britannia ruled of yore.

We'll bear her flag around the world,  
In thunder and in flame;

The sea-girt isles a wreath of smiles  
Shall form around her name;

The winds shall pipe her parans loud,

The billows chorus roar,—

Columbia free shall rule the sea  
Britannia ruled of yore.

Is there a haughty fo'e on earth  
Who'd treat her with disdain?

T'were better far that nation were

Whelmed in the mighty main!

Should war her demon dogs unchain,

Or peace her plenty pour,

Columbia free shall rule the sea  
Britannia ruled of yore.

**OIL PAINTINGS RESTORED.**—Hez called upon the gentleman who advertises to restore oil paintings, and requested him to restore a valuable landscape which was stolen from him two years ago.

**SAID** Walpole belle—Dr. Beeswax, do you think tight lacing is bad for consumption?

'Oh no!' said the old gentleman, 'that is what the disease lives on.'

**MY** husband neglects his home, said a lady to her friend the other day. 'What would you do if you were in my place?'

'Use more honey,' was the ready and reasonable reply.

To pronounce a man happy merely because he is rich, is just as absurd as to call a man healthy because he has enough to eat.

## AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive."

For the Journal.

### AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

What class of persons are best qualified to promote agriculture? Is it men of science, whose chief employment has been in the study and perusal of books, deriving therefrom their knowledge by means of literary pursuits, and not in any way from experience, or is it the time-honored laborer of the soil? Of the multiplicity of vocations or trades pursued by mankind, who is best qualified to promote each other's welfare? Is it not persons of like engagements, who are thoroughly bred in the art both by theory and practice? Persons who engage themselves in a work of which they have no practical knowledge, are most liable to destroy rather than to elevate and prosper; therefore let the mechanics co-operate in promoting each other's welfare, and the literary fraternity in promoting the welfare of those of like pursuits.

The art of farming is of great magnitude and importance; hence it is that agricultural knowledge should be based upon truth,—upon direct and actual experience. Theory in farming is of but little use, and can never, in the routine of agricultural pursuits, be beneficially supported; because different localities require different treatments in order to propagate one and the same kind or article. We cannot better give the reader the mode by which we would have agricultural knowledge more generally disseminated, than by referring him to the remarks which were made by His Excellency the Governor, before the Essex County Agricultural Society, Sept. 23d. In speaking of agricultural education, he thought the State might do much, but that there was a power in the farmers themselves, which would render applicable the words of the poet used for the Greeks, when struggling under the Turkish tyranny,—

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." He advised the farmers to "set in motion the work of reformation in their own towns and school districts."

These remarks are worthy of notice, because they strike at the root of the matter. If the farmer desires information, he must seek for it either by observation, or from the experience of his brother farmer; hence the plan of farmers "setting in motion the work of reformation in their own towns and school-districts," is a very desirable one. It is a method on which we have before given a favorable opinion, believing that by means of farmers' clubs, or conversational meetings held in farming communities, for the purpose of discussing on agricultural topics, to be the most correct way of receiving agricultural knowledge, as it would most likely come from a direct source, therefore its veracity might be relied upon. We predict that such meetings would be conducive of a benefit superlative to that of a State Agricultural School, because in the one case protracted experience would be given, while in the other, theories are to be taught and results waited for, which, after all, will be theory more than practice.

It is a number of years, Mr. Editor, since an Agricultural Society was formed in your town. Its members were composed of farmers and mechanics,—the mechanics taking the most conspicuous part, for its officers were persons who carried on the most extensive business in the art of manufacturing leather of any then in the place. If the question were asked why it was that they so soon gave up their organization, it would be a very plain and radical one, to answer, because, in the first place, the society was formed in the village, amidst mechanics and tradesmen of various classes, therefore the inducement for real, thorough-bred farmers to assemble with such a variety of vocations, to discourse on agricultural topics, was very small, and their number, consequently, was also small.

With due respect to the members who then composed that society, we say, that so far as the commencing of such an enterprise was concerned, it was well; but when we reflect upon the irregularity on which their organization was based, claiming to be an association of agriculturists, we are led to exclaim, "have a place for everything, and everything in its place." We are obliged to close this epistle, filled with our humble effusions, with scarcely doing justice to the matter treated upon. Having exhausted our sheet, we hope that some of our agricultural friends who possess an abler pen than ours, will resume the subject.

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THE H. P. CALDWELL, NO. 53 CAMBRIDGE ST., BOSTON, OFFERS for sale a large assortment of FURNITURE, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and Grain, Provisions, &c. &c. oct 18 ff

### THOMPSON & TIDD.

NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,

OFFER for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS,

CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and Grain, Provisions, &c. &c. oct 18 ff

### TO SELL OR LET.

THE subscriber would like to sell or let the well known Tavern stand in Western Centre, for one or more years, with or without the furniture.

Horses and Carriages to let, as usual, and the best horses furnished at as low a rate as at any other place.

oct 18 ff S. YOUNG.

B. F. BURGESS & CO., 303 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, Manufacturers of Hair Work, Wig Makers, &c.

THOMAS & TIDD, KNIGHT'S BUILDING, WOBURN, MASS.

OFFERS for sale a great variety of BRADDOCK, CASSIMERE, and VESTINGS, of every shade and quality, for Fall and Winter trade, which are made in India, and are superior to those of the Orient. Oct 18 ff

WILLMARTH & BROTHIER, 9 Court St., Boston—4 doors from Washington street.

P. S. Gold Pens, Watches and Jewelry repaired, or taken in exchange.

None genuine unless bearing the signature of the proprietor.

Forsale, wholesale and retail, by the proprietors.

oct 18 ff J. YOUNGMAN.

GOLD PENS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND FANCY GOODS.

OUR Gold Pens are well known in New England, and are made in every part of the globe, and are well suited to the public. We manufacture them in all varieties, and that our stock of Gold Pens, Pen and Pencil Cases, both of Gold and Silver, is not equalled in New England.

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## WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE,  
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**FOWLE & BROTHER.**  
JOHN A. FOWLE,..... EDITOR.  
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in advance.

By ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted  
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring towns, solicited.

### TALES AND SKETCHES.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

NATHAN HALE.

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.  
BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was a calm, clear evening in the early spring of 1775, when a young man came to his native home, to bid his aged mother farewell.

I see that picture before me now.

A two story house, built of dark grey stone, with a small garden extending from the door to the roadside, while all around arise the orchard trees, fragrant with the first blossoms of spring. Yonder you behold the hay-rick and the barn, with the lowing cattle grouped together in the shadows.

It is a quiet hour; everything seems beautiful and holy. There is the purple flush upon the Western sky, a sombre richness of shadow resting upon yonder woods; a deep serenity, as if from God, imbued and hallows this evening hour.

Yonder, on the cottage porch, with the rich glow of the sunset on her face, sits the aged mother, the silvery hair parted above her pale brow. The Bible lays open on her knee. Her dress is of plain rude texture, but there is that about her countenance which makes you forget her homespun costume. Her eyes, their dark blue contrasting with the withered outlines of her countenance are unpained. She is gazing in the face of the son, who bends over her shoulder and returns her glance.

His young form is arrayed in a plain blue hunting frock, faced with fur, while his rifle rests against the door and his pistols are girded to his waist by a belt of dark leather. A plain costume this, but gaze upon the face of that young man and tell me, do you not read, a clear soul, shining from those dark eyes? That white brow, shadowed by masses of brown hair, bears the impress of Thought, while the pale cheek tells the story of long nights given to the dim old Hebrew Bible, with its words of giant-meaning and organ-like music; to the profane classics of Greece and Rome, the sublime reveries of Plato, the impassioned earnestness of Demosthenes, or the indignant eloquence of Cicero.

Yes, fresh from the halls of Yale, the poetry of the Past, shining serenely in his soul, hero to his childhood's home, comes the young student to claim his mother's blessing and bid her a long farewell.

But why this rifle, these pistols, this plain uniform?

I will tell you. One day, as he sat bending over that Hebrew Volume—with its great thoughts spoken in a tongue, now lost to man, in the silence of ages,—he looked from his window and beheld a dead body carried by, the glassy eyes upturned to the sky, while the stiffened limb hung trailing on the ground.

It was the first DEAD MAN OF LEXINGTON.

That sight roused his blood: the voices of the Martyrs of Bunker Hill seemed shrieking forever in his ears. He flung aside the student's gown; he put on the hunting skirt. A sad farewell to those well-worn volumes, which had cheered the weariness of many a midnight watch, one last look around that lonely room, whose walls had heard his earnest soliloquies; and then he was a soldier.

The Child of Genius felt the strong cords of patriotism drawing him toward the last bed of the Martyrs on Bunker Hill.

And now, in the sunset hour, he stands by his mother's side, taking one last look at that wrinkled face, listening for the last time to the tremulous tones of that solemn voice.

'I did hope, my child,' said the aged woman, 'I did hope to see you ministering at the Altar of Almighty God, but the enemy is in the land, and your duty is plain before you. Go, my son—fight like a man for your country. In the hour of battle remember that God is with you; that His arm will guide and guard you, even in the moment of death. War, my child, is at the best a fearful thing, a terrible license for human butchery; but a war like this, is holy in the eyes of God. Go—and when you fight, may you conquer, or if you fall in death, remember your mother's blessing is on your head.'

And in that evening hour, the aged woman stood erect, and laid her withered hand upon his bended head.

A moment passed, and he had grasped his rifle, he had muttered the last farewell. While the aged woman stood on the porch, following him with her eyes, he turned his step toward the road.

But a form stood in his path, the form of a young woman, clad in the plain costume of a New England girl. Do you behold a voluptuous beauty waving in the outlines of that form? Is the hair dark at night, or long, glossy, waving and beautiful? Are those hands soft, white and delicate? You behold none of these; for the young girl who stands there in the student's path, has none of the dazzling attractions of personal beauty. A slender form, a white forehead, with the brown hair plainly parted around that unpretending countenance, hands somewhat roughened by toil; such were the attractions of that New England girl.

And yet there was a something that chained your eyes to her face, and made your heart swell as you looked upon her. It was the soul, which shone from her eyes and glowed over her pallid cheek. It was the deep, ardent, all-trusting love, the eternal faith of her woman's nature, which gave such deep vivid interest to that plain face, that pale white brow.

She stood there, waiting to bid her lover farewell, and the tear was in her eye, the convulsed tremor of suppressed emotion on her lip. Yet with an unfaltering voice, she bade him go, fight for the country and conquer in the name of God.

'Or,'—she exclaimed, placing her hands against her breast; while her eyes were riveted to his face, 'should you fall in the fight, I will pray God to bless your last hour with all the glory of a Soldier's death!'

That was the last word she said; he grasped her hand, impressed his kiss upon her lip, and went slowly from his home.

When we look for him again, the scene is changed. It is night, yet through the gloom, the white tents of the British army rise up like ghosts on the summit of the Long Island hills. It is night, yet the stars look down

# WOBURN JOURNAL.

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WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1851.

NO. 6.

upon that red cross banner, now floating suddenly to the ocean breeze.

We look for the Enthusiast of Yale! Yonder, in a dark room, through whose solitary window pours the mild gleam of the stars, yonder we behold the dusky outlines of a human form, with head bent low and arms folded over the chest. It is very dark in the room, very still, yet can you discover the bearing of the soldier in the uncertain outline of that form, yet can you hear the tread of the sentinel on the sands without.

Suddenly that form arises, and draws near the solitary window. The stars gleam over a pale face, with eyes burning with unnatural light. It is dusky and dim, the faint light, but still you can read the traces of agony of death, anguish like despair, stamped on the brow, and cheek, and lip of that youthful countenance.

You can hear a single, low-toned moan, a muttered prayer, a broken ejaculation. Those eyes are upraised to the stars, and then the pale face no longer looks from the window. That form slowly retires, and is lost in the darkness of the room.

Meanwhile, without the room, on yonder slope of level ground, crowning the ascent of the hill, the sound of hammer and saw breaks on the silence of the hour. Dismal forms go to and fro in the darkness; stout pieces of timber are planted in the ground, and at last the work is done. All is still. But, like a phantom of evil, from the brow of yonder hill arises that strange structure of timber, with the rope dangling from its summit.

There is a fierce gazing from yonder window, at this thing of evil; a face with lips pressed between the teeth, eyes glaring with unnatural light.

Suddenly a footstep is heard, the door of that room is flung open, and a blaze of light fills the place. In the doorway stands a burly figure, clad in the British uniform, with a mocking sneer upon that brutal countenance.

The form—which we lately beheld in the gloom—now rises, and confronts the British soldier. It needs no second glance to tell us that we behold the Enthusiast of Yale. That dress is soiled and torn, the face is sunken in the cheeks, wild and glaring in the eyes, yet we can recognize the brave youth who went forth from his home on that calm evening in spring.

He confronts the Executioner, for that burly figure in the handsome red coat, with the glittering ornaments, is none other than the Provost of the British army.

'I am to die in the morning,' began the student, or prisoner, as you may choose to call him.

'Yes,' growled the Provost, 'you were taken as a spy, tried as a spy, sentenced as a spy, and to-morrow morning, you will be hanged as a spy.'

That was the fatal secret. General Washington desired information from Long Island, where the British encamped. A young soldier appeared, his face glowing with a high resolve. He would go to Long Island; he would examine the enemy's posts; he would peril his life for Washington. Nay, he would peril more than his life: he would peril his honor. For the soldier who dies in the bloody onset of a forlorn hope, dies in honor; but the man who is taken as a spy, swings on the gibbet, an object of loathing and scorn. But this young soldier would dare it all; the gallows and the dishonor: all for the sake of Washington.

'General,' was the sublime expression of the Enthusiast, 'when I volunteered in the army of liberty it was my intention to devote my soul to the cause. It is not for me now to choose the manner or the method of the service which I am to perform. I only ask in what capacity does my country want me. You tell me that I will render her great service by this expedition to Long Island. All I can answer is with one word—bid me depart, and I will go!'

He went, obtained the information which he sought, and was about to leave the shore of the Island for New York, when he was discovered.

Now, in the chamber of the condemned felon, he awaited the hour of his fate, his face betraying deep emotion, yet it was not the agitation of fear. Death he could willingly face, but the death of the Giraffe!

He now approached the British officer, and spoke in a calm, yet hollow voice.

'My friend, I am to die to-morrow. It is well. I have no regrets to spend upon my untimely fate. But as the last request of a dying man, let me implore you to take charge of these letters.'

He extended some four or five letters, among which was one to his betrothed, one to his mother, one to Washington.

'Promise me, that you will have these letters delivered after I am dead.'

The Briton shifted the lamp from one hand to the other, and then, with an oath made answer:

'By—, I'll have nothing to do with the letters of a spy!'

The young man dropped the letters on the floor, as though a bullet had torn them from his grasp. His head sank on his breast. The cup of agony was full.

'At least,' said he, lifting his large bright eyes, 'at least, you will procure me a Bible, you will send me a clergyman? I am ready to die, but I wish to die the death of a Christian.'

'I should thought o' these things before, young man,' exclaimed the liveried hangman. As for Bible or Preacher, I can tell you, at once, that you'll get neither through me.'

The young man sank slowly in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. The brave Briton, whose courage had been so beautifully manifested in these last insults to a dying man, stood regarding the object of his spite with a brutal scowl.

Ere a moment was gone, the young man looked up again, and exclaimed—

'For the love of Christ do not deny me the consolations of religion in this hour!'

A loud laugh echoed around the room, and the condemned spy was in darkness.

Who shall dare to lift the veil from that Enthusiast's heart, and picture the agony which shook his soul, during the slow-moving hours of his last night? Now his thoughts were with his books, the classics of Greece and Rome, or the pages of that Hebrew volume, where the breezes of Palestine swells over the waves of Jordan, and the songs of Israel resound for evermore; now with his aged mother, or his betrothed; and then a vision of

that great course of glory which his life was to have been, came home to his soul.

That course of glory, those high aspirations, those yearnings of Genius after Ideal, were now to be cut off forever by—the Gibel's rope!

I will confess, that to me there is something terrible in the last night of the Condemned Spy. Never does my eye rest upon the page of American history, that I do not feel for his fate, and feel more bitterly when I think of the injustice of that history. Yes, let the truth be spoken, our history is terribly unjust to the poor—the neglected—the Martyrs, whose bones were left to the birds of prey in the cell, or by the gibbet's rope. How many brave hearts were choked to death by the rope, or buried beneath the cells of the gaol, after the agonies of fever! Where do you find their names in history?

And the young man, with a handsome form, a natural genius, a highly educated mind—tell us, is there no tear for him?

We weep for Andre, and yet he was a general, who stalked his life against a General's commission. We plant flowers over his grave, and yet he was a Plotter from motives altogether mercenary.

The kindest husband changed by Gin, is far a tyrant known; The tenderest heart that nature made, becomes a heart of stone.

In many a house the harmless babes

Are poorly clothed and fed,

Because the craving Gin-shop takes

The children's daily bread.

Come, neighbor, take a walk with me,

Through many a London street,

And see the cause of poverty,

In hundreds that we meet.

Behold the shivering female there,

Who plies her woful trade!

Tis ten to one you'll find that Gin

That helpless wretch has made.

Look down those steps, and view below

Yon cellar underground;

There every want and every woe,

And every sin, are found!

Those little children trembling there,

With hunger and with cold,

Were by their parents' love of Gin,

To sin and misery sold.

Look through the prison's iron bars!

Look through that dismal grate,

And loo what dire misfortune brought

So terrible a fate!

The debtor, and the felon, too,

Though differing much in sin,

Too oft you'll find were thither brought

By all-destroying Gin.

See the pale manufacturer there,

How lane and lean he lies!

How haggard is his sickly cheek!

How dim his hollow eyes!

How amply had his gains sufficed,

On wife and children spent!

But all must for his pleasure go;

All to the Gin-shop went.

See that apprentice, young in years,

But hockney long in sin!

What made him rob his master's till?

Alas! 'twas love of Gin.

That serving man! I knew him once,

So jaunty, spruce, and smart!

Why did he steal, then pawn the plate?

'Twas Gin ensnared his heart!

But hark! what dreadful sound was that?

'Tis Newgate's awful bell!

It tolls, alas, for human guilt!

Some malefactor's knell!

Oh, woful sound! Oh, what could cause

Such punishment and sin?

Hark! hear his words! he owns the cause,

'Bad company and Gin.'

And when the future lot is fix'd,

Of darkness, fire and chains;

How can the drunkard hope to 'scape

Those everlasting pains?

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1851.

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 22, 1851.

### AGENTS.

BOSTON.—MESSRS. S. M. PETTERSON & CO., State street, are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., for Job Publishing.

SHREWSBURY.—MR. G. W. DING will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

### KOSSUTH.

The noble Magyar leader, it seems, is not guilty of the gross improprieties imputed to him by some bigoted bodies, who have taken special pains, before his arrival, to let the public know what an ungrateful being he was. We are glad to learn officially, from headquarters, that there is not a word of truth in the base reports that have been industriously spread far and near in regard to him.

"Honor to whom honor is due," say we, and we doubt not our readers are of the same opinion. When a man has done for his country a noble service, and thereby has placed himself in a position where misfortune can triumph over him, he should not be regarded in a less favorable light by those who judge of him, than if he had conquered, and been one of fortune's favorites. There is too much of this habit in the world,—of giving a great deal of praise and glory to the children of fortune, when they may not have scarcely a claim for it, compared with those who have lost their all in performing some noble deed.

Capt. Long, of the U. S. steamship Mississippi, has given a public and flat contradiction to all the false reports of a misunderstanding having taken place between Kossuth and himself, and the officers of the steamer lend their aid in refuting the falsehood. The steamer Mississippi has arrived at New York, bringing twenty-seven of the Hungarian patriots, with their families and relatives,—all tried and sure friends of Kossuth. They have been with him in his days of prosperity, as well as adversity,—they pledged their all in their country's cause, and lost everything—their homes and firesides were swept away, and now they are exiles.

Capt. Long says Kossuth and his companions have shown the utmost gentlemanly appreciation of the honor done them by the United States, in placing at their disposal the steamer Mississippi, for the purpose of conveying them to America. We notice among the twenty-seven, the names of many who are intimately connected with the Hungarian affairs, and did our space permit, would give our readers a list and sketch of them. Among the number is Perezel, once one of the wealthiest nobles in the Austrian Empire, now in poverty,—the Chief Rabbi of Hungary, Dr. Aes, the celebrated writer, Kossuth's Adjutant-General, and others equally noted. Now they are all literally destitute, in most cases having reserved only from their former vast fortunes, the clothes with which they are now clad.

### THE LYCEUM.

Rev. Mr. Chickering's lecture before the Lyceum last Tuesday evening, was a beautiful production. Those who were fortunate enough to be present, do not need to be told that the subject was "Switzerland." The lecturer has recently made the tour of the Alpine scenery, and his mind seems to have caught and embodied its sublime and beautiful realities. The descriptions of the crags and precipices, the cascades and chasms, the icy glaciers and the snowy and o'erhanging mountain peaks, were most lively and grand. One was almost transported to this land of sublimity and song, and with the traveller felt the awe that was inspired by the uplifted serenity of Jungfrau and Mount Blanc, the sense of beauty that poured upon the soul, as the rising sun lit up the snowy pinnacles, and the shrinking dread that filled the bosom, as the eye looked down those awful depths. And then those placid lakes, how they sparkled in the sun, their gushing streams, how they bounded on the rocky passes, and the deep ravines, and those carved and shelving paths, how they wound about the lofty precipices; and those old towns and cities, have people with strange, but picturesque multitudes. We think every one who heard this lecture will love Switzerland more, and will search Byron and Coleridge to aid their imaginations, in taking wings to this renowned region.

"THE GRANITE STATE LANCERS," Capt. Thomas G. Banks, of Nashua, N. H., in connection with the citizens of that place, will give a grand Thanksgiving ball at Franklin Hall, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 26th. The members composing the Lancers are well and favorably known to our military friends, and others, in this town, and we are happy to know that there still exists between the military of Woburn and Nashua the most friendly feelings. Numerous invitations to the above ball have been received in town, and we warrant all who attend "a great time." Some good friend will accept thanks for the invitation sent to the editor—and printer—of this paper.

LYCEUM.—We would call the attention of those who attend the Lectures, to the notice of the Secretary, that the next Lecture will be given in the Unitarian Church, instead of the Vestry of the Rev. Mr. Edwards's Church, as heretofore.

A FOWL TRANSACTION—calling at a body's door and leaving a plump Thanksgiving turkey. We'd better not catch any one serving us in that way.

Original.

### WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

On the Album's page we find Various traces of the mind: Some with Vanity overcharged; Some with Wisdom much enlarged; One on lover's pinions dies, To prove, in verse, his love, he tries. Another, with a flattering tongue That proves itself in wisdom young, Declares his lady all perfection, While smallest spot defies detection. Others, more prudent, speak in truth Of Virtue, Beauty, Wit and Youth, And gaze with fondness on their love, As some bright being from above. Some that love has made them blind, For imperfections they never find. Such love I hope may never be thine, For bright it cannot always shine; True love is that which, when it sees Faults in a friend, is not displeased,— 'Twill o'er those faults a mantle throw, Nor less of true devotion know. May it be thine, fair friend, to receive and give Such love, while in this world we live.

J. A. F.

### TEMPERANCE MASS MEETING.

Thursday last was a bright day for the Temperance cause. The Mass Meeting held in this town was full, and the right spirit was manifested. We sincerely hope and trust, that not a man who attended that meeting, and by his presence gave a pledge to sustain the cause, will ever flinch from his duty while a vestige of this curse of rum selling, shall stain our land.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. Enos Hoyt, of Framingham,—prayer by Rev. Mr. Edwards.

The Executive Committee, through Daniel Kimball, Esq., presented a series of resolutions expressive of the conviction of the framers thereof, that the present License Law has done its work,—the duty of the citizens of Massachusetts to petition the Legislature for the passage of a law similar to the Maine Law, and the obligation of Temperance men to carry their principles to the ballot box. These resolutions Mr. Kimball sustained in a few words, and then introduced to the Convention, Rev. Mr. Pierpont, of Medford. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Frost, of Concord, and Rev. Mr. Whitney, of Reading.

The meeting in the afternoon was addressed by Rev. Messrs. Phinney and Blain, and Dr. A. J. Bellows, of Charlestown. Rev. Dr. Edwards, of Andover, Messrs. Bowers, of Concord, and Eaton, of Malden, and one or two other gentlemen.

In the evening the services were opened with prayer by the Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, and singing by the Kimball's, brothers, and addresses by the Rev. Messrs. Angier, of Concord, Swallow of Wilmington, and Whiting, of Reading, and closed with a temperance song from the Kimball's.

The collation at the Town Hall, provided by our citizens, was everything that could be expected, and did them great credit.

CRIME IN BOSTON.—The immense crime in Boston is truly alarming. The police reports show a dreadful state of the ravages of rum. The 1500 grog shops are a monstrous disgrace to the city, and loudly call for reform. There are indications of a complete turnout of the present authorities, and we hope to see the cause of temperance succeed. Public sentiment must be aroused, and the curse of intemperance must be driven from our land. Come up to the good man ye temperance men, and put your shoulders to the wheel. Read the workingman's speech on the first page,—it is worth printing in gold.

A terrible accident occurred in New York, on Thursday. It seems schoolmistress, in one of the public schools was taken ill, which alarmed the scholars, at the same time the cry of fire was raised; the children rushed for the stairway, and got wedged in by the bannisters, which gave way, and large numbers fell 30 feet, making sad havoc. Some 48 dead bodies were taken out. The scene is described as heart-rending in the extreme; parents and friends drawing out the dead bodies of these innocent children. It is beyond description.

### ARCHBISHOP HUGHES A CARDINAL AT LAST.

—A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, writing from Rome, Oct. 20th, says Archbishop Hughes is to wear the scarlet cap. His Grace has been made a Cardinal in spite of all opposition. The appointment is said to have been made in the face of the express protest of all the Roman Catholic Bishops in the United States save one, and contrary to the opinion of Chief Justice Tamm.

MR. EMERSON'S LECTURES.—By reference to a notice in another column, it will be seen that Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is to deliver a course of six lectures, at the Unitarian Church in this town, on successive Thursday evenings, commencing next week. Mr. Emerson is a very popular lecturer, and the desire to hear him will doubtless insure the sale of every ticket at once.

CIGARS.—Neighbor Cooper, over opposite, has the choicest of Havanas and Princes, which are really worth puffing. If anybody don't believe it, let him call and try them, and get a good supply for Thanksgiving.

MIDDLESEX SENATORS.—After all the paper warfare, it appears that the Coalition Senators are elected.

Editor—gone—amongst "Hoosiers"—great time—devil in chair—scissors—flourish—cabbage—exchanges—lookout!

### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER ONE.

#### STEAMER ALABAMA,

Lake Erie.

DEAR JOURNAL:—As I have been thinking over and over again of the many triumphs of steam power in railroads, steamers, &c., I could not help wishing that Robert Fulton would make us a visit about these days, and take note of the changes wrought in thirty years past. A traveller can now take the cars in Boston at 8, A. M., arrive in New York at 4, P. M., cross the ferry to Jersey City, and take a seat in the New York and Erie Railroad cars at 5 o'clock, travel all night, and the next day at about 12 o'clock will reach Dunkirk, on Lake Erie, having accomplished a journey of seven hundred miles. "I reckon" that Fulton, Franklin, or most of our good old grandfathers would open their eyes and mouths pretty wide after taking such a trip.

This reminds me of an incident which has just occurred. An old lady got into the cars about sixty miles back from Dunkirk, and finding the seat next me unoccupied, she took possession of it for herself and two bandboxes, with an ancient-looking carpet-bag, and bundles too numerous to count or mention. I soon found her quite communicative, and learned that she had never seen a railroad before. She said she had "hearn tell on 'em, and now she had cum up from Cuber all the way to take a ride to Dunkirk." After we started she seemed quite astonished at the speed of the cars, and upon the arrival at the next station she declared it beat anything she ever seen—

"Why!" says she, "ten year ago, I cum down to this 'ere town horseback, on our Tom, and it must have tak me twice as long." I told her there were very few horses that could travel as fast as an iron horse. "You don't say!" says she, "an iron horse! why, how funny!"

"I should have said a locomotive, ma'am." "Lo-co-mo-kee!" says she, "where on earth did they get that name?"

By this time I found that our seat was getting to be a centre of attraction, and so I immediately got out for "refreshments." On my return I found she was calling in requisition the talents of most all her neighbors to answer her questions, for they fell from her lips "thick and fast." Soon after we started again, the conductor made his appearance in the forward part of the car, collecting tickets. My fair friend said to me—

"How far is it to the Lake?"

"Thirty miles," says I.

"And what is that man after?" says she.

"That's the Conductor, after tickets."

"The Cunducture?—arter tickets, is he? Well, I declare! that's great business, gettin' tickets afore he's earned them! He shan't have mine—I've hearn of them fellows afore!"

Soon the "ticket-man" arrived at our seat.

"Tickets!" says he.

"No, you don't!" says the lady. "Ma be I've never travelled before; but I won't be cum over in that way,—you shan't have my ticket till I get there."

This was followed by such a roar of laughter from her fellow-passengers, that the car actually shook its sides also. I couldn't stand it any longer. I'd seen fun enough for this time, and immediately moved my seat to the forward car.

Finding half a seat vacant, I seated myself by the side of a man who looked as though he belonged to the West. He soon proved himself to be a "Hoosier." After looking at me pretty sharp, says he—

"Goin' out West, stranger?"

"West and South," says I.

"You're a Yankee, ain't you?" says he.

"Yes; but how-did you know that?"

"Do you think I can't tell yelas far as I can see? Why, I know a Yankee as well as I know a grey squirrel from a coon."

Thinks I to myself, that's an illustration, anyhow.

"Been out here 'fore this?"

I said I had, and also said I thought the West was "a great country."

"You may be on that," says he. "Why, we can take Yankee land and hide it out West here, and you'd hardly know 'twas out here. I'll bet we, 'fore long, will beat all creation in size and population. Got the time o' day, stranger?"

I told him what o'clock it was.

"I thought so, from my cavity," says he, and immediately he hauled out under his feet a most venerable-looking knapsack, opened it, and out came a loaf of bread, or rather, half a loaf, a large piece of hog's-head cheese, and rather a suspicious-looking flask.

"Hungry, stranger?" says he.

"Just had a lunch," says I. But this made no difference with him, for he cut with his jack-knife which had just been through his tobacco, and cutting off some bread and cheese, handed it, saying—

"Take a junk, stranger."

I pleaded the want of an appetite, and said I'd just been eating.

"Now, stranger, don't be bashful. My old woman made this cheese and bread two weeks ago, 'fore I left home."

I found I was "cornered," and knowing it was a difficult matter to refuse the hospitality of a Western man, took the eatables and attempted a bite on the "home-made bread." It was no go, however; for I found the end I commenced on would compare quite favorably with some mineral substances for tenacity or hardness. Just then we stopped at the next depot. It did not take me long to leave the cars, and fortunately finding the "cattle" train waiting, I had no difficulty in disposing of my friend's bread and cheese.

The Erie Railroad has been completed with

in a few months, and is indeed a great affair.

It passes through the southern tier of counties

in the "Empire State," and is doing an im-

ense business. The scenery on the road, for

the first two hundred and fifty miles, is as fine

as anything I ever saw, especially in and near

the State of Pennsylvania. The traveller will

find himself continually gazing upon the grand

and beautiful, in all its interesting variety,

ever and anon changing from valley to moun-

tain, crossing rivers, then passing along by

them for miles, and often the grade is several

hundred feet above the river body. The lat-

ter part of the ride is not very interesting, for

the country is very rough and wild, hardly

looking civilized, and the people and towns

look as though they belonged to Iowa or Wis-

consin.

I find that such a journey, taken without

stopping, places one in the position of a "used

up man," and rather unfitts him for newspaper

correspondence; therefore you will make

some grains of allowance for this letter, as I

have just completed the above-mentioned tour,

and in a few minutes will again be on the

move for the "Buckeye State." At intervals

I may inflict on the reader of the "Woburn

Journal" a letter, for the purpose of giving

same account of what may be seen out here.

J. A. F.

**TEMPERANCE MASS MEETING.**

Thursday last was a bright day for the Tem-

perance cause. The Mass Meeting held in

this town was full, and the right spirit was

manifested. We sincerely hope and trust,

that not a man who attended that meeting,

and by his presence gave a pledge to sustain

the cause, will ever flinch from his duty while

a vestige of this curse of rum selling, shall stain

our land.

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1851.

## CALIFORNIA NEWS.

**FROM THE Isthmus.**—Another Riot at Chagres.—Another terrible riot has occurred at Chagres, growing probably out of the same causes which led to the former difficulties. The following account is from the Panama Star, of Oct. 23:

"A general fight commenced, which ended in the free use of firearms, and some of the cannon on the old fort. The reputed number of the killed is 14 natives and 1 American. Some 20 or more natives were wounded, and also one American. The U. S. consul, Mr. Gleason, was shot at, but not injured.

**Postscript.**—At a late hour last evening we conversed with two gentlemen who had just returned from the steamer Ohio, and from them we learn that when they left Chagres, the fight between the Americans and blacks, who are not natives, but San Domingos, Jamaicans and Carthaginians, was still going on with desperation. They state that at least 20 or 30 Americans were killed, and a much larger number of blacks, making in all about 100. A ball was fired through the hat of one of our informants. The roof of the Irving House at Chagres was shattered by a cannon ball from the fort."

A proposition to take the fort was made to the Alcade by the Americans, and accepted, and the attempt was to be made immediately. The blacks were in full possession of the fort, and one rifleman, a returned Californian, was seen to pick off five of them successively as they attempted to discharge the cannon.

Two bars of silver valued at \$5000 had been recovered on the Cruzes road. They were stolen from the British specie train about three months since.

**FROM CALIFORNIA TO OCT. 15.**—Views of the markets vary considerably, as will be seen by two accounts under that head. The News-letter says "groceries and provisions are gradually creeping up to paying prices, and much more confidence is felt in most kinds of securities. Real estate is sought after as an investment at improved rates." The mining districts were not overstocked with goods. The making of bricks and lime, the receipt of an abundance of coarse lumber from Oregon, and the raising of hogs, poultry and other provisions in large quantities are facts worthy the attention of shippers.

A letter says four men had taken out \$35,610 in three days, from a place called "Yankee Slide," on the American river. Nature had changed the course of the river at that point, and after working three weeks in removing the dirt which had thus been washed into the original bed of the river, they succeeded in finding one lump of pure gold weighing 232 ounces.

The theatres and other places of amusement are open on Sunday evenings, as we see by the advertisements in the newspapers of that city.

Mechanics' wages were \$10 per day at San Francisco, with a prospect of six months' employment in building.

**THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS** states that in 1830 there were but 20 congregations, 23 clergymen, and one bishop in the Episcopal Church in all the States of Georgia, Tennessee, Indiana, Florida, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri and Arkansas; now there are in the same States, 12 bishops, 23 clergymen and 244 parishes; so that while the population has increased not two-fold, the number of laborers has increased more than ten-fold.

**VERDICT FOR DAMAGES.**—In the Supreme Judicial Court, at Cambridge, before Judge Bigelow, the case of Eliphilet Wheeler vs. inhabitants of Framingham, a verdict of damages was rendered for the plaintiff in the sum of \$300. It was for the value of a horse that was injured by the alteration of the highway across the Worcester Railroad in Framingham. C. R. Train, of Cambridge, for plaintiff; B. F. Butler, of Lowell, for defendant.

**MERITED TESTIMONIAL.**—A silver pitcher, two goblets and salver, are in course of preparation at Mobile, to be presented to Wm. S. Smith, Secretary of the British Consul, in Havana, in consideration of his kind and humane attention to the prisoners taken with Lopez, while they were in prison in Havana. The Boston Times asks what ought to be given to the American Consul.

**W. M. P.**—Commodore Charles Skinner, of the bureau of construction at Washington, is now on a visit to the Charlestown navy yard, executing the duties of his office, inspecting the shipping, &c. On his arrival at the yard, Saturday, he was received with the customary honors.

**MECHANICS AND LABORERS DISCHARGED.**—On Saturday, at the close of the half term at the navy yard, fifty-one men—masons, carpenters and their laborers—were discharged, work being on the decrease.

**DEATH OF JUDGE COLE.**—The Portland Advertiser announces the death of Judge Cole, of the United States District Court. He died in Paris, Mo., on the 12th inst.

**W. M. P.**—In Waltham, on Sunday last, Francis Stearns, aged 16, son of Nathaniel Stearns, was accidentally shot and killed by a lad named Manson, with whom he was gunning.

**J. P. Holland.**—John P. Holland, of New Hampshire, aged 21, was murdered on the 14th September on the Coquille river in Oregon. Two only of a party of ten escaped.

**Snow fell at Buffalo, Saturday last.**

## LATEST FROM EUROPE.

Arrivals from Europe, bring us intelligence of the reception of Kossuth in London, with speeches from prominent men. They all show progress in liberal sentiments, to meet the views of the masses. Kossuth has declared himself a republican. The President of France has sent in his Message; he is for universal suffrage. The state of matters in France looks precarious.

Money in England is abundant and easy. Ex. Secretary Walker, made a great speech at the Kossuth dinner, in Southampton. When all the manifestations will end, remains to be seen; they will leave strong impressions somewhere.

**Dr. Charles Jewett.**—The stable of Dr. Charles Jewett, the distinguished temperance lecturer, was entered in Millbury on Wednesday evening, and robbed of a horse valued at about one hundred dollars. The thief who would rob a faithful temperance lecturer is too great a villain to be about. The Doctor offers a reward of \$25 for the recovery of the property or the detection of the thief.

**THE HUNGARIANS.**—At the invitation of Alderman Franklin, on behalf of New York city, the Hungarian refugees have left the steamer Mississippi and have taken up their abode at the Irving House, where they will await the arrival of Kossuth.

**The Washington writer for the N. Y. Journal of Commerce** says there have been no negotiations whatever between Mr. Webster and the Spanish minister, concerning the release of the Cuban prisoners. Spain herself proposed their release; and the matter of reparation to the Spanish consul at New Orleans has been satisfactorily adjusted.

**Franklin Sawyer, Jr.**—One of the editors of the Christian Watchman and Reflector, and also a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, died at Cambridge on Tuesday last. He was about forty-one years of age. He was an excellent private citizen, and a valuable public officer.

**Gale.**—A northeast storm commenced on Thursday night, and continued through Friday with great violence. The wharves and streets in Boston suffered much damage by overflowing. We fear the shipping at sea has suffered also. The gale was very heavy here, but we have not heard of any damage.

**The Mormons are again creating trouble.** Governor Young has abused the government officer, and they have left their city. The Mormons are a singular people.

**The person who leased the right to sell refreshments in the Crystal Palace, is said to have realized the snug little bit of pocket money, of \$500,000 by the operation.**

**Fellow citizens!** said a stump orator, "we have the best country in the world, and the best government. No people in the world enjoy more privileges than we do. Here we have liberty of speech, and liberty of press, without onerous despotism. What, fellow citizens? Do you want anything more, my countrymen?" Yes sir-eo! I want to suck out of that flask sticking out of your coat pocket!" brawled a loafer.

**The Droppings.**—A speculator offers \$25,000 for the right to pick up such lost articles as fall through the crevices of the floor in the Crystal Palace. The planks, it will be recited, were left with a space between them.

**A PLEASANT FACT.**—More Bibles have been sold in Hungary, within the last two years, since the revolution, than for any time during the previous twenty years, notwithstanding the mass of the people are so nearly beggared by the losses of the revolution, and Austra extortions.—Congregationalist.

**Railroad accidents have become so numerous that we cannot keep up with them.**

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

### Woburn Lyceum.

The next Lecture will be given on THURSDAY EVENING, Nov. 25th, at the UNITARIAN CHURCH, by REV. DR. HUNTINGTON. Lecture commences at 7 o'clock.

J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, G. M. CHAMPNEY, COMMITTEE.

Woburn, Nov. 22, 1851.

### Public Lectures.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON will read a series of Lectures on Life, consisting of the topics of Fair, Wealth, Education, Culture, and Worship, on successive THURSDAY evenings, at 7 o'clock, in the Unitarian Church, commencing Dec. 4th, 1851.

Tickets for the Course, to admit a gentleman and lady, are for sale at most of the public places in town. Price, one dollar each.

Woburn, Nov. 22, 1851.

### W. M. P.

An adjourned meeting of the WOBURN MECHANIC PHALANX, will be held at their Armory, THIS (Saturday) EVENING, Nov. 22d, at 6 o'clock.

Per Order,

F. A. THOMPSON, Clerk.

Woburn, Nov. 22, 1851.

### N. E. P. Union.

The members of the 31st Division, N. E. P. U., are hereby notified that their monthly meetings take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 3d, at 8 o'clock, in the Unitarian Church, commencing Dec. 4th, 1851.

All interested are requested to be present.

THEO. S. RICHARDSON, Rec. Sec.

Woburn, Nov. 22, 1851.

### Warren Academy.

The Winter term will commence on THURSDAY, Dec. 4th.

Woburn, Nov. 22, 1851.

### MARRIAGES.

In this town, 19th inst., by Rev. Hollis Kendall, Mr. John P. Thresher, Test.

In Melrose, Dr. James M. Thresher, of Melrose, to Miss Nancy Maria Adams of F.

In Lowell, Mr. Frank E. Thissel to Miss Adeline N. Colburn.

In Woburn, on Saturday last.

## DEATHS.

In this town, 18th inst., Mrs. Mary Flagg, 49. In Newton Corner, Ellen W., wife of James A. Phelps, aged 29.

In Danvers, Capt. Johnson Proctor, one of the last surviving patriots of revolutionary memory in that town, 66.

In Ipswich, Maj. Joshua Giddings, 80.

In Lowell, Mr. Frank E. Thissel to Miss Adeline N. Colburn.

In Woburn, on Saturday last.

ASSIGNMENT OF SCHOLARS.

To the several Primary Schools in District No. 1.

THE committee appointed by the District to fix the school west of the Canal, and to provide the scholars in the several Primary Schools in District No. 1, have decided upon the following division of the District:

"The North Primary School will include the same streets as heretofore, viz.—Main street, from Jacob Brackett's house to the corner of Main and Canal street, and all the streets leading from it, belonging to the District No. 1.

The South Primary School will include Canal street, Warren street, the streets connecting Warren and Canal street, Wyer's Court, Main street, from the house of Capt. Edgell house to the corner of Main and Canal street, Pond street, and the street leading from it along the south end of Horn Pond, and the hill near Joshua E. Littlefield's."

The Eastern Primary School will include Main street, from the corner of Main and Canal street, down to John Fowle's corner inclusive, Railroad street, and all the streets leading from it, belonging to the District No. 1.

The Western Primary School will include Pleasant street on the east side of the Canal, Court street, Bennett street, the street leading from Pleasant street by the house of Albert Thompson, Main street from Widow Ruth Leathie's to Jacob Brackett's house, including Park street, and the streets leading from it, belonging to the District No. 1.

It is the meaning of the committee, that the scholars on both sides of each street shall attend the school to which their names are assigned. By the foregoing arrangement, there will be seventy schools in the Eastern Middle Primary School, and about sixty in each of the other Primary Schools.

GEORGE M. CHAMPNEY, STEPHEN DOW, TRUMAN RICKARD, COMMITTEE.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Teachers of the several Primary Schools in District No. 1, are hereby directed to send all scholars to the schools in which they have been assigned, the division of the District by the above-named Committee.

NOV. 22 3w WALTER WYMAN, Prud. Com.

COLLECTOR'S SALE FOR TAXES.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Monday, the 1st day of December, next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Town Hall, in Woburn, much of the Real Estate (situated in said Town), belonging to the following residents of said town, as shall be sufficient to pay the TAXES assessed thereon for the year 1851, and all legal costs, charges, and expenses of sale, real estate, and a small amount of personal property.

JOHN ANDREWS.—About two-thirds of an acre of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Warren St., and bounded northwardly by said street, and southwardly by land of John Murray, and northwardly by land of B. H. Kimball, James Marston, and Asa S. Kendall.—Town and County Taxes, \$34.00.

SAMUEL W. RUSSELL.—About five and one-fourth acres of land, situated on Main street, on the hill between the Canal and the railroad, northwardly by said street, and southwardly by land of Sylvanus Wood, and by a lane, and southwardly by said lane.—Town and County Taxes, \$16.48. School Dist. Tax, \$2.00.

JOHN ANDREWS.—About one-half acre of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the "wick Farm," so called, East Woburn, and bounded southwardly by land of Remond, Ransdell and Reuben Hadley, and northwardly by land of Dan'l Wright, Town and County Taxes, \$24.41. School Dist. Tax, \$2.02.

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1851.

## POETRY.

For the Journal.

### THOUGHTS FOR THANKSGIVING DAY,

November 27th, 1851.

This day we thank our Heavenly King,  
With joyful hearts his praise we'll sing,  
Since peace and plenty fills our land,  
All sent us by His bounteous hand.

Our fathers, as it doth appear,  
A day appointed, once a year,  
To thank the Lord for mercies given,  
And blessings sent to them from Heaven.  
  
Should we not, then, their steps pursue,  
And every year the same renew?  
And celebrate the day with joy,  
With cheerfulness, without alloy?

Let us rejoice that we possess  
A land no tyrant can oppress;  
Where Liberty triumphant reigns  
Throughout the breadth of our domains.  
  
We also have the Word of God,  
To teach us of the bles'd abode  
Where all the faithful ones shall sing  
The praise of their exalted King.

Such things should fill our hearts with love  
To Him who rules in Heaven above;  
Then while we live we will record,  
The blessings sent us by our Lord.

Woburn Centre, Nov., 1851. A. B.

## AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thieve,  
Himself must either hold or drive."

### FARMERS ENGAGING IN LAW SUITS.

The Farmers of New England in general are too apt to contend with each other in the law; and to refer even the most trifling controversies between them, to the decisions of the Courts of Justice.

But they ought to guard against this ruinous practice, as they would against the greatest disappointments and misfortunes. For if they will attend to the fruits of this unhappy passion, they will see that but few, if any, have been benefited, while multitudes have been utterly ruined by it.

So great are the unavoidable expenses of time, counsel, witnesses, attendance, fees of officers, and so many the vexations of minds, that, in general, a man had better compound with his neighbor in a quiet and peaceful manner, and give him his coat, although he had previously taken away his cloak, than submit to the manifold evils which may possibly arise from a process in law.

But you will say, he may gain the cause, and then—to which it may be replied, he may lose it and them. Farther you may observe, that there are certain characters, with which you are obliged to be connected occasionally, who are so given to contention that it is next to impossible to keep up an amicable correspondence with them. They will encroach, deceive, oppress, and pay no conscientious regard to their conduct and engagements.

Doubtless there may be such characters: but if you know them, it must be your own fault, in some measure if difficulties arise between you and them. It is imprudent to have any great intimacy, or much to do with a man of dishonest, contentious spirit. And yet it must be acknowledged, that it may sometimes be a duty which you owe to the public, as well as to yourself, to oppose his base and dishonest attempts.

As, where a man challenges the title you have to your lands, when he might as well claim the lands and tenements of any other neighbor—to oppose, and if possible, suitably punish such a character, so avaricious and wicked, every man ought always to be ready and willing. Such men in neighborhoods and in society, are like foxes and wolves in a flock of sheep: and we have to lament the lot of that man who is obliged to come forward, and expose them at his own expense. But to avoid the vexations and expenses which unavoidably follow from suits and processes in law, "study to be quiet, and do your own business—keep your shop, and your shop will keep you." Avoid taverns, horse-races, shooting matches and gambling tables. Pay all your little, as well as greater debts punctually. Give your laborers their hard-earned wages daily, or at least weekly; and close all your accounts with every man, at the close of every year. Use the creatures and goods of your neighbor, when hired, or borrowed, as carefully, or more carefully, than you would if they were your own—be truly charitable, and look upon all men as your brethren. Accustom yourselves to do little favors for your neighbors, and without any expectation of reward from them. Overlook things said and done by them, when they were angry, mistaken, or heated with liquor. Never attempt to take the advantage of them, however they may expose themselves; but throw the mantle of charity over their weaknesses. Remember that you also are a man; and that benevolence is the law of your nature. Above all things, make it your study and endeavor, to regulate and control your passions and appetites. An example of this kind, may be followed by your neighbors; and if it should, it would put an end to contentions of all kinds; and save you from the expenses and vexations of the law; which, though necessary and good in itself, may prove the most permanent source of distress, to those who rashly and wantonly engage in it.

For everything you buy or sell, let or hire, make an exact bargain at first; and be not put off to an hereafter by one that says to you, "we shall not disagree about trifles."

## A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

There is no season of the year when it is more important to reduce the above maxim to practice than at the setting in of winter. Many of the small farming utensils, such as hoes, rakes, spades, and forks are much injured if left exposed to the weather through the winter, or buried beneath the snow, and even harrows and ploughs should be put under cover as soon as the season for using them is past. A place for everything and in every thing its place, is not only a maxim of economy, but it adds much to the reputation of the farmer who observes it.

How different are the impressions made while viewing the premises of a prudent, economical farmer who observes it, where everything is in order, and those of the slothful man, where confusion reigns. With one, every step convinces you that the possessor does not eat the bread of idleness—he that does not need to provide for his family, where he would prove himself worse than an idler. Every thing bespeaks attention to business and comfort; reputation and wealth follow. Not so with the other. His fences are broken down—his yards are neglected—his

utensils lie scattered and broken—every thing bespeaks the man to be the slothful servant pointed out to us as abusing the talents committed to his charge—his character as a man worthy of trust or honor declines—his former friends forsake him, and poverty and wretchedness in most cases, close the scene. Now all this difference may arise from early habits, on the one hand, having a place for everything and every thing in its place, and on the other, not having a place for anything, which soon leads to not having any thing for a place.

SLEEPING FLOWERS.—Almost all flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and shuts at nine in the evening. The "goat's beard" wakes at three in the morning and shuts at five or six in the afternoon. The common daisy shuts its blossom in the evening and opens its day's eye" to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others, close their blossoms at different hours toward evening. The ivy-leaved lettuce opens at eight in the morning, and closes for ever at four in the afternoon. The night flowering cereus turns night into day. It begins to expand its magnificent sweet-scented blossoms in the twilight, and its full bloom at midnight, and closes never to open again with the dawn. In a clover field not a leaf opens until after sunrise!

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Do trees talk? Have they no leafy lungs—do they not at sunrise, when the winds blow, and the birds are carolling their songs, play a sweet music? Who has ever heard the soft whisper of the green leaves in Spring time, on a sunny morning, who did not feel as though rainbow gleams of gladness were running through his heart? And then when the peach-blossoms hung like rubies from the stem of the prettiest tree—when the morning glory like a mist before the shade of God, hid her beautiful face, and the moss roses open their crimson lips, sparkling with the nectar that falls from heaven, who does not bless his Maker?

A SEED FARMER.—An honest son of Erin, who had saved money enough by his industry to purchase a small farm undertook to manage it himself. He accordingly bought his seeds at a seed store, and planted them all done up in papers—just as they came from the store. A bystander who observed him, began to laugh at him, and told him he was doing wrong. "Ah, let me alone for that," said Pat, "I am making a seed garden; did ye never see seeds grow all papered and labelled just as they sell them in the shop!"

CRANBERRY.—As this fruit is largely employed in most families, some persons may be glad to be informed, that these berries may be preserved several years, merely by drying them in the sun, and then stopping them in dry bottles.—*Parkes.*

## MISCELLANY.

### A GOOD ONE.

Andy Cummins, who used to live out here near Framingham, was a cute "Down Easter"—a real live yankee—always ready for a joke and hard to beat. He was one day in a country bar-room "down South," where several persons were assembled, when one of them said—

"Yankee Cummins, if you'll go out and stick your pen-knife into anything, when you come back I'll tell you what it's sticking in."

"Yer can't do no such thing," responded Cummins.

"I'll bet ten dollars of it," said the other. "Wall, I rather guess I'll take that 'ere bet; he captain, (turning to the landlord,) hold stakes, and I'll just make half a sawhorse less than no time."

The parties deposited an X apiece, and went on their mission, but in a short time returned, saying—

"Wall, nabor, what is it stickin' in?"

"In the handle," replied the southerner, as he reached out his hand for the stakes.

"Guess not, just wait awhile," said the Yankee, as he held up the handle of the knife minus the blade." I kalkilate the blade can't be in the handle, when its dry clean up in an old stump aside yer road out ther."

Cummins of course won the wager, and the southerner sloped to parts unknown, amid roars of laughter.—*Dan Marble.*

### IRISH REPARTÉE.

A gentleman furious with anger and hunger, thus addressed an itinerant Irish fishmonger:

"You knavish, infernal imposter! pray how could you sell me such fish as I paid for just now?"

Why, hang it, you rascal, they're spoiled—it is plain!"

Says Daddy. "Your honor, now do not complain—

What'er be the mackrel, 'tis surely a shame To blame me, when none but yourself is to blame;

Before your own door you allowed me to cry them!"

Five days, sir, before you thought proper to buy them!"

Sam Slick writing from England says:—"After all, they ha'nt got no Indigo corn here: they can't raise it, nor punkins—nor quinces, nor pea-nuts, nor silk-worms, nor nothin'. Then as to their farmin'—Lord! I only look at five great elephant-looking beasts in one plow, with one great hummakin' fellow to hold the handle, and another to carry the whip, and a boy to lead, whose boots have more iron on them than the horses hoofs have all crawlin' as if they were a-going to a funeral. What sort of a way is that to do work? It makes me mad to look at 'em. If there is any airtly clumsy fashion of doin' a thing, that's the way they are sure to get here. They are a benighted, obstinate, bull-headed people, the English, that's a fact, and always were."

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of the hearers. "I did not go in to port," was the Dutchman's placid answer.

THE RULING PASSION.—How is your son-to-day? asked a friend of a broker. "Very ill," replied the old gentleman, struggling to maintain composure, tears coursing down his agitated features, "very ill, I would not give ten per cent for his chance for life."

POETRY.

There is no season of the year when it is more important to reduce the above maxim to practice than at the setting in of winter. Many of the small farming utensils, such as hoes, rakes, spades, and forks are much injured if left exposed to the weather through the winter, or buried beneath the snow, and even harrows and ploughs should be put under cover as soon as the season for using them is past. A place for everything and in every thing its place, is not only a maxim of economy, but it adds much to the reputation of the farmer who observes it.

How different are the impressions made while viewing the premises of a prudent, economical farmer who observes it, where everything is in order, and those of the slothful man, where confusion reigns.

With one, every step convinces you that the possessor does not eat the bread of idleness—he that does not need to provide for his family, where he would prove himself worse than an idler. Every thing bespeaks attention to business and comfort; reputation and wealth follow. Not so with the other. His fences are broken down—his yards are neglected—his

utensils lie scattered and broken—every thing bespeaks the man to be the slothful servant pointed out to us as abusing the talents committed to his charge—his character as a man worthy of trust or honor declines—his former friends forsake him, and poverty and wretchedness in most cases, close the scene. Now all this difference may arise from early habits, on the one hand, having a place for everything and every thing in its place, and on the other, not having a place for anything, which soon leads to not having any thing for a place.

A LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—A gentleman accustomed to the signature of the firm in which he was a partner, having to sign a baptismal register of one of his children, entered it as the child of Smith, Jones & Co.

A SCORE.—A drunken fellow being asked by a publican "to pay his score," amounting to ten pots of beer, replied, "No, wait till I've had twenty, and then it may be a score indeed."

A PROBLEM SOLVED.—A western editor says he has tried it both ways, and he comes to the deliberate conclusion that the single life is the most easy, but the married one is the most happy.

CHILDHOOD.—Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images. One impious or profane uttered by a parent's lip may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Richardson's Building, WINCHESTER, MASS.

DR. YOUNGMAN respectfully informs the inhabitants of Woburn, that he has recently established an extensive Apothecary Shop, where will be found all the varieties of Drugs and Medicines usually called for. He gives his personal attention to the preparing and compounding of his Medicines; and those purchases are believed to be genuine. All prescriptions and orders filled with the greatest possible care. "We supply every physician with a pure article—*Large* Tripoli and Antimony, Sulphur and Mercury, and the more common articles of Medicine, the following are kept:—

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Carter's Pulmonary Balsam, Wister's Balsam of Wild Cherry, Townley's and Burton's Sarsaparilla, Dr. Dyer's and Dr. Dugald's Cordial, Liquid Opopanax, Fluid Extract of Valentine's Hicker's Farina, Dr. Maynard's Colloction, Cologne, and all varieties of Perfumery, Essences and Extracts, all kinds, Trulli's, Richardson's and Oxygenated Bitters, Soditiz and Roche's Powders, Cod Liver Oil—a pure article—Large Tripoli and Antimony, Sulphur and Mercury, and the more common articles of Medicine, the following are kept:—

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, CARTER'S PULMONARY BALSAM, WISTER'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, TOWNLEY'S AND BURTON'S SARASPARILLA, DR. DIER'S AND DR. DUGALD'S CORDIAL, LIQUID OPOPOXAN, FLUID EXTRACT OF VALENTINE'S HICKER'S FARINA, DR. MAYNARD'S COLLOCTION, COLOGNE, AND ALL THE VARIETIES OF PERFUMERY, ESSENCES AND EXTRACTS, ALL KINDS, TRULLI'S, RICHARDSON'S AND OXYGENATED BITTERS, SODITZ AND ROCHE'S POWDERS, COD LIVER OIL—A PURE ARTICLE—*LARGE* TRIPOLI AND ANTIMONY, SULPHUR AND MERCURY, AND THE MORE COMMON ARTICLES OF MEDICINE, THE FOLLOWING ARE KEPT:—

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in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted  
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid.

Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring towns, solicited.

### ORIGINAL TALE.

Written for the Woburn Journal.

#### MARY LESTER; —OR— LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

BY MRS. A. M. E., OF NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I.

"No! I'll never marry: men are jealous, exacting, cruel creatures, and I would sooner spend my life in a convent, away from every dear friend that I have, than to promise honor and obedience to a husband, while I am certain that I could never love one. They may say what they please. Addie, about Frank Phillips' worth; he is a vain, selfish and unreasonable man, and rather than become his wife I would part with my mother, and with you, dear, and everything on earth."

"And is it because you do not love Frank Phillips, dear Mary, that you are so bitter against all his sex? He and myself have been almost your only companions from childhood, and you have chosen to lavish all your affection upon me, and bestowed upon poor Frank nothing but unchanging dislike. You did not agree as children, and now that you have arrived at more mature years, and he chooses to love you and marry you, you disagree still. But there are those in the world to suit you, Mary, and you will, one of these days, be as much in love with one of these hard-hearted beings, as you call them, as Frank Phillips seems to be with your own sweet self."

"No never, but to love only as Frank Phillips loves, would be no great change from my present feelings, and I should pity the man indeed who could obtain no more. There is no great harm, as I see, in being called an old maid; for my part I think them an excellent class of people, and should have no objections to being one of the number. What say you, Addie?"

"That I should; my heart finds too much pleasure in loving, to wish for single blessedness, and Mary Lester is as unlikely to be among that solitary class of individuals as myself. If she is not married within the space of two years, and to a man whom, if I should call selfish, cruel, or even unreasonable, she would take every pains to place before me, as one of the best and noblest of beings, that heart of her's will not be the heart it is now, full of affection and truth."

"Oh, yes, if he were void of every good quality in her own opinion, it would be a wife's ambition that the world should see but virtues and goodness in her husband's character, and to one whom I love as I love you, dear Addie, I should wish my husband to be perfection itself. I would not have your kind heart pained by the thought, that I had aught to make me unhappy which you had not the power to alleviate. But you may rest assured that your friend loves liberty too well to resign it in such a cause, and be careful, my dear, that you do not sigh some day to be free yourself. Mr. Welton, I doubt not, loves you now sincerely, and your trustful heart has faith in his promises of continued love. May you not be disappointed, and may your hopes of happiness be as fully realized in a married life as mine may be, I trust, in the life that I have chosen."

At this moment a servant entered and said that there was a stranger in the parlor who had asked for Mrs. Lester, and on being told that she was absent, asked to see some other member of the family. She could not tell his name, or where he came from, only that he was the "swathest looking gentleman that she haver put her eyes upon."

"Upon your recommendation, Peggie, I will wait upon him. Tell him Mrs. Lester's daughter,—don't say Miss Mary,—will see him in a few minutes."

"I wonder what stranger has found his way to this little village of ours. I know of no one who would be likely to come from a distance at this time, to visit us. He must be a book pedlar or something of the sort, or when he was told that ma was out, he would have gone away."

Mary had caught up the stray curls that had fallen over her neck and shoulders, and after a few vain attempts to confine them with her comb again, she descended to the parlor.

Mary had been educated at a boarding school in a secluded part of one of the Middle States, and in her own little cottage home she had lived almost as secluded as at school. She had seen but little of the world, and her opinion of mankind was gained almost entirely from books; there she had received her prejudices in regard to matrimony. Her father had been dead since her infancy, and Frank Phillips had been the only gentleman that she had ever intimately known. Mr. Welton she saw frequently with her cousin Addie Herford, but the thought of his wishing to take so valuable a friend from her society, convinced her still more strongly of the selfishness of his sex, and though he was really a noble and excellent young man, and loved her cousin dearly, she could see nothing about him to please.

Frank Phillips was not one that Mary might love. He was vain of his own abilities,

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and Mary never did anything in which he did not see something to disapprove; and yet he loved her and anxiously sought to gain her hand. Mrs. Lester would have consented to Mary's marriage, for she felt that life was uncertain, and should she be taken away, her daughter would be left without a friend. She felt that Frank Phillips was unworthy of Mary, but she knew of no one else in whom she could put greater trust, and to see them united, was one of the dearest wishes of her heart; but she would not urge it, for she knew that upon such a subject she had no right to speak in opposition to a daughter's wish.

"You seem to enjoy this beautiful evening; perhaps I am unknd to interrupt you."

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Norton; you are very welcome. I do enjoy such a scene as this, but the air is rather chilly for me, and I should have turned away from the window before."

"Is your daughter indisposed this evening, that she is not here to keep you company?"

"No; she left a short time ago for a walk, and has not returned yet. It is quite time, too, for she does not usually stay out so late as this."

"With your permission I will go to meet her. It may be that she will be tempted to linger for some time."

"I thank you, Mr. Norton. Mary would enjoy her walk home much more for having company; but I do not know that you will be able to find her; she is at the brook, I think."

"I will go there first, then, and should we not return immediately, do not suppose that my search is in vain. Good evening till I see you again."

Not far from the cottage, a clear little stream wound its way through a beautiful grove of elms, and thither amid the fragrance of honeysuckle and woodbine, Mary wandered. Assured of no interruption, she seated herself upon a mossy bank, that rose a few feet above the murmuring water, and gave herself up to reflection. The heavenly beauty of the scene around her inspired her with holy thought, and she looked upon the Creator of all with greater reverence and love than she ever before felt. Why was human nature so sinful, she thought, when God was so gracious and good? How could man pursue such ways of wickedness, when everything in nature proved the existence of a great, and perfect, and mighty Being; one to whom our best thoughts are shadows of goodness, but who will reward even the feeblest efforts to serve him. What love he had ever manifested for the world, and how illy, she thought she had repaid him, and she prayed that she might be enabled to serve him better. The chirp of a bird in the tree above her, the favorite singer of her childhood, disturbed this train of thought, and her mind wandered back to the past, and traced scene after scene to the present. She thought of her cousin, and the happy hours they had passed together, of Frank Phillips' apparent love for her, and his sad departure to England, and then her mind dwelt upon one who had of late been no stranger to her thoughts. Why should I so often think of him? Why is the name of Edward Norton so dear to me? It cannot be that I love him, —no, and I am happy, and only really happy, when he is near. But it must be late, and mother will wonder why I stay so. Oh, you watching moon, why did you emerge from that dark cloud that hid your splendor? I could have left with less regret this little murmuring stream, if you had not silvered it o'er again.

She started at the sound of approaching footsteps, and before she had time to arise from her lovely seat, Edward Norton was by her side. He paused for a moment without speaking, for never had beauty so charmed him. The moon shone full upon Mary's face, and that face, illuminated by thought and feeling, was never lovelier. "I did not expect you to find your way to this lonely spot, Mr. Norton, I fancied myself to be its only visitor."

"A sufficient reason why I should seek it out, and it was because I expected to find you, that I came here to-night. Your mother gave me permission to look for you."

"My mother must have been expecting me; I will return with you immediately."

"Do not hurry me away from a scene that you have been enjoying so long. I asked your mother to feel no anxiety about your return. You have indeed chosen a lovely spot for your favorite, and where, I trust, I am not considered an intruder."

"Not at all, Mr. Norton; but it is growing late, and it would not be well, perhaps, to be exposed longer to the night air."

"Is it because of my coming, Miss Lester, that you could leave, or do you really fear the dampness of the night?"

"Oh, no, I am too well accustomed to it, but on your own account, Mr. Norton," said Mary with a smile.

"To suffer a transient loss of health, were it possible, by staying, would be no greater loss than to go and be deprived of your society on so beautiful an evening."

"This is indeed beautiful, it seems as if I had discovered the brightest spot on earth," said he, kneeling before her, "and found the brightest being its inhabitant. Tell me, Mary, that this may prove the happiest hour of my life.

were likely to meet often; but Addie was married, and they would never be the same to each other that they had been.

It was at that season when nature appears in all the loveliness of Summer, and yet gives signs of approaching Autumn. Addie had been married a few weeks, and Mr. Norton, now a frequent visitor at the cottage, entered Mrs. Lester's parlor. Mrs. Lester was seated alone at her window, in admiration of the scene before her. Not a leaf stirred, nor a sound disturbed the stillness. The feeble rays of the moon blended with the departing light of day, and tinged every object without with unusual beauty.

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Say that you love me. I have looked upon your face, and thought how vain were all earthly comforts without your love, and I have watched, oh, how earnestly watched, for a return of my ardent feelings; dearest Mary, speak to me."

Mary was overcome. She could not speak, and she threw her head upon his shoulder and burst into tears. Mary's prejudices were overpowered, a'd she loved.

Now should you visit the village of N—, and inquire for the minister of the parish, you would be directed to the cottage; and no where could you find three happier persons, than its inmates, Mrs. Lester, and Edward and Mary Norton.

Mr. and Mrs. Welton find it pleasant to visit the cottage often, and Frank Phillips and his pretty English bride are among Mary's friends. The question is frequently argued among them, as to which of the three marriages is happiest. Though none but Edward will agree with her, Mary contends that it is hers.

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### AGENTS.

BOSTON.—MESSRS. S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Statestreet, are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STONEHAM.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

### AGRICULTURE.

Our friend "J." of Winchester, gave us, a short time since, some valuable suggestions on the topic of "Agricultural Education." We hope our farming friends gave the subject some consideration, for it is one that well deserves their best attention.

It is gratifying to know that an educated farmer is rising yearly in the estimation of all the friends of Agriculture. Men of good sense and sound reasoning are beginning to perceive that the business of farming requires knowledge of the various sciences, as well as other callings; and many even go so far as to assert that no calling in life demands more general information than that of a farmer.

As we contemplate the numerous positions in which a farmer is necessarily placed, we can the more readily perceive the reasonableness of their truth by contrast. Take for instance a practical and well educated farmer,—one who understands the science of farming,—one who is well informed on the subjects of chemistry, natural philosophy, political and domestic economy, and all the many points or subjects so intimately connected with, or so often called into requisition, where farming is well conducted. Then on the other hand, take a farmer who has no interest in any of these important subjects, one who has no taste for study, for research or thought,—he who does not believe in too much education. Now contrast the results of their farming operations, and see if a powerful and practical argument cannot be drawn therefrom in favor of "Farming Education."

We should be willing to leave the argument here, and feel that enough had been said to convince all our farming friends of the importance of their taking more interest in the calling by which they gain a subsistence; but when we look farther and see what an important part of society a well educated farmer fills,—what an influential man he is,—we are constrained to urge, again and again, the attention of this subject upon the community.

Let the farmers of Middlesex form their associations, and freely discuss, from time to time, all the subjects of interest to them. Let each give his experience, as to the best method of making "old mother earth" productive,—let each profit by a brother's experience. Then soon shall we see the effects of this in the increased crops, intelligence and wealth of the Farmer.

### OUR APOLOGY.

Quite an excitement was created amongst the *literati* of our town and vicinity, last week, by the non-appearance of the "Journal" on Saturday, as usual. Owing to our inability to announce the fact in our issue the week before, we gave notice of the intentions of "all hands" in a printed document, and so the matter went.

Perhaps some will expect a long, prolix "apology" for the omission. We haven't any such to make. The fact is, it was Thanksgiving week, and the many *attaches* to the "Journal" were obliged, either to toil—to "labor without ceasing"—through the day and the week, or to "feast their greedy eyes" and stomachs on turkeys, plum-puddings, and all kinds of pies. Very naturally, we chose the latter alternative; and could the reader have seen the "goodies" that appeared and disappeared before us, he would require no further apology, but be satisfied, as we were "most abundantly" satisfied. And, then, the editor was at home, and the printer was on a "biz," and the *devil* jumped the chair and wouldn't work. So we "didn't get the paper out."

SAD ACCIDENT AT WILMINGTON.—Last week Thursday, the 9 3-4 train from Salem, on the Salem and Lowell Railroad, ran over a horse and sleigh near the Wilmington Junction, instantly killing Mr. Wooden, of Wilmington, and his youngest child. It seems that he was taking his four children to ride on Thanksgiving day, and had got exactly on the track as the cars came along. The railroad passes through a narrow cut just before it reaches the junction, and as it crosses the county road very abruptly at this place, it is probable he did not see the cars at all. The next older child was dangerously, and the other two slightly injured.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.—Strong indications of improvement in Woburn are to be seen, in the erection of some first class houses. There is no town in the vicinity of Boston which offers so desirable lots for residences, as Woburn; and our Boston friends would do well to take a look at Academy Hill; there is no spot to compare with it for health and prospect, and if they wish to secure a family mansion in one of the most beautiful towns in New England, they must improve the time, or they will be disappointed.

"FREE PRESS"—is the title of a neat little weekly just published in Boston, devoted to the interests of the mechanics of Boston and vicinity. Published by S. T. Damon, a practical printer. It should be sustained.

### AN ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.

When we from labor rest,  
Our hearts are cheered by thee;  
Be thou our weekly guest,  
Until more thy worth shall see.  
Range then throughout our pleasant land,  
Nor scorn the hardy yeoman's hand.  
  
Join us, and by our fireside free,  
Our leisure hours we'll spend with thee;  
Unto our minds new light impart,  
Remove dull care and cheer the heart.  
Now unto thee much praise is due,  
And much we owe the printer, too;  
Let every patron, then, prove true.  
  
NORTH WOBURN, Dec. 1851.

### THE LYCEUM.

The severe snow storm on Tuesday week, caused a comparatively thin attendance upon the lecture of that evening. But those who braved the tempest were amply repaid for their pains, by the rich, intellectual and moral treat that was spread before them by Rev. Mr. Huntington. The theme of the Speaker was "Sincerity," and most truthfully and happily did he illustrate and enforce this cardinal virtue. There are but few of our public speakers that combine in a more vigorous and healthy manner, intellectual and moral traits of character. The tone and sentiment of his addresses are always sound and practical—his language is strong—his sentences compact—his illustrations felicitous, and his ideas clear and massive. Such lectures cannot but improve and elevate all who hear them.

Last Tuesday evening the lecture was by Rev. Mr. Train of Haverhill. He chose for his subject the interesting, though but little known, discoveries of the Northmen, in the tenth and eleventh centuries.

There were many fine thoughts and happy illustrations, interwoven with the detail of historical events, which relieved the lecture of the oedium frequently cast upon such subjects. We think the audience will agree with us in placing it among our most interesting and instructive lectures, and it has opened a field for reading and investigation which may be pursued with pleasure and profit.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE.—We have received two numbers of this standard and valuable publication,—we hope to welcome many more to our table. The Age abounds with the choicest selections, culled not only from the best periodicals and newspapers throughout America, but of Europe and the world. The reader of the Age gets the cream of everything that is good, without a laborious search, and at a price too cheap to mention with its valuable reading—12 1-2 cents per number. Published by E. Littell, corner Tremont and Bromfield streets, Boston.

"RICHARDSON LIGHT GUARD," of South Reading, paraded on Saturday, 22d ult., with forty-seven muskets, accompanied by the Reading Brass Band, under command of Captain John Wiley, for a target shoot. The prizes were two gold medals, and they were awarded, with appropriate remarks, to Mr. John Rayner for the best, and Mr. Curtis Clifford for the second best shot. At the close of the parade, Dr. S. O. Richardson gave the company and guests an elegant and bountiful entertainment at his residence.

OUR ORIGINAL STORY.—We would refer our readers to the excellent original story on the first page, written by a lady of New York, *on purpose* for the "Journal." Although it will not favorably compare with the common stories of the day, as regards its length, still it will be found in itself to be a perfectly literary gem, containing not only an excellent moral, but many facts and ideas worthy of serious consideration. It is very prettily written, and will repay an attentive perusal.

"*W*" We learn that Rev. Mr. Swallow, of Wilmington, while returning home from the Temperance Convention in this town, on the evening of the 20th ult., in company with his wife, was overtaken in his carriage opposite Mr. Jacob Brackett's house, in consequence of a bad place in the road. Mr. Swallow immediately addressed a letter to our Selectmen, for damages, and we believe the affair is now settled.

RAILROAD OPENING.—The opening of the Wilton Railroad to East Wilton, was celebrated in a spirited and becoming manner at East Wilton, on Monday last. A number of our most esteemed citizens were present, and speak in high terms of praise of the liberality manifested in providing for the comforts of those assembled. The ceremonies concluded with a ball in the evening.

"*W*" The "Pictorial Carpet Bag"—for the holidays, has just been issued, and it is the richest thing extant. It contains *all* the cuts which have appeared in the "Bag," a sight at any one of which will make a body's sides shake with laughter. Buy the "Pictorial Bag,"—you will find it crammed with mirthful illustrations. Fowle has it.

FIRE.—On Tuesday last, about 1 o'clock, fire was discovered in a building owned by Dea. John Cummings, near the factory, filled with tan, which, becoming heated, set fire to the sills of the building underneath. No other damage was done. The second alarm was from the same cause. "Fountain" and "Washington" engines were promptly on hand, and rendered efficient service.

MUSICAL.—A Society has been established in Newton, called the "Newton Musical Association," on the plan of the Musical Education Society of Boston.

MAGAZINES.—All the magazines may be obtained at Fowle's counter as soon as published, and at the lowest prices.

### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER TWO.

CINCINNATI, NOV. 15th, 1851.

DEAR JOURNAL:—"This *am* a great country," said a Down Easter to me to-day, when we had got to about the centre of the great State of Ohio. This was a conclusion I had arrived at long before the philosopher laid down his proposition, but he had not been in these "diggings" afore, and had never had a faint idea of what the West is.

We may study geography, and pore over atlases till we have all its localities fixed correctly in our mind's eye, but such study cannot give us an idea of the magnitude of a country; and so it is more particularly in respect to the "Far West." If we would realize the extent of its resources, and the power now budding forth from its infancy, we must spend a few days in passing over some hundreds of miles of its prairies and rivers, and then we can, in our imagination, better picture its future destiny, and much more adequately realize its vast importance.

We are often told by politicians and religious men who take an interest in these matters, that the "West," ere long, will rule the United States, both politically and religiously speaking; and when one calmly considers first the capacity and extent of the country, and then the almost magic-like power with which this part of our land increases, it does not, after all, take so much of a prophet to foresee all this, as one might suppose at first thought.

I date this letter from a city which is now about equal to Boston in extent and population, and increasing with almost wonderful rapidity. A few years since nearly a waste, now its buildings for stores and dwellings extend along the river, and most every part of it seems alive with the sound of the mason's trowel, and the carpenter's saw, all busily at work on new structures.

Ohio seems destined in a few years to take her position next to New York, in population and influence. Possessing as she does so many attractions in her soil and streams, they are all drawn to her advantage, by attracting not only foreign emigrants, but great numbers from the New England States. Her railroads are helping Ohio greatly; and in passing through the entire State, I was much impressed with the immense amount of travel on the roads.

The soil seems peculiarly adapted for agriculture. The traveller does not notice in Ohio any of that sterility of soil so common in New England. Free from hills and mountains, and of course free from rock and stones, the land is perfectly level, and contains moisture continually, which acts immediately upon all dead vegetable matter, soon decomposing it, and in this way Ohio has got a rich and most productive soil, fitted to return to the laborer a "hundred fold," as the result of his toil.

It is said that one poor girl, who was on the staircase after the balloon-trade had gone, finding herself pressed toward the edge of the stairs, threw her arms around a younger girl next to her, who having more support, stood in no immediate danger. The little one, feeling the grasp of her friend, said, "Anne, let go, please, or you will drag me down with you." And Anne did let go; she kept her foot for a few seconds, and then reeled and fell upon the mass of sufferers below. She was among the dead!

An instance of fraternal devotion is told of one Alfred Gage, who, after reaching the ground floor in safety, saw his brother on the fatal staircase, vainly seeking to retain his footing. Alfred attempted to make his way through the crowd to assist his brother, but his efforts were fruitless, and placing himself before the little fellow, he told him to spring down, a height of twenty feet. Thus called upon, the boy made the frightful leap, and both fell among the dying and wounded, without being in the least injured.

TRAVERS JURORS.—At a meeting of the Selectmen, held on Nov. 24th, 1851, Franklin Smith and Oliver Fisher were drawn to serve as Travers Jurors, at the Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Cambridge on the second Monday of December.

*W* The winter term of the Warren Academy commenced on Thursday, Dec. 4th. The Grammar School, and the several Primary Schools in District No. 1, will commence on Monday next.

THAT FENCE—that new fence—recently erected around the hay scales, we understand is to be painted. It will improve its appearance ten per cent.

*W* The reader will please notice a change in the trains on the Boston and Lowell road.

LEAD MINES IN MISSOURI.—A writer in Jasper county states that the deposits of lead that have recently been discovered in the southwestern part of that state are daily increasing in value. They will eventually prove a source of wealth to the people as unexpected as acceptable. The daily production of a single hand will frequently be from 500 to 2000 pounds; some persons put it at much more) of very pure mineral, that will yield from 75 to 80 per cent. of lead.

LOUISVILLE, DEC. 2d.—A few days since the steamer Anchor ascending, and the Die Vernon descending, came in collision, five miles below the mouth of the Illinois river. The Anchor was cut in two and sunk in fifteen feet of water. The total number drowned, as far as known, is thirty, including nine or ten deck hands.

NARROW ESCAPE.—On Monday evening a driver of one of the Charlestown omnibuses, in coming over Warren bridge, discovered but a few feet ahead of his horse an intoxicated expressman, belonging to Medford. It appears that he fell from his wagon and cut his face badly. He came very near being killed by the omnibus.

ENTERPRISE OF MECHANICS.—We learn that measures are in progress to organize in South Boston a joint stock company of mechanics, for the manufacture of machinery.

*W* Rev. Mr. Simmons, late of Springfield, will preach at the Unitarian Church next Sabbath.

### MURTS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN

FROM THE YEAR 1641 TO 1843.

(Continued.)

1670.

Wilson, Benjamin, son of John, 15th day of 8th month.  
Russell, Sarah, d. of John, 10th of 12th.  
Winn, Mary, d. of Increase, 1st of 3d.  
Cleveland, Joanna, s. of Moses, 5th of 2d.  
Winn, Abigail, d. of Joseph, 18th of 4th.  
Richardson, Elizabeth, d. of Joseph, 28th of 4th.  
Peirce, John, s. of John, 26th of 11th.  
Baldwin, Ruth, d. of Henry, 31st of July.  
Thompson, Sarah, d. of Jonathan, 1st of 4th.  
Baker, James, s. of John, 10th of 4th.  
Brush, James, s. of George, 18th of 4th.  
Richardson, Hester, d. of Theophilus, 25th of June.

Richardson, Samwell and Thomas, twin sons of Samwell, 5th of 9th.  
Walker, Sarah, d. of Samwell, 6th of March.  
Flagg, Elizazer, s. of Gershom, 1st of 6th.  
Peirce, Thomas, s. of Thomas, 27th of 11th.  
Read, Mary, d. of Israel, 15th of 8th.  
Johnson, Samwell, s. of John, 29th of 8th.  
Convers, James, s. of James, 5th of 7th.  
Convers, Zacharyah, s. of Zacharyah, 4th of 9th.

1671.

Wyman, Thomas, s. of Frances, 1st of 2d.  
Carter, Bethany, d. of Joseph, 8th of 4th.  
Farrer, Isaac, s. of John, 1st of 8th.  
Brooks, Henry, s. of Isaac, 4th of 8th.  
Johnson, Susannah, d. of William, 29th of

June.

Kendall, Mary, d. of John, 1st of 7th.  
Snow, James, s. of James, 10th of 8th.  
Fowl, John, s. of James, 12th of March.  
Cleveland, Enoch, s. of Moses, 1st of 6th.  
Richardson, Deborah, d. of Isaac, 22d of 11th.  
Winn, Joseph, s. of Joseph, 15th of 3d.  
Glazier, Ruth, d. of John, 30th of 3d.  
Daine, Martha, d. of William, 17th of 6th.

1672.

Wright, John, s. of Joseph, 2d of October.  
Snow, Zerobabel, s. of John, 11th of May.  
Richardson, s. of Joseph, 19th of May.  
Russell, Elizabeth, d. of John, 19th of 12th.  
Walker, Israel, s. of Israel, 29th of 7th.  
Walker, Timothy, s. of Samwell, 16th of June.  
Carter, Susannah, d. of Joseph, 24th of 12th.  
Peirce, Thomas, s. of John, 23d of 10th.  
Baldwin, Benjamin, s. of Henry, 20th of 12th.  
Peirce, Joseph, s. of Robert, 1st of 3d.  
Wyman, John, s. of John, Jun'r, 23d of 2d.  
Read, John, s. of Gear, 18th of March.  
Brush, Elizabeth, d. of Georg, 24th of 6th.  
Wilson, Anna, d. of John, Jun'r, 31st of May.  
Jaquith, Abraham, s. of Abraham, 17th of April.

Green, Sarah, d. of John, 6th of June.

Convers, Elizabeth, d. of Zacharyah, 29th of 8th.

Wilson, John, s. of John, 3d of 11th.

Snow, Sarah, d. of Samwell, 28th of May.

Foster, Thomas, s. of Hopewell, 17th of April.

Johnson, Samwell, s. of Mathew, 28th of

April.

Fight, Mary, d. of Joseph, 12th of December.

Claizer, Samwell, s. of John, 5th of July.

Vinn, Sarah, d. of Increase, 23d December.

*W* THE LATE ACCIDENT.

*W* An interesting incident connected with the late catastrophe at the school-house in New York are related in the journals; and from them we select the following:

It is said that "one poor girl, who was on the staircase after the balloon-trade had gone, finding herself pressed toward the edge of the stairs, threw her arms around a younger girl next to her, who having more support, stood in no immediate danger. The little one, feeling the grasp of her friend, said, "Anne, let go, please, or you will drag me down with you." And Anne did let go; she kept her foot for a few seconds, and then reeled and fell upon the mass of sufferers below. She was among the dead!"

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1851.

## CONGRESS.

Congress met and organized 1st December, without much trouble, and is progressing in business. The state of parties appears to be in beautiful confusion, and it will be hard for some to define their position. Mr. Foote has introduced resolutions for the reception of Kossuth, which are strongly opposed, on the principle that our government, have gone far enough. It is to be hoped Congress will be cautious about meddling with the matters of foreign nations; have we no patriots at home, suffering from the neglect of our government? Do justice to our own heroes, build the Washington monument, and then we can welcome others without a blush.

The President's Message is a well digested document, and seems to give satisfaction. The affairs of our country are in a good condition, peace and prosperity abound with us. Our national debt is decreasing, and the revenue increasing, and in a few years we shall be the most powerful nation on the globe.

Mr. Webster declines addressing Kossuth in any official manner.

Two railroad projects are before Congress. Mr. Foote, in the Senate offered a resolution expressing sympathy for Smith O'Brien and his associates, Irish patriots, now in exile, for the same cause that England is now heaping honors on Kossuth. "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

**GOT ANY CHANGE?**—On Friday morning last, a child accidentally fell from the steamer Maid of Erin, lying at a wharf at Eastport, Maine, and would have been drowned, had not a gentleman standing by jumped overboard and saved it. "Got any change?" said the father of the child, after all were safe, bursting among the bystanders, with great anxiety depicted on his countenance, and a three dollar bill in his hand. "Got any change? I want to give this man a dollar for saving the life of my child."

Genin, the hatter, at New York, being accused of mercenary motives in contributing to the Kossuth fund, and being told that had better give it to the New York regiment of volunteers who served in the Mexican war, comes out and announces \$100 ination to the soldiers.

Rev. Thomas Whittemore, of Cambridge, the president of the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroads, recently walked over entire length from Fitchburg, Mass., to Montpelier, Vt., a distance of seventy miles, to satisfy himself of its condition.

The winter is already fruitful in marine disasters. No year within remembrance has seen the same period, and so early in the season, given so fearful an account of loss, of life and property.

The Cunard Steam Navigation Company have settled the claim of the owners and crew the schooner *Floret*, Capt. Higgins, which ran down and sunk by the steamer *Evergreen* by the payment of the sum of \$5000.

The Journal says a newly caught Irish hearing the lady of the house ask him to bring "Domby and Son" with him to come to tea, laid two extra plates on table for the supposed visitors.

The amount of gold deposited at the during November was \$5,400,000—and New Orleans about \$1,500,000. The exports to Europe for the same period were \$30,000, leaving a surplus of \$1,370,000.

The coroner's jury in the New York of tragedy found that one principal cause the breaking away of the star railing was in the foot post, the tenant which was *detected to fit in the mortise being cut off!*

Dec. 2.—The canal is fast closed by and navigation entirely suspended westwardly. Nearly one thousand boats and from appearances will remain so long time.

There will be six eclipses the coming three of the sun and three of the moon. The sun will be invisible. The first one the moon will be total throughout the United States.

A letter received from Miami, East Ma., dated Nov. 12th, states that five slaves in a small sloop and made their escape to Cuba Islands on the 3d inst.

On the Burlington railroad, on Thursday, a train ran off the track. The conductor had his leg fractured, and the fireman, killed.

Cyrus Barton, Esq., formerly editor of *H. Patriot*, has issued a prospectus for a erratic semi-weekly newspaper at Concord, N.H.

The cholera is raging in some portions Mexico, on the Pacific coast. All the towns were visited in 1849 by this dreadful disease, and are now passed over.

The ex-farmers of Boston have nominated J. V. C. Smith as their candidate for Mr. Smith is the candidate, also, on Citizens' Ticket."

A letter in the Montreal Herald, states steamer Lord Elgin has run the rapids of the St. Lawrence, which is the first time this feat has been accomplished.

There has been immense damage done to crop of Mississippi, lately, by the rains.

Snow fell to the depth of six inches, at Woburn, on the 25th instant. There was fine snow on Thanksgiving.

Elisha Meserve, from Maine, lost a part of his body when the explosion of his fowling piece occurred near San Francisco.

Never retire at night without being in bed when you rise in the morning, by learned something during the day.

**Rooms** in which, from any cause, there arises an unpleasant odor, may be freed of the obnoxious effluvia by placing a few kernels of coffee on a hot shovel, and allowing the aroma or smoke to be freely disseminated. It will dispel effectually the most powerful odor arising from the most putrid animal or vegetable matter.

**Hundreds** of lives, says a contemporary, might have been saved by a knowledge of this single recipe: A large teaspoonful of made mustard, mixed in a cup of cold water and swallowed as soon as possible. It acts as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

The experienced woodmen of Maine can their course through a trackless forest, without a compass, by observing attentively the moss on the trees, the north side of which is covered with a much larger share than the other portions of the trunk.

**During** a storm on the night of the 20th, two coal boats were sunk near Portsmouth, Ohio, and all on board, twelve persons in number, were drowned. Three of the victims were sons of a widow named Thompson.

**On** the 29th ult., the first stone of a Protestant church was laid in Turin, Italy. Among other persons of distinction present were the American, English and Prussian Ministers.

**Good sleighing** at Montreal: In Upper Bleury street W. E. Holmes, wife and servant, were precipitated into a hole eighteen feet deep, with the horse and sleigh on top of them, and escaped without material injury.

**A** horse and wagon belonging to Mr. Cutler of Sudbury, were literally smashed to pieces Tuesday evening, on the Fitchburg railroad.

**The** children who have been injured by the late calamity in New York, are doing well with one or two exceptions, and no more deaths are apprehended.

**Mice** may be expelled from drawers and cupboards most effectually by putting fresh twigs of the elder bush within. The odor of the elder is intolerable to the animal.

**The** National Washington Monument is now carried up to the height of one hundred and two feet.

**Rev.** Edwin Thompson is announced to speak at Medfield on the subject of the Maine Liquor Law, on Monday evening next.

**A** country paper announces the recent promotion of Archbishop Hughes thus—Archbishop Hughes a Cannibal!

**Mr.** Phillips, inventor of the Fire Annihilator is expected to arrive in this country by the next steamer from Liverpool.

**An** Italian journal mentions that shocks of earthquake were felt, on the 12th and 13th inst., in several parts of the island of Sicily.

**The** rate of taxation in Boston for the present year is \$7,000 on a thousand.

**The** yield of gold in California for 1851 is estimated at over 75 millions of dollars.

**It** is said that Mr. Benton's book will soon be ready for the press.

**The** coroner's jury in the New York of tragedy found that one principal cause the breaking away of the star railing was in the foot post, the tenant which was *detected to fit in the mortise being cut off!*

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**PICKEREL** BAIT.—  
THE best of Pickerel Bait, for sale in any quantity under six or eight thousand lbs.  
dec. 6 J. A. PARKER, Woburn, 6w

**ALL DONE BY THE FLUID.**—  
WASHING FLUID, manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail, by H. FLAGG.

**DEATHS.**—  
I S killed. Please to write to Boston, the UNION STORE and stick in their skevers.  
dec. 6

**WOOBS! HOOS!**—  
JUST received, a large lot of Ladies' Hoos, at the Dry Goods Store of H. FLAGG.

**MUSLINE LAINES** and Cashmire—a fresh supply of new styles—will be sold very cheap for cash, at FLAGG'S.

**SHOULDER BRACES.**—A. F. Bartlett's Improved Washington Shoulder Braces, for sale by E. COOPER & SON, Wade's Buildings, dec. 6 w

**ANOTHER** lot of that 11 yard wide Unbleached Cotton Cloth, for 61 cents, at H. FLAGG'S.

**PAINTED RUGS**—just the article to put under stoves, at W. WOODBERRY'S.

## THE PACIFIC Mutual Insurance Company

GIVE notice, that the amount of their capital paid in and invested is

**\$250,000,** and that they make Insurance against Loss or Damage by

Fire, on Dwelling Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, Stores, and Goods generally. Also against the hazard of Marine risks, not exceeding

**15,000 DOLLARS ON ANY ONE RISK.**

**No Liability to Assessment.**

Insurance effected upon Dwelling Houses, favorably situated, and well built, at rates not to exceed 10 per cent., or \$300 per annum, in the term of one year, being at a much less rate than it costs in Mutual Companies which are compelled to resort to the objectionable mode of assessing Premium Notes to get funds to meet Losses.

**TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE.**

No. 59 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON.

Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.)

dec. 6

**FISKE & CUSHING,**

MERCHANT TAILORS,

96 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON.

ELIJAH P. FISK, ISAAC CUSHING,

oct 18 ly

**HENRY W. HOWE,**

WATCH MAKER AND JEWELLER,

WINCHIN, MASS.

Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Silver Spoons, Spectacles, and a variety of Fancy Goods.

Clocks, Watches, Accordions and Jewelry repaired.

Also, Engraving executed.

oct 25 3m

**CALVIN A. WYMAN,**

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended on reasonable terms.

oct 15 ff

**RICHARDSON & COLLAMORE,**

DOOR, SASH AND BLIND MAKERS,

HOUSE BUILDERS, and Builders in LUMBER,

SUMMER RICHARDSON, WOBURN, MASS.

COLLAMORE, WOBURN, MASS.

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**WILLIAM WINN, JR.,**

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

oct 18 ff

**WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD EXPIRES.**

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been

deputy appointed Administrator to the estate of JOHN FREDERICK MCNAUL, in the County of Middlesex, Intestate, and has taken upon himself the care of the Real Estate situated in Woburn, and has taken possession of the same, by virtue of an Order of Probate, and bounded on the North by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G. L. Moulton, whose residence is unknown.—A lot of land, containing about one eighth of an acre, situated in Fenton Village, and bounded southerly by land of John McKinney, southwesterly and westerly by land of Daniel Wright, and northeasterly by land of G

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1851.

## POETRY.

### For the Journal. THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

By Mrs. MARY W. WELLMAN.

Thou God of pardon, could I feel,  
My sins were all forgiven;  
Oh! that my name was registered,  
Among thy saints in heaven;  
Lo, at the feet of all thy saints,  
I'd make my humble seat,  
Contented with the lowest place,  
At my Redeemer's feet.

My sins are many, Holy God,  
To thee for help I fly,  
Look down in pity from thy throne,  
And save me ere I die.

Thy Son's rich blood was shed for all,  
His pardoning love is free,  
But can he bow that head  
For one so vile as me?

The Saviour wept at Lazarus' grave,  
His soul was filled with grief;  
And to those sorrowing hearts he said,  
Behold I bring relief;

They brother sleeps—he is not dead,  
These words by Jesus spoken,  
Then cries come forth, and lo, we see  
Death's icy claim was broken.

Then oh, my Saviour—is this sleep?  
That o'er me holds its sway,  
Or, am I dead, and is my soul,  
Doom'd for perdition's day.

Oh would this aching heart were filled,  
With tranquil peace and love,  
And for a shield throw round me, Lord,  
The influence from above.

I envy oft the little bird,  
While soaring in the air—  
And fancy had I but its wings,  
I'd carry up my prayer;

That nearer to thy throne, oh, God,  
For pardon loud I'd cry,  
That nearer to thy mercy seat,  
My soul might open lie.

Ye morning flowers spread wide your leaves,  
And waft your incense high;  
Bear up upon your fragrant breath,  
Bear up, my heartfeet sigh;

That when the evening dews descend,  
To strengthen Lord, the vine,  
Thy spirit may descend, and thus  
Refresh this soul of mine.

Blest lamb, compassionate, divine,  
When will thy kingdom come,  
Thy will on earth, as 'tis in heaven,  
Oh, when shall it be done?

For it I pray, and oh could I  
But feel 'twere heaven's decree,  
That at the last my soul should be  
Accepted Lord of thee.

O! beauteous world, reserved above,  
When time no more shall be,  
Thou shalt ascend in all thy pride  
The waiting saints to free.

Be this my prayer,—that in that world,  
Beneath life's fadless tree,  
One little spot may there be found  
Reserved, great God, for me.

## AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the plough would thine,  
Himself must either hold or drive."

## GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD.

It will contribute not a little to the interest and comfort of the farmer, to keep up a good correspondence with his neighbors; and to do this he must keep good fences, orderly cattle, and borrow as little as possible. A great part of the contentions which have taken place among neighbors in the country, some of which have been carried to the most serious and distressing length, will be found, upon examination, to have originated in poor fences, unruly cattle, and borrowing. A principal object with every farmer, is the security of his crops; and when he has been at great pains and expense in enclosing his lands on his own part, and his neighbor's cattle, sheep, or swine break in and destroy the fruits of his labors, through the inattention he has paid to his part of the same, it will give him not a little uneasiness; and repeated inroads, from the same cause, will bring on a coldness, and lead him, at length, to seek a redress, through the disagreeable and expensive medium of law. One unruly ox, horse, or sheep, has proved the ruin of all social and friendly intercourse, between those who had long lived in the most neighborly habits and familiarities; the advantages and pleasure of which ought not to have been hazarded for five times the value of those creatures. And many farmers, though rich in lands, spend more time in running to their neighbors after saws, hammers, axes, hatchets, a few nails, and a little wire to ring a hog with, &c., than would purchase all those articles outright. It must be acknowledged that we are all dependent upon each other, in a degree; and that every farmer must borrow, occasionally, or suffer; but obligations of this kind do not arise one-half so often from necessity, as from mere carelessness, and a want of manlike attention to things. But if you must borrow, take care lest you abuse the thing borrowed, and return it immediately after you have done with it; and never depend upon borrowing it, again and again, as many do, but consider with yourself, whether you cannot make, or afford to buy it. A farmer should endeavor never to be desirous of meat, butter, cheese, &c., on any day in the year; and it is scarcely honest to live by wearing out his neighbor's tools. But although he should avoid borrowing as much as possible he ought to be willing to lend to every neighbor, who would return the article lent in good order, and as soon as he should have done with it; and it is a breach of trust, or to say the least, great neglect in him not to do it. It often proves a great disadvantage to a farmer, when he has one or two men in his service, and is engaged in a piece of labor, to have one of his tools in this, and another in that neighbor's hands; he scarcely knows where to look for them—borrowed of him, perhaps six, or seven months before, and carried a mile or two out of his way; and which is not an uncommon case. On this branch of the subject I shall only observe further, that a man ought to

lend to every neighbor, worthy of his confidence, whenever he requests the favor, if he can spare the article desired, and to borrow of no man, but when pressed by urgent necessity.

I have observed, that bad fences, and unruly cattle, are often the causes of contentions between neighbors, and to these fences we add one or two more, viz., a difference in religious, and in political sentiments. In regard to the former, it is the privilege and duty of every man, to determine for himself. And no man who lives "soberly, righteously, and godly," can be a bad neighbor, under whatever denominations of christians he chooses to be considered. To despise such a man, and not feel interested in his welfare, and not to treat him with all the love and kindness due to a neighbor, although he calls himself a Baptist, or a Socinian, or an Episcopalian, indicates a narrow and contracted mind. And the same observation may be applied in regard to the political sentiments of your neighbor; and who, so long as he continues a quiet and peaceable subject of the government under which you both live, deserves your respect, and love, and candor; although he does not engage in the interests of the party which you think proper to patronize and espouse. I only add that these subjects deserve a degree of attention, however trifling they may be considered by some—not only as they may respect the happiness of the present neighborhood, in which you live, but as they may effect those who come after us; for prejudices and opinion often descend to the third, and even to the fourth generation.

## NEGLIGENCE.

Inattention to small matters brings with it often a succession of losses. The following narrative by the celebrated Say, in his "Essay on Political Economy," illustrates this in a very satisfactory manner. "I remember," says this writer, "when I was in the country, witnessing an instance of the losses to which a household is exposed by negligence. For want of a latch of trifling value, the gate of the farm-yard, which opened into the fields was often opened. Whoever went out pulled the gate after him; but as there was no means of shutting it, this gate was always open. Many of the farm-yard animals had been on this account lost.

One day, a fine young pig got out and reached the neighboring wood. All were immediately in chase of the animal. The gardener was the first who got sight of it; and he, in jumping over a ditch to stop its further passage, received a dangerous wound, which confined him to his bed for a fortnight. The cook found on her return from the pursuit, that the linen which she had left at the fire to dry, was burnt; and the dairy maid having left in a hurry the cow-stable without fastening the door, a cow in her absence broke the log of a colt which they were raising in the place. The days lost by the gardener were worth twenty crowns; the linen and colt were as valuable. Here then in a few minutes, for want of fastening which would have cost a few cents, a loss of forty crowns was encountered by persons whose duty it was to exercise the most rigid economy, without our taking into account the sufferings caused by the disease or the uneasiness and other inconveniences in addition to the expense."

## SAVE THE DEAD LEAVES.

Very few gardeners would be guilty of so foolish a thing as to waste barn-yard manure. But they are almost all guilty of a waste not a whit less excusable. We mean the waste of dead leaves that fall at this season of the year, from trees and shrubs of all kinds. If every horticulturist would reflect for a moment on the nature of these fallen leaves—which contain not only the vegetable matter, but the earthy salts, lime, potash, &c., needed for the next season's growth and that too, exactly in the proportion required by the very tree or plant from which they fall—nay more, if they would consider that it is precisely in this way, by the decomposition of these very falling leaves, that nature enriches the soil, year after year, in her great forests, it would scarcely be possible for such a reflecting horticulturist to allow these leaves to be swept away by every wind that blows, and finally be lost altogether.

A wise horticulturist will diligently collect, from week to week, the leaves that fall under each tree, and by digging them under the soil about the roots, where they will decay and enrich that soil, provide in the cheapest manner, the best possible food for that tree. In certain vineyards in France, the vines are kept in the highest condition by simply burying at their roots every leaf and branch that is pruned off such vines, or that falls from them at the end of the season. In the same manner, the leaves that fall from young fruit trees should be carefully saved and dug beneath the surface of the soil. A single year's experience of its good results will confirm our readers in this practice.—Downing.

## MARINING FRUIT TREES.

This is the season for the amateur to look over his fruit trees—especially those which have failed to produce good crops for want of nourishment in the soil. Carefully open a trench at the very ends of the roots—throw out a third of the poorest of the soil, and replace it with a mixture of manure and ashes. Use a cart of barn-yard manure—no matter if it is fresh—to a bushel of ashes, and I find it never fails in bringing up the tree. If I wait till spring before I apply this stimulus—I find it to do just half as much good as if I put it in the soil in November and December. It is quite surprising how old fruit trees can be brought to this simple dressing—barn-yard manure and ashes, applied in the fall of the year. Some persons are too indolent to do it, but I think I can prove to them that it will pay. On one side you have an unfeebled tree; it bears a peck of poor fruit, half of which is not fit to take to the table. It costs you nothing per annum—profit about equal to cost. On the other side you have the same tree—you give it two cart loads of manure—two bushels of leached ashes—once in three years, cost one dollar—and receive two bushels of fine fruit per annum, for three years, value, three dollars a year, nine dollars—profit eight dollars!—Downing's Hort.

Two or three years since one of our citizens, a cultivator of fruit, had an apple tree split down several inches. He fastened it together again and took a scion and grafted it as a fastener at both ends across from one limb to the other, and now the tree cannot be again split down, by reason of this ingenious manner of securing it.—Bangor Courier.

HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.—By falling trees that cover the tops and sides of mountains, men in every climate prepare at once two calamities for future generations—the want of fuel and the scarcity of water.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE FIRST AND LAST THANKSGIVING.

"REMEMBER THE BEGINNINGS."

The first Thanksgiving in the New World was celebrated about two hundred years ago. It was held in the month of February, and originated from pure gratitude of spirit at being relieved from starvation.

The season had been intensely severe, the provisions of the colonists were exhausted, and the expected vessels from England did not arrive. In such a dreadful dilemma the souls of common men would have been disengaged, and sunk in the apathy of despair; but our pilgrim fathers never despaired. Their faith was anchored on the Rock which could not be shaken.

To meet the exigencies of famine, they appointed a Fast! It certainly was a very good reason, for holding a fast, that had nothing to eat; yet, who but a puritan would have thought of this expedient for exciting the faith and keeping alive the hope of the people? I have often thought that in no other single circumstance of their history was this unconquerable spirit of our ancestors, and their indomitable love of liberty more strikingly shown. They would not be enslaved by their appetites; if they starved, it should not be by their voluntary appointment.

Well, the morning arrived—the fasting had already begun, when, oh, sound of joy! "The vessel! the vessel has come!" The grave fathers instantly yielded to the popular feeling, and changed their day of Fasting to a Thanksgiving!

Such was the origin of a custom ever since held sacred by the descendants of the pilgrims.

Compare that day of jubilee with the annual Thanksgiving throughout our land which has just been celebrated. Then the poor, half-famished colonist, were but a handful of men, exiles, persecuted, despised, or wholly unknown, and uncared for in what was termed the "World." Now—oh! we will not attempt to enumerate the innumerable numbers of national advantages and political prerogatives—blessings we enjoy over every other people in that "World." Blessed be the memory of those good men, who, firmly trusting in God, laid here the foundations of civil and religious liberty on a basis which has never yet been shaken, which, while we hold our annual Thanksgiving Festival, never can be subverted.

One day, a fine young pig got out and reached the neighboring wood. All were immediately in chase of the animal. The gardener was the first who got sight of it; and he, in jumping over a ditch to stop its further passage, received a dangerous wound, which confined him to his bed for a fortnight. The cook found on her return from the pursuit, that the linen which she had left at the fire to dry, was burnt; and the dairy maid having left in a hurry the cow-stable without fastening the door, a cow in her absence broke the log of a colt which they were raising in the place. The days lost by the gardener were worth twenty crowns; the linen and colt were as valuable. Here then in a few minutes, for want of fastening which would have cost a few cents, a loss of forty crowns was encountered by persons whose duty it was to exercise the most rigid economy, without our taking into account the sufferings caused by the disease or the uneasiness and other inconveniences in addition to the expense."

## TRIFLES.

A cloud may intercept the sun,  
A web by insect-workers spun  
Preserve the life within the frame,  
Or vapors await the same.  
A grain of sand upon the sight  
May rob a giant of his might!  
Or needle-point let out his breath,  
And make a banquet-meal for Death.

How often, at a single word,  
The heart with agony is stirred,  
And ties that years could not have riven,  
Are scattered to the winds of heaven.

A glance that looks what words would speak,  
Will speed the pulse and blanche the cheek;  
And thoughts, nor looked, nor yet express,  
Create a chaos in the breast.

A smile from those we love  
May be an angel from above;  
A whispered welcome in our ears  
Is as the music of the spheres.

The pressure of a gentle hand  
Worth all that glitters in the land:  
Oh! trifles are not what they seem;  
But fortune's voice and star supreme!

LAST WORDS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

"A death-bed's detector of the heart—  
Here, tried dissolution drops her mark,  
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene;  
Here real and apparent are the same."

I must sleep now.—Byron.  
It matters little how the head lieth.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Kiss me, Hardie.—Lord Nelson.  
Don't give up the ship.—Lawrence.

I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying.—Chancellor Thurlow.

Is this your fidelity?—Nero.  
Clasp my hand, my dear friend: I die.—Athena.

Give Dayrolles a chair.—Lord Chesterfield.

The artery ceases to beat.—Goethe.

All my possessions for a moment of time.—Queen Elizabeth.

What is there no bribing death?—Cardinal Beaufort.

I have loved God, my father, and liberty.—Madam de Staél.

Be serious.—Gratius.

It is small—very small indeed; (clasping her wrist).—Anne Boleyn.

I pray you, see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift myself. (Ascending the scaffold).—Sir Thomas More.

Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave.—Robert Burns.

I feel as if I were myself again.—Sir W. Scott.

I resign myself to God, and my daughter to my country.—Jefferson.

It is well.—Washington.

This is the last of earth.—J. Q. Adams.

I wish you to understand the true principles of government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.—Harrison.

I am prepared; I have endeavored to do my duty.—Taylor.

There is not a single drop of blood on my hands.—Frederick V., of Denmark.

You spoke of refreshment, my Emelie; take my last notes; sit down to my piano here; sing them with the song of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes, which have so long been my solace and delight.—Mozart.

A dying man can do nothing easy.—Franklin.

Let not poor Nelly starve.—Charles II.

Let me die to the sounds of delicious music.—Mirabeau.

THE Philadelphia Ledger says: A merchant of this city who lately died suddenly, left in his desk a letter written to one of his correspondents. His clerk, a son of Erin, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom, "Since writing the above I have died."

■■■ A venerable old lady, who had a singular faculty for skipping "hard words" in the text, came to the passage which says—"And the Lord smote Abijah the Hittite, that he died," which she rendered thus: "And the Lord smote Abijah—Hi to ti to, that he did."

■■■ A fellow limped into a tinner's shop, the other day, with one knee tied up with a pocket-handkerchief, and inquired—"Do you mend pans here?" "Yes," replied the foreman. "Well," said the customer, "I wish you to mend my broken knee-pans."

SUPERSTITION.—The Editor of the Commercial Advertiser vouches for the truth of the following singular exhibition or superstitious belief:

"A friend of ours keeps a faithful housedog, that a few days ago bit a boy that had entered the kitchen in the absence of the domestics, and was exploring its arrangements with greater freedom than was proper in the estimation of the canine watcher. The dog, that was the 'best preventive of hydrocephalus,' to this our friend would not consent, and after being reasoned with, the applicant abridged his request to 'half-a-dozen hairs from the dog's tail to spread upon a plaster to put over the wound,' which with a good-natured smile our friend supplied to him."

■■■ Hugo Arnott, one day, while fainting with asthma, was almost deafened by the noise of a brawling fellow who was selling oysters below his window. "The extravagant rascal!" said Hugo, he has wasted as much breath as would have served me for a month!"

■■■ An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed "I shall never get them on at all until I wear them a day or two."

■■■ DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Richardson's Building, WINCHESTER.

■■■ Dr. YOUNGMAN respectfully informs the inhabitants of Winchester, that he has connected with his office, an extensive Apothecary Store, where will be found all the varieties of DRUGS and MEDICINES usually called for.

He gives his personal attention to the preparing and compounding of his Medicines; and those purchases, and the more common articles of Medicine, the following are kept:

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Carter's Palmarum Balsam, Dr. Wild's Balsam of Wild Cherry, Townsend's and Carter's Sarsaparilla, Mrs. Kidder's Dysentry Cordial, Pure Liquid Magnesia, Fluid Extract of Valerian, Hecker's Farina, Dr. Maynard's Collodium, Cologne, and all varieties of Perfumery, Elixirs, Ointments, and Extracts, all made in our own Workshops, and Office, and also a large variety of Pharmacy ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Daily and Weekly Papers, and Books, &c., and other articles of interest.

■■■ SCHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS, BLANK BOOKS, BLANK PAPERS, PLAIN and Lined, Plain and Handwriting, Plain and Copper Plate, Plain and Copper Plate, and other articles of School use.

■■■ CLOTHES, BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, TOOTHPICKS, &c., and various articles of Dressing.

■■■ CROCKERY and GLASS WARE, Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, and all varieties of STATIONERY, besides a great variety of FANCY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Daily and Monthly,—all will be sold as low as possible.

■■■ FLORAL and GARDEN ARTICLES, FLOWERS, and GRANITE, CROCKERY, GRAIN, CLOTHES, &c., and all articles of Furniture.

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE,  
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY  
**FOWLE & BROTHER.**  
JOHN A. FOWLE, ..... EDITOR.  
TERMS,--\$1.00 per year, payable always  
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS daily and conspicuously inserted  
at reasonable rates.

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Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring towns, solicited.

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter No. Three.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov., 1851.

DEAR JOURNAL:—After a long and tedious journey over Western prairies, lakes and rivers, since last I wrote the Journal, we are at last landed here in safety; and at the best hotel in the Western country. I have set me down to pen a few lines homeward. Two weeks since I wrote from Cincinnati, after which we were soon on our way for the northern sections of this great state, passed along its borders, and then through its interior, caught a glimpse of the great Western statesman, Mr. Clay, as he was leaving for Washington. I am told that Mr. Clay's health is quite feeble, and that he only goes to Congress this session from a strict sense of duty, and that he has determined that this shall be his last year in his country's service, he having already sent in his resignation, to take effect in March next. However we may regard Mr. Clay's opinions, one cannot but regard him with respect and admiration for his great talents and his entire devotion to his country's service, and I find in Kentucky, that he possesses with all parties more influence and strength than any one living man.

This great State has immense resources in agricultural and commercial privileges, but much of her power lies dormant and uncultivated. She has an inland navigation of over fifteen hundred miles, and yet in none other cities or towns, excepting, perhaps, Louisville, does she put forth one half the energy that some of our smaller New England cities show. Some of the finest lands in America are within her borders, well watered and delightfully situated; but compared with a Yankee farm, they fall entirely in the shade, although possessing every natural advantage over them. Another striking feature of the country is noticeable by a New Englander; the country houses, barns, &c., show none of that taste displayed with us; the farmers are content with log houses, unpainted, and often dingy in their appearance; their slaves often having houses equal, in every respect, to their masters.

In crossing the immense tracts of prairie lands of Illinois, a person from the East gets a very correct idea of the vast extent of our land; and when he looks forward to the time when these millions of acres shall be covered with a busy multitude, perhaps as numerous to the square mile as the population of Massachusetts, he can get some faint idea of what the country's future destiny is. A few days ago we passed near a burning prairie; the fire was sweeping furiously on; it had already destroyed much property, and people with their cattle, and all the effects they could carry, were fleeing from its fury. These prairies, covered with tall, dry grass and stubble, burn with irresistible fury and power, and nothing that comes in the path of the fire can pass through unscathed.

We have also seen many of the ancient mounds, which abound at the West. One was opened near us the other day; it was some ten to twelve feet in height, and as usual, was about sixty feet in diameter. It contained about a dozen Indian skeletons, an altar, and other relics similar to those usually found in these mounds. These spots are often seen in Ohio, and were undoubtedly used by Indians as burying places for their distinguished dead. By some they are considered as strong proof of the Asiatic origin of this strange and mysterious race of beings.

I will not attempt to give you an account of the many places visited, as I fear it would prove of little interest to the general reader, but in my next may have something more to say about this city. After that shall take a trip to see the "wonder of all wonders," the Mammoth Cave; and if I come out from this subterranean world alive, I shall, in all probability, give a brief account of what was seen in the "lower regions."

Speaking of this great hole reminds me of the many dilapidated huts which one sees throughout this State, many of them full of holes. I had one pointed out to me the other day, as the place where David Crockett once philosophized with a darkie as to why he didn't fix his house. The story goes in this way:—David says to him one day, while it was raining hard, "Sambo! why don't you come out from that corner and get some boards, and mend the roof, so that the rain will not beat into it?" "Well, Massa," says Sambo "the rason I don't do 'kase it rains, and I'll get wet!" Says David, "do it when it don't rain, Sambo," "Yah! Yah! Massa," says Sambo; "don't you know I doesn't need it den?"

This philosophy, it is said, was too much for Crockett, and he "gab um up." It aptly illustrates much of the Western character.

J. A. F.

Letter No. Four.

MILWAUKEE, NOV., 1851.

DEAR JOURNAL:—There is not a great deal of matter that would be interesting, which I

# WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I. 8

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1851.

NO. 8.

can write about from here, so I will give for the benefit of the reader a report of a "Debatin' Club," held out here in "these diggins," and which I hope will give some idea of the progress of this 'ere country:—

A horseman once alighted from his jaded steed, at the close of a pleasant day in the fall of the year, in front of a substantial looking tavern in the village of J——, <sup>and</sup> State of Wisconsin. A few moments later he might have been seen carefully directing the hostler to give proper attention to his panting horse; and a few minutes later still he might have been seen devouring with avidity the substantial meal spread before him in the supper-room of his host. All this might have been seen, and more too, if you, gentle reader, had been there to see,

"Landlord," said the dismounted horseman, as he pulled away at a Cuba shore six, "allow any amusement in the village to-night?—meeting, singing-school, or anything?"

"Well, no, stranger," replied the host, not exactly any amusements, if you'd only come a little sooner, now, for we had Howe and Mabus' Circus here a week ago, and they had a first rate clown. But that's a Debatin' Club over to the school-house to-night; spos'n you go over?"

Rejoiced to find anything w' crow' with to while away the tedious hours of night, our traveller assented, and to the "Debatin' Club" he went. The house was a country schoolhouse, and I presume that you, kind reader, know how it must have looked, for who is there in this "georgic and gloriouso country" that has not seen one? There mounted on his throne in that temple of knowledge, was the village school-master, ex-officio the President of the Society—the counterfeiter presentment of Dominie Sampson, of "prodigious" notoriety.

In fact, "Wisconsin is a great State," and this "am a great country sure," and it can't be "washed out nohow." I think the foregoing will obviate the correspondence from this quarter.

J. A. F.

Letter No. Five.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov. 27, 1851.

DEAR JOURNAL:—This is Thanksgiving day for this State, as well as for good old Massachusetts, and I might almost say for the whole United States, as nearly every State in the Union observes it with us. The day of turkeys and plum-pudding in the South is to me an entirely different matter from what it is in New England. Here, it is comparatively a new thing, the custom having been observed only for the past few years,—at home it is "a time honored custom," coming down to us from our good old puritan fathers; here, it is a day for drinking and western carousing,—in New England, it is a grand family gathering day.

I have often heard it said that Thanksgiving day is one in which every New Englander wants to be on the spot, but never before realized the truth of this feeling so much, as to day. It is indeed anything but being at home, to be "far away" on such a day as this, for it awakens so many happy and delightful associations, and among them—not the least either—looms up the brown turkey and the bright array of pudding, pies, &c., which a Yankee can never forget. No! never.

Mr. President and Gentlemen, and Ladies—I arise to advocate the affirmative of this question; that is to say that I firm that Mr. Columbus did a greater benefit to mankind than Gen. Washington. In order more fully to digest the interrogatory just propounded, to enter fully into the merits of the case, I will give a brief, succinct, and condensed account of Mr. Columbus's life and exploits. Sir, who was Christopher Columbus? Sir, who answers, the greatest man of his times, Sir, Columbus was the offspring of a man of the same name, who was an indignant basket-maker in a small town called Riom, situated on the river Tigris, a stream which takes its rise in the Pyrenean Mountains, and flows in a south easterly course into the Gulf of Mexico. At an early age Columbus evinced a decided talent for the sea, and occupied the leisure hours of his infancy in perusing books of travel and works of navigation; it was while engaged in these pursuits that he inadvertently met with the works of Robinson and Crusoe, and Captain Cook, and the definition he made from them was far away over the trackless main, thitherto untrodden by the foot of man, was an undiscovered country. As he approached manhood, he was filled with a desire to discover that country which he often saw in his youthful dreams; actuated by this desire, he petitioned the great Pontifical Pope of Rome to give him three yalls and a jolly-boat to carry out his design. That distinguished man at first refused, but his wife Cleopatra, being pleased with the promising looks of Mr. Columbus, actuated with a magnanimity which is a caricature of her sex, prevailed upon him to grant Columbus's request, whereupon, providing his vessels with stores and men out of his own pocket, Columbus got ready on a certain day of a certain month, and in a certain year he set sail from the Holy See of Rome, and after a long and tempestuous trip, he set foot, at last, upon the Plymouth Rock, in the Island of Juan Fernandez; it was on that occasion that he exclaimed—Breathes there any man with soul so perfectly dead as never to himself said, this is my own, my native land!

Yesterday I came up the river, after a journey down the Ohio on one of the splendid steamers which ply on these western rivers. They are now building, for the accommodation of the travelling public, a very fine class of boats, to run on those waters, and one that I have just left deserves a passing notice. She is new, and about 275 feet long by 32 broad; the berths are all in state rooms on the second deck; the first deck is used for the engines five in number, and for freight, as is also her hold. These western boats have no cabin below, as they must be built almost flat-bottomed, on account of the shoals in the river. A new feature has been introduced in her, and it is most really a capital plan, and deserves the commendation of all travellers. She has a fine and well-selected library of five hundred volumes placed in her cabin, free to the use of all on board. This will have an important influence in rooting out the yellow-covered literature with which our western boats abound at this time.

Intemperance is seen at the West in all its fearful realities. I will relate a case that came under my own observation in Illinois, affording a dark picture in human society. At a place in the town called "Irish hollow," a family was found a few days since, in a shanty, of which the inside was but a pile of rags. In one part of the room—they have but one—lay a little girl asleep, her head pillow'd on a dead infant, and the sharp features of the little babe proved that it died of starvation. Within a few feet lay a twin sister to the infant, nearly exhausted, and near by lay the remains of what was once a woman—now a creature in a state of beastly intoxication, with scarcely rags enough to cover her nakedness; and she the mother of these children. Thank God this State, and many of the people of the West are waking up to a sense of their duty, and the discussion is now going on here, "how can we be saved from this curse?" You will next hear from me at the "Mammoth Cave" the wonder of wonders.

J. A. F.

Of course—I have a great aversion to Auburn locks, as the criminal said when he took a cell in the Auburn prison.

A man too busy to take care of his health, who so base as dare say it? Look at him at the battle of the Nile, look at him at Waterloo,

the Cowpens, on the Plains of Marathon, at the Pyramids, at Stillman's Defeat, at Bad Axe; and Sir, look at him at the battle of New Orleans!"

"General Washington at the battle of New Orleans!" exclaimed a huge backwoodsman, gesticulating violently. "Mr. Speaker, is there such a ignoramus in the house? Sir, any school-boy knows that the battle of New Orleans was fit before General Washington was born. Let the gentleman read Plutarch's lives, the lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, or let him read Arkwright's History of the Black Hawk War, and he'll find that General Henry Dodge fit the battle of New Orleans."

How the noise and confusion became so great that our traveller might have been seen wending his way to the inn, a wiser man than when he arrived at J——.

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### WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME.

I mind me of a pleasant time,  
A season long ago,  
The pleasantest I've ever known,  
Or ever now can know;  
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills  
So merrily did chime,  
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,  
And I—was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,  
From every bending spray,  
I've never pulled such primroses,  
Set thick on bank and brae;  
I've never smelt such violets,  
As all that pleasant time,  
I found by every hawthorn root,  
When I was in my prime.

Yon mopy down, so black and bare,  
Was gorgeous then, and gay  
With gorse and gowan blossoming  
At noon bloom now-a-day;  
The blackbird sings but seldom now,  
Up there in the old lime,  
Where, hours and hours he used to sing,  
When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then,  
To pierce one through and through;  
More softly fell the silent shower,  
More balmy the dew;  
The morning mist and evening haze,  
Unlike this cold gray rime,  
Seemed woven waves of golden air,  
When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now—  
Were finely flavored then;  
And hazel nuts! such clusters thick  
I ne'er shall pull again;  
Nor strawberries, blushing wild, as rich  
As fruits of sunniest clime;  
How all is altered for the worse,  
Since I was in my prime!

### TALES AND SKETCHES.

#### LINDSEY BUSH.

To a lone settler, in a new land, especially where a dense forest enshrouds all, with no clearing of as much as a river's bosom, a blank, or bluff, the mere act of locating, the choice of a definite spot in preference to all others, must be a matter of not a little perplexity; and also attended with much uncertainty as to the ultimate vindication by time of its judiciousness. The present always deals ruthlessly with the past, and honors its decisions only where they coincide with its own. And it may perhaps be much owing to such a hap-coincidence, that the sweet hill-home, indicated by the name at the head of these lines, yet remains one of the most attractive residences, not merely of the town which it ornaments, (Cherry Valley,) but also of the whole highly romantic and productive county of Oswego, (N. Y.) Or, it were *said* a sagacity which no subject development has impeached.

John Lindsay was a Scotch gentleman of fortune and distinction, a co-proprietor with Gov. Clark to eight thousand acres of land, ten miles south of the Mohawk, and fifty west of Albany; and was disposed to test the realities, both favorable and unfavorable, of an actual residence on his domain. Thus minded, accompanied by his wife, wife's father, and a few domestics, he in 1749 plunged boldly into the deep forest of central New York, and fixed upon the hill above-mentioned. It is one among a thousand other beautiful hills, in a narrow but pleasant valley, which entertains one of the main branches of the Susquehanna, backed by a high-wooded range on the west, and fringed by a similar range though somewhat more remote on the east. The wide forests around were then vocal with summer song, and well stocked with game, of all gailes of value and ferocity, from the deer and the panther down to the quick-winged pigeon, and playful squirrel. The Indian, too, was there. And a happy circumstance, by the way was this for the dwellers at Lindsey Bush; for, during their winter's abode in their new home, cut off by a deep fall of snow from the settlements on the Mohawk, they would all doubtless have perished with hunger, but for a friendly son of the forest, who, borne upon the peaty crust by snow-shoes, interposed for them—coming and going again constantly, like the ravens that waited on Elijah. How priceless the development of so kindly a trait of humanity in the breast of the red man.

But John Lindsay did not remain an occupant of this charming spot. Having called around him the preacher, the schoolmaster, and a circle of hardy and virtuous yeomen, mainly from the north of Ireland, and his own native Scotland, and so planted the germ of a vigorous colony, he himself accepted a Lieutenantcy in the British Army, lived awhile at Oswego, and finally died, much respected and honored in the city of New York. He little knew the all that he left behind him, as he exchanged the sweet "Bush," the humble log church of the scattered settlement, and the fellowship of the pioneer band, for the Royal Barracks at Oswego, and the itinerant life of a soldier. And those that tarried there, as little knew what awaited them.

The next owner and occupant of Lindsey Bush, was John Wells; an Irishman by birth, of sterling moral character, and a chief man in the hamlet, an associate Judge with Sir William Johnson, in the County Courts, and who died a year before the outbreaking of the Revolution, leaving his possessions to his son Robert. This Robert, with a wife, mother, and four children, a brother, a sister, and domestics, were destined to be the passive agents of investing this locality with a melancholy interest, such as all after time shall not suffice to destroy. The eleventh of November 1778, was to them a fatal day. The war of the Revolution was at its height. A band of Indians and Tories, the latter more fierce, were stealing, all unheralded, upon these peaceful ones. Exposed by the impudence of their military leader, whom t' e'e'venment had stationed in the colony for its defence, but who'd due judgement made its presence really a greater injury t' can benefit, their merciless foes were upon them without a moment's warning. Resistance was vain; parley was ineffectual; flight was impossible; and even prayer afford'd no sanctuary; as an Indian afterwards boasted that he killed Mr. Wells while on his knees! No one but the ruthless invaders, it is true, were left to tell in detail what then occurred. But even their recital is

sufficiently horrible. The amiable sister, whose name was Jane, using the Indian language, with which she had been familiar from childhood, and referring to her honored sire, whom the Indians revered, and to the ever free hospitality of their house and impartiality of their family, begged in vain for life. A swarthy friend who pursued her to the woodpile, which she fondly hoped might afford her shelter, deliberately wiped a bloody blade upon his sleeve before her eyes, caught her by the arm, grasped his tomahawk, and silenced the pitiful supplicant with a stroke.

Such is a sample of the work in general which that sad morning beheld. But how needs the tongue of an eye witness to portray the scene to him? Does not every ear hear the furious yell of the savage, mingling with the despairing shriek of his victim, as doors and windows are burst open with a crash, and the assailants hasten to their terrible work? Does not every eye see, as with a clear retrospect, the malignant hate that flushed the countenance of the aggressors, and the mingled surprise, error, despair, and submission to their fate, that was expressed in the looks of the sufferers? Is not every reader at once sufficiently aware of the eye-witness and an ear-witness of the dread scene? Poor Lindsey Bush! How a dark day was this in its history! What a baptism of blood, and of fire, was it now baptised with! The corpses and bones of its late happy owners lay scattered about it, while a blackened and smoking heap of ashes, brands, beams, and stones, was all that remained of their recent dwelling. Six long years this fine homestead lay in waste, overrun with an unchecked growth of grass, weeds and bushes, ere it began to be itself again. The surges of the war at length ceased, and under the unarmed protection of peace, surviving settlers, and heirs of deceased ones, ventured to these border-houses again, and entered upon their rightful possessions. Lindsey Bush was not without an heir. A solitary son of Robert Wells, providentially absent from the massacre, survived the wreck of the family. But what charms had his native spot for him now? Could he approach it and not behold the writhing smoke of the burning dwelling, and the streaming blood of all his kindred, discoloring the ground and making it sanguineous to him? Could he stand there and not hear his dying shrieks in his ears? Or could he sleep there without disturbing dreams of what transpired on that fell morning, when alike, father, mother, brother, sister, uncle and aunt, in one brief half hour, by well-aimed shot, by tomahawk, by bayonet, or by brutal blow, were cut off from among the living? No. A spot like this, that notwithstanding its unrivaled natural beauty, and all its fertile acres around, could be a home to him no longer. Like the first proprietor of it, disposing of its possessions to others, he became a resident of New York city, where, after a life of marked eminency in his profession, he finally deceased. Who had not heard of the late Hon. John Wells, of New York? How remarkable the Providence that sent him, a boy, to the grammar school of Schenectady, that he right escape the edge of the sword that devoured at home? "It is not of him that willet, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

A commodious mansion, embowered in shrubbery, and with a portico entwined with ivy, now crowns fine hill, owned and occupied by an hospitable family from the valley of the Connecticut. They have no relays to show of those bloody times, save a part of the cellar of the house, which is the same now as then. But to travellers and strangers they often have an opportunity of showing a commendable species of politeness, by reciting to them portions of the thrilling tale. And rare is the visitor who turns away his steps from Lindsey

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1851.

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 13, 1851.

### AGENTS.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENOUL & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DIXE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

### PROGRESS.

The above word expresses briefly, but fully, "the order of the day," for wherever we turn our eyes we shall find, that man is not satisfied with his present attainments in any department of life,—he still progresses to something beyond, not yet reached.

It was thought, sometime since, that when we arrived at the point in the history of navigation, so that we could hear from Europe in ten to twelve days, it was the last triumph that could be made in that quarter. It would seem as though this was sufficient to ratify most any one who desired great speed in the transmission of intelligence; and when a contrast was made between the present conveniences for intercourse and those of ten or fifteen years since, the improvement appeared truly wonderful.

But Progress says, we must not rest here for there are the Telegraph's used on Terra firma; and cannot these be used between the continents? Cannot we have a submerged line, so that we shall have daily and hourly communications from England, or from any part of the continent of Europe, and thus the thoughts of one nation be instantly transmitted to sister nations, no matter in what part of the Hemispheres they may be located?

Start not, gentle reader, and say the plan is chimerical, for it is not so much so as you might at first imagine or suppose; it is now a matter of fact that a submarine telegraph is in successful operation between England and France, and at any moment London and Paris can talk to each other with as much ease as though they were next door neighbors. We hesitate not to say, that a line can be easily extended from our coast to Ireland, thus requiring but about two thousand miles of wire, and when once sunk in the profound depths of the Atlantic, would remain undisturbed from the shifting currents, or the chafing rocks, and could readily be arranged so as not to be subject to those accidents to which the English and French line was necessarily exposed in the narrow channel between the two countries.

This would indeed be a triumph in the annals of our history, never before approached, and would make some of the "older inhabitant's" eyes open pretty wide, especially when in the "Journal" of Saturday we should publish European, Asiatic, or Chinese news, of the day previous. Nevertheless, we believe the day will come when it will be accomplished, and perchance we may find in the paths of "Progress" some improvement or a submarine telegraph, altho' for the life of us we cannot now see any, except perhaps that passengers should be carried over in a day or two, which seems now about as impossible, as twenty-five or thirty years ago, it would have been to have gone from Boston to New York or Philadelphia in a day—a journey now accomplished with ease in eight to twelve hours.

"Progress," then, is our watchword, and will be so long as the nations, and especially our own land, make such rapid strides in civilization, and in adapting the arts and sciences to the use of every-day life; and we must be prepared for most anything now-a-days in the shape of invention, even from "Paine's Gas" to "Barnum's Annihilator" and must not be astonished if all such articles come out bright in the end.

**BOLD AND SUCCESSFUL ROBBERY.**—Last Saturday night the dwelling-house of Mr. William D. Warren, in this town, was entered, and \$1000 in bank bills stolen from a trunk, principally on the Faneuil Hall Bank, Eagle, and Bank of Commerce, Boston. The rogue first effected an entrance to the livery stable adjoining, and let loose the horses, and the noise made by them awakening the Irish girl, she called Mr. Warren; and while he went to the stable for a few moments, the scoundrel entered the room where Mrs. W. was sleeping in the second story, and took the trunk containing the money from under the bed, and made his escape. The trunk was found broken open, near by, the next morning. Mr. Warren, it may be said, had but just got fairly started in business, and the money taken was the proceeds of his own industry. The loss is a heavy one, and we hope his many friends, if they do nothing more substantial, will at least give to Mr. Warren the liberal patronage in business which he deserves.

**RIGHT, AT LAST.**—We are happy to inform our readers that "the new fence" around the hay-scales will certainly be painted as soon as the scales are properly sealed. Will the official functionary please step up and affix his big seal?

**THAT TOWN CLOCK**—we hope is not yet wound up. They have a good one in Winchester, and it keeps good time and looks well. So would one in Woburn.

**TEACHER WANTED.**—A teacher is wanted, to take charge of the South Grammar School in Marblehead. Salary, \$550. Cannot we send them one from Woburn?

### CITY ELECTIONS FOR MAYOR.

BOSTON.—Four candidates in the field, and no choice, all good men, we suppose, but can't all be Mayors. A new election will be ordered.

CHARLESTON.—Richard Frothingham, Jun., elected.

ROXBURY.—Samuel Walker was re-elected.

LOWELL.—Dr. Elisha Huntington elected.

NEWBURYPORT.—Gen. Caleb Cushing was re-elected.

WORCESTER.—Peter C. Bacon elected.

### AFTERNOON SHOOTING.

Last Monday forenoon a man was arrested in Boston, for threatening to shoot a man named Harris. He went along very quietly until he got into Sudbury street, when he suddenly drew a pistol from his pocket and fired it at the officers. Officer Butman was so near him at the moment that the powder of the explosion burnt his hand, and the ball whistled past his face. In the Police Court, on Tuesday, he was brought up on a charge of assault upon officer Butman, with intent to kill. He waived an examination and was ordered to give bail in \$2000, for trial in the Municipal Court, and also to give bonds in \$2000 to keep the peace.

**GOLD FEVER.**—We understand that the California gold fever rages to a great extent in this vicinity. The arrival of a number of persons richly laden with gold, has again excited the desire of many for riches, and a large number are preparing soon to leave for California. In South Boston, particularly, there are quite a large number who are soon to leave for the Pacific coast. Many of those who are preparing are among the best citizens. Quite a number of machinists and mechanics are soon to try their luck, and in one foundry some twelve or fifteen have given notice of their intention to resign their situations on this account.—*Traveler.*

The gold fever is also raging to a considerable extent in Woburn, and it carries off, almost weekly, quite a number of our young men. The gold fever seems to have broken out afresh in all directions.

**THE NEW YORK EXHIBITION.**—A petition has been presented to the Board of Aldermen of New York, signed by hotel-keepers and others, asking that "Madison Square" be granted to Edward Riddle and his associates, who propose to erect upon said square a building commensurate with the size of the ground, constructed of iron and glass, for the purpose of an Industrial Exhibition of all nations, and to cause the same to be opened to the public on the 15th day of April next.

**SNOW IN MAINE.**—A letter from Manson, Me., says:—"It is now most beautiful sleighing, and has been ever since the 12th of Nov. Snow is about 10 or 12 inches, and in some places it drifted, occasioned by the violent blow last Monday and Tuesday. Teams, embracing a hundred or more horses, are passing through here to the Moosehead Lake every day."

**SEIOUS ACCIDENT.**—Last Monday forenoon, a man named Hunt, belonging to West Cambridge, the contractor for building General Thompson's new dwelling house on Academy Hill, while at work upon a staging, fell to the ground, a distance of about twenty feet, striking upon his head, cutting and bruising it very severely, and it is feared, injuring him internally.

**DROWNED IN WINCHESTER.**—Mr. Thomas Tisdell, of Winchester, was drowned, last Sunday, while attempting to cross Wade's Pond, on his way to dine with a friend. His hat was discovered on the ice on Monday morning, which led to a search for the body, and its subsequent recovery during the day. He leaves a wife and several children.

**WOBURN HOTEL.**—It is suggested that a first class hotel must be built the coming season, one that will accommodate families, the location to be near the railroad depot, with ample grounds. Builders are ready to contract, and only wait for the movement to subscribe for stock.

**STRIKERS' RIOT.**—A riot occurred in Cincinnati recently, in connection with a Cabinet maker's strike, on a reduction of wages; many collected, and fire arms were freely used. The mayor and police succeeded in arresting the ring-leaders, and after a hard fight secured them in prison.

**PELAGAN ASSEMBLIES.**—These popular assemblies commence for the season on Wednesday evening next, and are to be six in number. We can assure a pleasant and agreeable time to all who attend. Flanders "has the floor," and Smith's Salem Band "does" the music.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.**—This is decidedly one of the best magazines of the day. The present number will well repay perusal. The throwing over of the tea in Boston harbor is worth a year's subscription. To be had at Fowle's.

**THE STONEHAM LIGHT INFANTRY.**—We understand, are giving a series of dances in that town, which are well attended, and enjoyed by all who participate in them.

**BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.**—An endless variety at Fowle's bookstore. We cannot count them—all new and beautiful, for Christmas presents.

**DEAD LETTERS.**—In the Report of the Post Master General, it is stated that more than 4000 pounds of dead letters were received from California during the last summer.

**VIRGINIA ELECTOR.**—Johnson, the Democratic candidate for Governor is elected. Both branches of the Legislature are probably Democratic.

**CORRESPONDENTS.**—We have several communications on hand which will receive attention in due time.

### BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN

FROM THE YEAR 1641 TO 1843.

(Continued.)

1673.

Craggen, Anna, d. of John, 6th of 6th. Brooks, Meriam, d. of Isaac, 16th of 10th. Flagg, John, s. of Gershom, 25th of May. Richardson, Nathaniell, s. of Nathaniell, 27th of August.

Tompson, Simon, s. of Jonathan, 15th of June. Knight, Joseph, s. of Joseph, 12th of 10th. Johnson, Nathaniell, s. of John, 15th of May. Richardson, Stephen, s. of Joseph, 7th of 12th. Foster, Abigail, d. of Hooper, 12th of March. Richardson, Martha, d. of Samwell, 20th of 10th.

Dain, William, s. of William, 5th of July. Richardson, Peirson, s. of John, 22d of 7th. Walker, Benjamin, s. of John, 25th of 11th. Brooks, Jaber, s. of John, 17th of 5th.

Peirce, Timothy, s. of Thomas, 25th of Jan. Richardson, Ruth, d. of Theophilus, 31st of 6th.

Carter, Mary, d. of Samwell, 21st of July. Green, Samwell, s. of John, 29th of January. Blagget, Martha, and Mary, twin daughters of Samwell, 15th of 7th.

Read, Sarah, d. of Israell, 29th of August. Converse, John, s. of James, 22d of August. Bush, Sarah, d. of Ebenezer, 11th of 11th.

Lock, Ebenezer, s. of William, 8th of 11th. 1674.

Walker, Susannah, d. of Israell, 1st of March. Farbou, Ebenezer, s. of Caleb, 3d of April.

Barker, Jonathan, s. of John, 2d of 2d.

Kendall, Lydia, d. of John, 23d of 2d.

Snow, Abigail, d. of James, 2d of 3d.

Read, Mary, d. of George, 15th of June.

Snow, Daniel, s. of Samwell, 9th of 5th.

Richardson, Joseph and Benjamin, twin sons of Isaac, 25th of 4th.

Fowl, Samwell, s. of James, 17th of 7th.

Wyman, Benjamin, s. of Francis, 25th of August.

Johnson, Abigail, d. of William, 4th of 8th.

Carter, Joseph, s. of Joseph, 28th of 9th.

Wyman, Mary, d. of John, 25th of June.

Winn, Josiah, s. of Joseph, 15th of March.

Peirce, James, s. of John, 6th of 6th.

Willson, Hannah, d. of John, Jr., 28th of 12th.

Hall, Elizabeth, d. of Thomas, 14th of 10th.

Convers, Ruth, d. of Zachary, 3d of 8th.

Brush, Joseph, s. of George, 11th of 11th.

Knight, Lydia, d. of Michael, 29th of 7th.

Kendall, Ruth, d. of Thomas, 17th of February.

Johnson, Ruth, d. of Mathew, 1st of 11th.

1675.

Flagg, Hannah, d. of Gershom, 12th of March.

Convers, Elizabeth, d. of James, 23d of 3d.

Wright, Joanna, d. of Joseph, 18th of 2d.

Tompson, Hannah, d. of James, 31st December.

Russell, Jonathan, s. of John, 6th of 6th.

Dain, Samwell, s. of William, 25th of July.

Richardson, Stephen, s. of Stephen, 20th of 12th.

Richardson, Jacob, s. of John, 15th of 12th.

Houghton, Henry, s. of John, 23d of 12th.

Carter, Samwell, s. of Samwell, 27th of Aug.

Green, William, s. of William, 9th of 6th.

Walker, Mary, d. of John, 27th of 10th.

Jacquith, Elizabeth, d. of Abraham, 19th of 3d.

Richardson, James, s. of Nathaniell, 26th of Feb.

Waters, Mary, d. of Samuel and Mary, 19th of October.

**KOSOOTH.**—Notwithstanding all the great demonstrations in favor of this distinguished man, a violent opposition has arisen against my action of Congress in his favor, as a national act. We, though small, amongst so many great luminaries, predicted this, and the stow is not yet.

**FIRES IN RANDOLPH.**—A little boy named Belcher, aged four years, while engaged in playing in his father's barn at Randolph, Wednesday, set fire to the barn, and before the fire was extinguished, the dwelling-house and carpenter's shop adjoining were consumed.

**FIRES IN BILLERICA.**—A dwelling house, barn and out-buildings, belonging to Mr. Emes Woodbury, in Billerica, were destroyed by fire on Tuesday evening about 8 o'clock. Loss about \$3000; insured for \$1900 at the Cambridge Mutual.

**SENTENCE OF A HIGHWAY ROBBER.**—We learn from the Portland Advertiser, that the trial of Wm. H. Hall, accused of an aggravated assault and highway robbery, was finished on Tuesday, before the Supreme Court in that city, and resulted in his being sentenced to the State's Prison for life.

**HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.**—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of this railroad, Wednesday, the three conductors in charge of the three trains which were so unfortunately brought into collision on Thursday evening week, were all displaced by an unanimous vote of a full Board.

**ELOPEMENT.**—The Manchester (N. H.) Mirror gives an account of the elopement of an infant in the Stark Mills, named Edward Wilson, with a girl named H. J. Tilson, last week. Wilson leaves a wife and three children in destitute circumstances.

**RAILROAD ACCIDENT.**—The New York passenger train from Fall river to Boston, was partially thrown off the track near Fall river, on Wednesday morning, by a misplaced switch. The officers of the train were saved.

**PACIFIC FIRE INSURANCE CO.**—Are you insured? If not, read the advertisement of the Pacific Insurance Co., and call on Mr. Hinckley. Your insurance will be safe.

**DEAD LETTERS.**—In the Report of the Post Master General, it is stated that more than 4000 pounds of dead letters were received from California during the last summer.

**GODEY'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.**—As usual, is good. It should be on every lady's table. Fowle has it.

**CUBA.**—The New York Herald, New Orleans Delta and Picayune newspapers have been interdicted in the Island of Cuba.

**LIQUOR IN LOWELL.**—There are 198 grog shops in Lowell; 123 kept by foreigners, and 66 by Americans.

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### REPORT ON THE NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.

Mr. Eboron:—The committee having in charge the building of the Primary School House for the Western Ward, in District No. 1, (though not fully completed,) ask leave, through your columns, to submit the following suggestions and explanations in reference to the house and fixtures, not, however, as a final report. It was our intention, had the building and fixtures been fully completed in

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1851.

## LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The American mail steamer Pacific arrived at New York on Sunday evening, bringing news from Europe to the 26th ult. The following items are among the most important:—

The fine packet ship Great Western had been aground and sustained considerable damage.

Letters from Liverpool state the suspension of two firms, both concerned with the American trade, viz., Pryde & Jones, and Haraden & Co.

Hon. R. J. Walker, late Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, was entertained at a public dinner given at the Adelphi House by about seventy of the principal merchants of Liverpool, on the 24th of November.

A few gentlemen of Birmingham have remitted to M. Kossuth a present of about £1000 since his departure for the United States.

SPAIN.—The news from this country is unimportant except that two vessels had arrived at Cadiz with another portion of the Lopez expedition on board.

AUSTRIA.—The State of Hungary is most unsatisfactory, and Government organs admit that it is much agitated. The system of expulsion is still carried on at Vienna, on a grand scale.

## Still Later.

The steamer Niagara, which arrived at Halifax on Thursday morning, brings three days' later intelligence.

The Niagara experienced very heavy weather and strong head winds three-fourths of the way.

The steamer City of Pittsburg, sailed same day.

No American steamer had arrived at Liverpool since the Pacific.

FRANCE.—The engrossing topic throughout Europe, is the approaching crisis of affairs in France. The Assembly, despite the recent successes of the unmistakable popularity of the President, seem resolved to provoke him into direct collision, and every step taken, by either party, is evidently watched with intense interest by other countries of Europe.

An extraordinary article of incredible length had appeared in the Constitutional, wherein a direct attack was made upon some of the highest names in France, who were charged with being members of a Secret Committee for the purpose of overthrowing the Government. It even led to interrogations being addressed to the Minister in the Assembly.

On Saturday, November 23, the President delivered crosses and medals to the successful French exhibitors in the London Exhibition.

Cavaignac had declared that they would support the President as the only means of saving the Republic.

PRUSSIA.—Lieut. Pim, in company with a Cabinet messenger, arrived at Berlin, en route for Liberia, on Sunday, Nov. 23. He was introduced by Baron Humboldt to the King, who gave him letters to the Emperor of Russia, who will no doubt cause him to receive assistance in the search for the long lost Sir John Franklin,

MISSISSIPPI WITHOUT A GOVERNOR.—The offices of Governor, president of the Senate, and Speaker of the House of Representatives, having become vacant, the Secretary of the State of Mississippi has issued his proclamation calling the Senate together, that a president thereof may be chosen to exercise the office of Governor until the first day of January. Mississippi thus presents the singular spectacle of being without a Governor. Gov. Guion, who succeeded to the office, as president of the Senate, on the resignation of Gov. Quitman, has so construed the law as to make his term of office to expire with the period to which he was elected to the Senate, and hence the proclamation referred to above. The Vicksburg Whig thinks the interregnum will produce much confusion.

COMPLIMENT TO AMERICAN INGENUITY.—Mr. Geo. Wright, the ingenious inventor of the beautiful machine for making percussion caps, which was exhibited at the Capitol last year, has just returned from Constantinople, to which city he took one of his machines some months ago to submit to the Ottoman Government. The Sultan not only ordered it to be purchased, but bestowed on the worthy inventor a complimentary present of much intrinsic value as well as beauty. It consists of what the Turks call a Zarf, or coffee cup holder, finely enamelled, and ornamented with some thirty diamonds.

EDUCATION IN WISCONSIN.—There are three colleges in Wisconsin, the most important and best conducted of which is Beloit College. The endowment of this Institution has already \$30,000, though it has been but four years in operation; and its professors are nearly all graduates of Old Yale. The University of Wisconsin, the second of the colleges, is under State patronage, and has a splendid endowment, though it has done little, as yet, in the way of education. Carroll College is the third, and is situated at Waukesha, about twenty miles from Milwaukee.

LETTERS FREQUENTLY REACH THE PACIFIC WITH THE ENVELOPES PARTLY TORN OFF, AND THE ADDRESS RENDERED ILLEGIBLE, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE PRACTICE OF MANY PERSONS IN USING SEALING-WAX ON THEIR ENVELOPES. IN PASSING THROUGH THE TROPICS THE WAX IS INvariably MELTED. THE POSTMASTER GENERAL HOPES THAT THE USE OF SEALING-WAX WILL HEREAFTER BE ENTIRELY DISCONTINUED.

THE BILL FOR CALLING A SECESSION CONVENTION HAS PASSED THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF SOUTH CAROLINA, BY A VOTE OF 68 TO 64, AND ONLY AWAITED THE SIGNATURE OF THE GOVERNOR TO BECOME A LAW.

THE DUNDEE ADVERTISER SAYS THAT A BLIND BEGGER, WHO WAS LATELY SOLICITING CHARITY IN PERTH, WAS LED BY A SHEEP, WHICH GUIDED HIM OUT OF THE WAY OF CARRIAGES WITH AS MUCH SEASIDE AS A DOG COULD HAVE SHOWN.

## GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND.

The city of Portland has been visited by one of the most wide spread and destructive conflagrations that ever occurred within its limits. It commenced on Sunday morning, between four or five o'clock, in the store of Messrs. Larabee & Jordan, Commercial wharf, and was discovered by the watchman at Mr. A. Hobson's sugar box factory, at the ferry village, on the Cape Elizabeth side of the harbor, who fired a gun several times to attract attention to it. Guns were also fired from the Revenue Cutter Alert, the fire being readily seen on the harbor side while it was not visible from the interior of the city.

Nearly the whole of Commercial and Long wharves are destroyed, together with twenty-seven stores, one hundred thousand dollars worth of heavy groceries, and nine vessels lying at the wharves. The Portland Advertiser publishes a long list of the sufferers, and estimates the loss at from \$100,000 to \$150,000.

The extent of the conflagration is owing, in a great degree to the want of a sufficient supply of water, the tide being out at the time of its commencement.

NAVAK.—U. S. storekeeper Relief, II. K. Thatch, Lieutenant, Commanding, will sail the midday of December for Rio Janeiro, from the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

U. S. frigate St. Lawrence, Commodore Dulany, will sail from the Brooklyn Navy Yard immediately, for San Francisco, touching at Rio Janeiro.

U. S. steam frigate San Jacinto will sail very soon from New York, bound to the Mediterranean, and for some time to come must be the only ship-of-war on that station bearing our flag, the Independence having been ordered home.

U. S. steamer Mississippi will sail from New York immediately, for Philadelphia, for repairs, and to test the new dock recently constructed at that place.

JAMES HUNT VS. JAMES GORDON BENNETT.—This was an action to recover damages for an alleged libel which was published in the New York Herald. In the year 1845, the plaintiff was appointed Sunday officer of the Sixth ward, and in that capacity exerted himself to prevent the sale of liquors on Sunday. For so doing, he was held up to ridicule in the alleged libel as transcending his duty of what the law required of him. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff of \$1,000.—N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*.

THE Colonization Journal states that the Liberia packet will be despatched for Liberia, about Christmas, touching Savannah, for the purpose of receiving on board two hundred and ten emigrants. But two hundred, instead of three hundred and five emigrants (as originally intended), will be sent to New Orleans about the same time. The executive committee do not consider that the treasury is in such a state as to justify a greater outlay.

THE foreign correspondent of the New Bedford Mercury says, "One odd thing in Milan is the number of dwarfs one sees. Not merely short people, but Quips and Mowchies, and in such numbers too, as one seldom meets. I used to see how many could count, and I have seen more than once a dozen in the course of an hour or so. It is marked enough to be very noticeable—almost as much as goitres and cretins in lower Switzerland."

THE editor of the Eastern Argus having been defeated as a candidate for legislative honors, philosophizes thus: "The question was submitted to the people of Northampton county, on Tuesday, whether they would rather have a good representative of a good party for the coming winter, and they were decided by a majority of eighty that they would rather have a good editor. Huzzah for our side!"

RECEPTION OF KOSSUTH IN BALTIMORE.—The city authorities, together with the military, the firemen, and civic associations, are making extensive preparations to give Kossuth an enthusiastic welcome. There is to be a procession, and the ceremonies will conclude with a banquet.

THE exports from Cuba the past year, were twenty-five millions, and the imports twenty-nine millions. The increase of trade with the United States in one year is over two millions—making our trade with Cuba take precedence of every other country.

THE new Capitol of the State of Tennessee will be one of the most magnificent buildings of the kind in the United States. It is built of polished limestone rock, upon a hill, giving a most extensive view of the surrounding country.

A man named Jones has been fined in London for attempting to sell, as prime Havana cigars, cigars composed of hay, ingeniously covered with tobacco-colored paper, and stained at each end so as to have the appearance of genuine cigars.

DECLARATION.—The Transcript learns that a clerk for John S. Farlow, grocer, corner of High and Federal streets, Boston, was sent to one of the banks on Monday with a check for \$1400, drew the money, and absconded from the city.

LIBERALITY OF RELIGIOUS FEELING.—Immediately after the de-trustion of the Unitarian Church at Bangor, on Sunday last, three societies, Orthodox, Baptist, and Universalist, offered their houses of worship to the use of the suffering society.

INCENDIARY ARRESTED.—Thomas Hickey, an Irishman, has been arrested for setting fire to the barn of Mr. Josiah Bush of New Braintree. There were three barns burned, besides a carriage house and other outbuildings. The loss is estimated at \$5000.

WALL OF A CHURCH BLOWN DOWN.—Tuesday afternoon, about 1 o'clock, a part of the wall of the new church edifice in process of erection on Suffolk street, Boston, was blown down.

STEAMERS.—The steamship City of Glasgow, from Philadelphia, arrived at Liverpool on the 23d ult., in seventeen days passage.

The Europa made the passage out to Liverpool in ten days and three hours.

THE bill for calling a Secession Convention has passed the House of Representatives of South Carolina, by a vote of 68 to 64, and only awaits the signature of the Governor to become a law.

THE Dundee Advertiser says that a blind beggar, who was lately soliciting charity in Perth, was led by a sheep, which guided him out of the way of carriages with as much sagacity as a dog could have shown.

## GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND.

FREE NEGROES.—The Assembly of Grenada, one of the British West India Islands, and a charming spot, too, have passed a bill, offering a bounty to free colored emigrants from the United States, who will settle there, or enter into contracts for service for a year or more.

AN old lady reading an account of the death of a distinguished lawyer, who was stated to be the father of the Philadelphia bar, exclaimed, "Poor man! he had a dreadful noisy set of children."

ELSEY A. HUXFORD, aged 15 years, a pupil of Miss Wells's boarding-school at Pittsfield, committed suicide on Wednesday night last, by drowning herself. She was a dressmaker, and had but lately entered the school.

A train of cars on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, was, last week, detained two days about ten miles from Gorham, N. H., on account of the depth of snow on the track.

THE New York Typographical Society on Saturday evening last, elected Kossuth an honorary member, and have invited him to dine with them on Franklin's birth day.

According to Galignani, the Emperor of Russia has just ordered 6000 carriages to be built for the different railways in his empire, in order to facilitate the conveyance of troops.

THE new steamship Trinity, bound from Boston to Galveston, was wrecked on the coast of Texas on the 23d ult., and was a total loss. Valued at \$20,000.

A UNIVERSITY IN CALIFORNIA.—The San Francisco Baptist Association have taken the preliminary step for establishing a University in California.

GENERAL CAVAGNAIS IS ABOUT TO MARRY MADAME OLLIER, DAUGHTER OR TO BANCER OF THAT NAME. THE lady is said to possess a fortune of \$1,000,000.

A new archaeological museum is about to be established in the Lateran at Rome, in addition to that existing in the Vatican library.

KOSSUTH commenced his career as a reporter for the Hungarian Diet, and afterwards became editor of an influential journal.

UPWARDS OF £3000 have been collected for the proposed equestrian statue of her majesty at Glasgow.

MR. SMEAD, of the Citizens' Bank, at Cincinnati, has contributed \$1000 to the Kossuth fund.

GRANVILLE JOHN PENN, Esq., of London, arrived at New York in the Africa. This gentleman is a lineal descendant of William Penn.

THE two highest taxes paid in Roxbury this year, are that of Ebenezer Francis, \$1,848, and that of J. A. Lowell, \$1,135, 20.

JUDGE SEWARD, Southern Rights candidate, has been elected Mayor of Mobile.

THE two highest cholera deaths in New Orleans for the week ending on the 2nd.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

### Woburn Lyceum.

THE fifth Lecture before the Lyceum will be given on TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 16th, at the UNITARIAN CHURCH, by DR. J. C. SMITH, of Boston. Lecture commences at 7.30 o'clock.

DR. SHAWDISH, WHETHER HE BE VERY COLD, THE LECTURE WILL BE GIVEN.

J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, J. EDWARDS, G. M. CHAMPNEY, COMMITTEE.

Woburn, Dec. 13, 1851.

### MARRIAGES.

In Winchester, Mass., Nov. 30, Mr. George R. Chaloner, of Boston, and Miss Elizabeth A. Davis, of Charlestown, 8th inst., Mr. James Noyes to Miss Mary B., daughter of Capt. Robert B. Eles.

THE two highest cholera deaths in New Orleans for the week ending on the 2nd.

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution the tenth day of January next, at 10 o'clock A. M., at my dwelling house in the county of Middlesex, all the right in equity of reversion, and all the right, title or interest that JOHN THOMAS ALLEN, deceased, had in the same, to-wit, to furnish the best of teams at hire, and to let at a rate sufficiently low to suit the most economical of the riding public. Call and see. W. D. WARREN, Oct. 18, 1851.

### TEARER, TAILOR,

KNIGHT'S BUILDING, WOBURN, MASS.

AS A great variety of Broadcloths, Cassimires and Vestings, of every shade and quality, for Fall and Winter trade, which will make into garments, for cash, at prices that will suit the most economical of the riding public. Constantly ready and inexpensive.

SHIRTS, COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

B. DAY M. A. M. E. CLOTHIHN G.,

every description.

B. STABLING FOR HORSES, Oct. 18, 1851.

### DEATHS.

In Charlestown, 7th inst., George Washington Brown, 28th inst., Ephraim Bayley, 37th inst., Mr. Francis Turner, of the Majestic & Turner, ship builders, 2nd inst., Mrs. Elizabeth A. Davis, of Lawrence, 2nd inst., Mr. James Noyes to Miss Mary B., daughter of Capt. Robert B. Eles.

DR. SHAWDISH, WHETHER HE BE VERY COLD, THE LECTURE WILL BE GIVEN.

J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, J. EDWARDS, G. M. CHAMPNEY, COMMITTEE.

Woburn, Dec. 13, 1851.

### POWDERED HERBS.

ALMANACS FOR 1852.

FARMERS, Christian Family, and Condo Almanacs, for sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

SMITH'S PREMIUM CLEANSING COMPOUND—a certain blue paint—watered—washed—dry painted—glazed—&c. &c. Sold by his agents, Dr. F. Russell, Esq., Dr. F. D. Huntington, Rev. A. V. St. John, Dr. C. Stockbridge, Dr. J. Edwards, Dr. G. M. Champney, Oct. 18, 1851.

APOTHECARY'S WARDROBE, Woburn, Oct. 18, 1851.

DR. CHAMPNEY'S, DR. FLANDERS', DR. STEPHEN DOW, DR. TRUMAN RICKARD, Oct. 18, 1851.

### NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

THE Teachers of the several Primary Schools in District No. 1, are hereby directed to send all scholars to the schools west of the Canal, and to equalize the number of scholars in the several Primary Schools in District No. 1, having regard to the number of scholars in the Canal.

THE North Primary School will include the streets west of the Canal, and the streets leading out of the Canal.

THE South Primary School will include Canal street, Warren street, the street connecting Warren and Canal street, Canal street, Summer street, Myer's Court, Main street from the Capt. Edgell house below the railroad depot, to John F. Smith's residence, Railroad street, and all the streets leading from it, belonging to it, or to the Canal street, the south end of Main street, and Franklin street.

THE Western Primary School will include all Pleasant street, and parts of Pleasant street and of it that are within the bounds of the Canal.

IT is the meaning of the committee, that all the scholars on both sides of each street shall attend the school to which the street is assigned. By the foregoing arrangement, there will be about seven scholars in the Eastern Middle Primary School, and about six in each of the other Primary Schools.

GEO. M. CHAMPNEY, DR. FLANDERS', DR. STEPHEN DOW, DR. TRUMAN RICKARD, Oct. 18, 1851.

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1851.

## POETRY.

**THE OLD TURNPIKE.**  
We hear no more of the clanging hoof,  
And the stage-coach rattling by;  
For the steam-king rules the travelled world,  
And the old pike's left to die.  
The grass creeps o'er the flinty path,  
And the stealthy daises steal  
Where once the stage-horse, day by day,  
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stage-dread  
The toil of the coming morn;  
No more the bustling landlording runs  
At the sound of the echoing horn;  
For the dust lies still upon the road,  
And bright-eyed children play  
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel  
Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the cracking whip,  
Or the strong wheels' rumbling sound;  
And ah! the water drives us on,  
And an iron-horse is found!  
The coach stands rusting in the yard,  
And the horse has sought the plough;  
We have spanned the world with an iron rail,  
And the steam-king rules us now!

The old turnpike is a 'pike no more,—  
Wide open stands the gate;  
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,  
Which we ride at a flying rate;  
We have filled the valleys and level'd the hills,  
And tunneled the mountain side;  
And round the rough crag's dizzy verge,  
Fearless now we ride!

On—on—with a haughty front!  
A puff, a shriek, and a bound;  
While the tardy echoes wake too late,  
To babble back the sound;  
And the old pike road is left alone,  
And the staggers seek the plow;  
We have circled the earth with an iron rail,  
And the steam-king rules us now!

## MISCELLANY.

**PRECOCITY OF INTELLECT.**  
Having watched the growth of the young mind a good deal, we are less in love with precocity, which indeed, is often a mere manifestation of disease—the disease of a very fine but weak nervous organization. Your young Rosciuses and all your wonders of that kind generally end in the feeblest of common-place. There is no law, however, precise and absolute in the matter. The difference of age at which men attain maturity of intellect, and even of imagination, is very striking. The tumultuous heat of youth has certainly given birth to most noble things in music, painting and poetry; but no less fine productions have sprung from the ripeness of years. Chatterton wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hopes of life, and saw nothing better than death, at the age of eighteen. Burns and Byron died in their thirty-seventh year, and, doubtless, the strength of their genius was over. Raffaele, after having filled the world with divine beauty, perished also at thirty-seven; Mozart still earlier. These might have produced still greater works. On the other hand, Handel was forty-eight before he gave the assurance of a man! Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich drapery, somewhat above the age of thirty, and did not even then know that he could write a line of poetry: yet what towering vigor and swinging ease appeared all at once in 'Glorious John.' Milton had, indeed, written his 'Comus' at twenty-eight; but he was upwards of fifty when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond thirty, and his 'Task' was not written till about his fiftieth year. Sir Walter Scott was upwards of thirty before he published his 'Mistressy,' and all his greatness was yet to come.

## A COOL OPERATION.

"Hello, there, caption!" said a brother Jonathan to a captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal. "What do you charge for passage?"

"Three cents per mile, and boarded," said the captain.

"Wall, I guess I'll take passage, captain, seeing as how I am kinder give out walking so far."

Accordingly he got on board just as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner.

Jonathan sat down and began to demolish the "fixins" to the utter consternation of the captain, until he cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably.

"How far is it, caption, from here to where I came aboard?"

"Nearly one and a half miles," said the captain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four and a half cents; but never mind, caption, I won't be small; here's five cents, which pays my fare up to here, I guess I'll go ashore now; I am kinder rested out."

The captain vamoosed for the cabin, and Jonathan went ashore. The captain did not take any more passengers the remainder of the trip.

**LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.**—Whoever goes to law, goes into a glass house, where he understands little or nothing of what he is doing; where he sees a whole matter blown up into fifty times the size of its intrinsic contents, and through which, if he can perceive any other objects, he perceives them all discolored and distorted; where everything is too brittle to bear handling; where, as in an element of fire, he frets, fumes, and is drained at every pore; and where, whatever he buys, he buys out of the fire and pay for according to its fictitious bulk. It had perhaps been better for him to have been contented with an earthen vessel.—*Skelton.*

**TEMPERANCE VS. SUCKERS.**—A witty clergyman had been lecturing one evening on the subject of temperance, and as usual after the lecture, the pledge was passed around for signatures. "Pass the pledge along that way, thoro," said the lecturer, at the same time pointing to the door where stood a gang of red nosed chaps. "Pass it along, perhaps some of those gentlemen would like to join our cause," said he. "We don't bite at the bare hook," gruffly muttered one of the runnies. "Well," replied the really clergymen, "I believe there is a class of fish called *suckers* that never bite."

**WHAT MAKES A MAN?**—The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed—and then victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—*Coutho.*

**GOOD REASON.**—One of our courts decided the other day, that a man was insane, because he paid money without taking a receipt.

Why is a truant schoolboy like a dose of bark and bane? When taken he should be well shaken.

## IMPORTANT CHARACTERS.

The following is a correct definition of certain characters—

**Fine People.**—The man who advertises in our paper; the man who never refuses to lend money.

**Genteel People.**—The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing, for fear of spoiling her hands; and the young gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father.

**Industrious People.**—The young lady who reads romances in bed; the friend who is always engaged when you call, and the correspondents who cannot find time to answer your letter.

**Timid People.**—A lover about to pop the question; and a man who does not like to be shot at.

**Unhappy People.**—All old bachelors, old maids, and married people.

**Ambition Chaps.**—The writer who pays the Magazine for inserting his communication.

The politician who quits his party because he cannot get an office. The boy who expects to be President.

**Humble Persons.**—The husband who does his wife's churning. The wife who blacks her husband's boots, and the man who says he thinks you do him too much honor.

**Mean People.**—The man who kicks people when they are down, the subscriber who neglects to pay for his paper: the girl who gave you the mitten: the man who doesn't patronize you.

## LONDON.

The following extract from an English paper will afford our readers some idea of the magnitude of London. If the streets of London were joined together they would extend 3000 miles; the main thoroughfares are traversed by 3000 omnibusses and 3500 cabs, employed by 40,000 horses. In 1849 the metropolis alone consumed 1,600,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, and 35,000 pigs. One market alone supplied 4,000,000 head of game. London, the same year, ate 3,000 salmon, washed down by 44,000 gallons of porter and ale, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 65,000 pipes of wine. The streets are fringed with 360,000 gas lights. London's arterial or water system supplies the enormous quantity of 44,333,338 gallons per day—a thousand vessels are employed in bringing annually to London 3,000,000 tons of coal; and to clothe and wait upon London's people we have no fewer than 23,516 tailors, 23,573 bootmakers, 40,000 milliners and dressmakers, and 168,017 domestic servants.

## FORMS OF SPEECH.

The Italians, whose country is called the country of good words, love the circuits of a spy, that an ambassador should not, as a spy hawk, fly outright to his prey, and module presently with the matter in hand; but, with the noble falcon, mount in language, soar high, fetch compasses of compliment, and then in due time stoop to game, and seize on the business propounded. Clean contrary the Switzer (who sent word to the king of France not to send them an ambassador with store of words, but a treasurer with plenty of money), count all words quite out which are not straight on, have an antipathy against eloquent language, the flowers of rhetoric being as offensive to them as sweet perfume to such as are troubled with the mother; yes, generally great soldiers have their stomachs sharp set to feed on the matter, latching long speeches, as wherein they conceive themselves to lose time, in which they could conquer half a country; and counting bluntness their best eloquence, love to be accosted in their own kind.—*Thomas Fuller.*

## THE FARMER.

Drive on, thou sturdy farmer,  
Drive cheerfully o'er the field,  
The pleasures of a farmer's life,  
No other life can yield.

Thou risest with the morning sun,  
To till the fruitful earth,  
And when thy daily task is done,  
Thou seek'st thy peaceful hearth.

Thou lovest not the gaudy town,  
With its tumultuous roar;  
Plenty and peace thy fireside crown,  
And thou dost ask no more.

Monarchs in robes with crimson dyed,  
Are low, compared with thee;  
They are pampered sons of pride,  
Thou art God's nobility.

Go on, thou sturdy farmer,  
Tread proudly on thy sod,  
Thou proud and goodly heritage,  
Thou chosen son of God.

**A NUT TO CRACK.**—Mr. Dunup has, in order to encourage ingenuity, resolved on offering a very handsome reward to any one who will pick his pocket so effectually as to get any thing out of it. The learned gentleman states, fairly enough, that he has tried the experiment on his own pocket, and has never succeeded; but that if any one else should prove more fortunate, he would be most happy to share the produce with the lucky individual. The professional pickpockets have, it is understood, long ago learned the task, so that amateurs have now a fair opportunity.—*Lovett Punch.*

Does anybody want some first-rate fresh eggs for three cents a dozen? I inquired a way morning. There was at once a general response of "I do," and "I too," "I'll take a lot," &c., from a dozen eager voices. "Well," said the wag: "I'm going to market to purchase some eggs, and if I find any at that price, I will call and let you know."

The farmer whose pigs were so lean, that it took two of them to make a shadow, has been beat by another who had several so thin that they would crawl out through the cracks in their pen. He finally stopped that "fun" by tying knots in their tails!

An Irish musician, who now and then indulged in a glass too much, was accosted by a gentleman with—

"Pat, what makes your face so red?"

"Please your honor," said Pat, "I always blush when I speak to a gentleman."

"Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know nobody to do nothin' for somebody now, you don't, do you?" "Yes, I guess not."

Good REASON.—One of our courts decided the other day, that a man was insane, because he paid money without taking a receipt.

Why is a truant schoolboy like a dose of bark and bane? When taken he should be well shaken.

When your friends are laid up with the rheumatism, always press them to come over and take tea with you. While such acts of kindness entail no expense on your pocket book, they procure for you a large reputation for sympathy and neighborliness. With proper discrimination, there is nothing that pays a better profit than "goodness of heart."

**XENOPHON.**—An old sage, when he was upbraided, and called timid because he would not venture his money at any of the games, said, "I confess that I am exceedingly timid, for I dare not do an ill thing."

**JUDGE.**—A woman offering to sign a deed, the judge said to her, "If your husband compelled her to sign?" "He compel me!" said the lady, "nor twenty like him."

**UNHAPPY PEOPLE.**—All old bachelors, old maids, and married people.

**AMBITION CHAPS.**—The writer who pays the Magazine for inserting his communication.

The politician who quits his party because he cannot get an office. The boy who expects to be President.

**HUMBLE PERSONS.**—The husband who does his wife's churning. The wife who blacks her husband's boots, and the man who says he thinks you do him too much honor.

**MEAN PEOPLE.**—The man who kicks people when they are down, the subscriber who neglects to pay for his paper: the girl who gave you the mitten.

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Particular attention is paid to reports of Lectures upon scientific and literary topics, and such other public discourse delivered in the city and elsewhere, as are interesting and instructive to the general reader.

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### TALES AND SKETCHES.

#### THE OLD CHURCH.

ANOTHER GROUP FROM "STILL LIFE," BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"OUR VILLAGE."

There stands an old church in the village of B——, which is one of the dearest memorials of my remembrance. It has held itself firmly up beneath the weight of a century, and looks as venerable as Time itself. It is just apart from the compact portion of the village, surrounded by the inspiring objects that nature often produces. It is also buried in the depth of a majestic grove, ancient as itself, whose foliage twinkles to the least breath of summer air. The grove is all alive with the songs of the birds, and they cluster around the trees of the old edifice, as if they loved it with more than human affection. The spire shoots lightly out from the green branches of the trees, and is surmounted by a cock, sitting up prim as a maid of forty, watching, as it were, the whereabouts of the villagers. It has been declared by the sexton that the cock was invariably in the habit of spreading its wings and crowing at the week-end, at twelve on Saturday, at midnight; but the deacon always said there was some doubt about that. The interior was also remarkable for its age, and the very organ appeared to have a trembling tone of antiquity. These were initials cut on the walls many years ago, by those whose names may be now found carved in the burying-ground. I have paced its aisles, and listened to the penitential melody of the autumn crickets, for they haunted and loved the spot. I have heard the chattering locusts about it in the silent August noon, and the whippoorwill oft visited the spot in the twilight of the early morning.

How many hours I have mused upon that spot! There was the chorister—he who officiated half a century in that capacity—combining the avocations of sexton, Sunday-school teacher, bell-ringer, sweeper, grave-digger, and the thousand other duties that linger around a church. 'Alas! poor Yorick!'—his modest little grave-stone is the only record left of him. He was called 'Simon.' Simon! how familiar it sounds! Morning, noon, and night, he was to be seen busting about the edifice. He was a particular man. He took more pride in his bell-rope than in all other objects whatever; and what is worthy of remark, he had it beautifully painted from end to end. He once drowned a sacristy cat for daring to walk through the sanctuary; and even the fies were not permitted to hunt around the building. His vocal music has never been equalled. He kept one string in his nose which produced a twang that stands entirely unparalleled. Methinks I see him now, standing erect with his book in hand, his spectacles on the tip of his nose, his eyes closed, dragging moderately through an old psalm—his voice growing weaker and weaker, as sleep gently descends upon him. And then, as he walked through the middle aisle, and delivered a note to the minister, there was an air of business depicted on his countenance—a responsibility—a sense of familiarity when he delivered his charge—a something that cast a breathless silence over the congregation, and attracted every eye toward him. Simon endeavored to be a pious man, but he once took the name of his God in vain, and he was never known to smile after. The truth may as well out, and this was the cause: Some rude boys, instigated by Satan, no doubt, one cold Saturday evening, turned up the mouth of Simon's bell, and charged it with water. During the night it became congealed, and on the following morning was a solid blue mass of ice. Simon appeared as usual, shook out his rope, and commenced preparations; but there was no sound. He started, for he was superstitious. He resolved to ascend into the belfry, but a second thought warned him against such temerity. Spirits might be hovering there, and his tongue, too, might lose its locomotive power. Away he ran, through the village, declaring that Satan, or some other power, had taken possession of the church-bell. He immediately raised a body of twelve armed men to march to the rescue. After much bustle, they arrived, and declared the bell to be frozen into silence, and hinted that Simon was the whole cause of it. Simon denied it. 'You admit the doors were locked on your arrival—it must be charged upon you,' said one of the band to the sexton. 'No, by my soul,' replied he. They persisted, and Simon persisted, until the latter, in a whirlwind of passion, said, 'he'd be d——d if he did!' and thus settled the matter. That was a sad day for Simon—a day which ruined him temporally if not spiritually. But me thinks, like the first oath of Uncle Toby, the recording angel dropped a tear, and blotted it out forever.

Few now recollect Simon. Those who looked up him in his official capacity, have long since gone to sleep, as well as himself. Many of the mounds in the little yard around his own were raised by his hand; and many is the breath that Simon has silently sopped down.

It was a school which taught him much, and the effects of which improved his life, until he had so often performed for others.

There, too, was old father Brewer. For forty years he occupied one particular seat. Neither summer's heat nor winter's cold kept him from the church. There he sat in the corner, round and heavy, his head naked, save a few white locks that fluttered thinly around his temples. When he passed away, there was a vacancy in the whole house. Something seemed wrong. He had so long been an object—a something during a weary discourse, to fix your eye upon, and find rest. It was long before that vacuum was filled, and in fact, it only gradually healed, like a deep rate wound. Father Brewer received his title from the circumstance of his being one of the fathers of the village. He was one of those who knew the day when the spot was a forest; when the wolf howled far and wide; when the Indian walked forth like a king, clad in the wild romance of his tribe; and only here and there the smoke of the white man curled among the green branches of the trees. He was instrumental in raising the little church in the shadows of the wilderness, and lived to behold that wilderness melt around it like the April snow, and stand forth, as it does now, in the sunshine of the blue heavens. His death was as quiet and tranquil as the sinking of the evening star, which vanishes in purity

# WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1851.

NO. 9.

VOL. I.

### REVOLUTIONARY SERMON, Preached on the eve of the Battle of Brandywine, in presence of Washington and Wayne.

BY REV. SAM TROUT.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

**SOLDIERS AND COUNTRYMEN:**—We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, the dismay of retreat—alike we have endured cold and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe and outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat, night after night, beside the same camp fire, shared the same rough soldier's fare; we have together heard the roll of the revilla, which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo, which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed; the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, brethren and soldiers, we have met in the peaceful valley on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder heights, the sunlight that to-morrow will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met, amid the whitened tents of our encampment; in times of terror and of gloom, have gathered together—God grant it may not be for the last time.

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of she hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff, the breeze has died away along the green plain of Chadd's Ford—the plain that spreads before us, glistening in sunlight—the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream, and all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of uproar of the blood shed and strife of to-morrow.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

And have they not taken the sword?

Let the desolate plain, the blood-sodden valley, the burned farm house blackening in the sun, the sacked village, and the ravaged town, answer—let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his home stead, answer let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to the withered breast, that can afford no sustenance, let her answer, with the death rattle mingling with the murmuring tones, that mark the last struggle for life let the dying mother and her babe answer!

It was but a day past and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here; wrong was not here. Fraud, woe, and misery, and want, dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods, arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked forth amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now! God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people? They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now enshroud us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker cloud, and the blacker storm of Devine Retribution!

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Brethren think me not unworthy of belief, when I tell you that the doom of the Britisher is near! Think me not vain, when I tell you that beyond, the cloud that now emphemorily refused, and a dispute arose on that occasion, which rendered them enemies forever afterward.

Doubtless this old church will stand when the writer of this is no more. If it does, then let it also remain a lesson to others, as it has been to me. I am not among that misanthropical class who look upon such works of destruction only to ascertain my own frailty. There is an eloquence in those gray and silent objects, that should not be forgotten—a solemn voice, it is true, but it has about it nothing dark nor gloomy. It is sweet and pensive, like the tones of its own bell echoing soberly among the hills and valleys that surround it. One may read a lesson where the mouth of a biped race; and although I undoubtedly did wrong in habitually appearing at so late a period, his demeanor was unexceptionable after his arrival; and when the services were concluded, he retired with decent solemnity, doubtless as much elated as many of the congregation. The deacon proposed that the sexton should toll the age of the departed to the village; but that worthy peremptorily refused, and a dispute arose on that occasion, which rendered them enemies forever afterward.

They may conquer us on the morrow. Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from the field—but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Aye in the vast solitudes of eternal space, if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man, George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance of the Eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain, an accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his children, and on his people, Great God! how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all its forms; an ignorant and God defying priesthood chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart; aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand tempting men to deeds of woe and death—these are a part of the doom and the retribution that shall done upon the English throne and the English people!

Soldiers—I look around upon your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow we will all go forth to battle—for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will march with you, invoking God's aid in the fight?—we will march forth to battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight, to fight for your homesteads, and for your wives and children?

My friends I might urge you to fight by the gallant memories of British wrong! Walton—I might tell you of your father butchered in the silence of the midnight on the plain of Trenton. I might picture the grey hairs dabbled in blood; I might ring his death shriek in your ears. Shelmire, I might tell you of a mother butchered, and a sister outraged—the lonely farm house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers, as they despatched their victim, the cries for mercy, the pleading of innocence for pity. I might plant this all again, in the terrible colors of the vivid reality if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement!

Perfectly acquainted with Burr and Van Ness, and perceiving as well from Van Ness's conversation as from Burr's note a settled intention to fix a quarrel upon him, Hamilton replied in writing at his earliest convenience, that reply he called Burr's attention to the fact that the word "despicable," however in its general signification it might imply imputation upon personal honor as to which explanations might be asked, yet from its connection, as used in Dr. Cooper's letter, it apparently related merely to qualifications for political office, a subject, as nothing was said about the more definite statement referred to in the same letter, as to which it seemed to be admitted that no explanation was demandable,

and in the hour of battle when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon glare, and the piercing musket flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The Eternal God fights for you—he rides on the battle cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge—God the Avenger and the infinite right for you and you will triumph.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and ravage. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right, and to you the promise is, be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that man holds dear, in blasphemy of God—they shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. If any of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow—God rest the souls of the fallen—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight of to-morrow, and in the memory of all who will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this tumultuous night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley;

the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadow—around us are the tents of the continental host,

the suppressed bustle of the camp, the stillness and silence that marks the eve of battle.

When we meet again, may the long twilight be flung over a peaceful land. God in heaven grant it.

Let us pray.

### PRAYER OF THE REVOLUTION.

Great Father, we bow before thee. We invoke, thy blessing we deprecate thy wrath, we return thee thanks for the past, we ask thy aid for the future. For we are in times of trouble, oh! Lord, and sore beset by foes, merciless and unyielding; the sword gleams over our land, and the dust of the soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbors and friends.

Oh! God of mercy, we pray thy blessing on the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless, we beseech with renewed life and strength, our hope and thy instrument, even GEORGE WASHINGTON—show us thy counsels on the Honorable Continental Congress, visit the tents of our host, comfort the soldier in his wounds and afflictions, nerve him for the fight, prepare him for the hour of death.

And in the hour of defeat, oh! God of Hosts, do thou be our stay, and in the hour of triumph do thou be our guide.

Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts knocking for admittance, and they may fill us with desire for revenge, yet let us, oh! Lord, spare the vanquished, though they never spared us, in their hour of butchery and bloodshed. And, in the hour of death, do thou guide us into the abode prepared for the blest; so shall we return thanks unto thee, through Christ, our Redeemer—God prosper the cause. Amen.

### TEA-DRINKING.

Oft in the chilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

I see, by candle-light,

The tea-things all around me.

The plates, the bakes,

The tarts and cakes,

The sets of cups unbroken,

The waxen light,

The spoons so bright,

The jests, as yet unspoken.

Then in the merry light,

I draw my wrapper round me,

And sip my Pekin tea at night,

While wife and babes surround me.

This world is full of beauty,

As other worlds above;

And if we did our duty,

It might be full of love.

### DEATH OF HAMILTON.

Disappointed, and all his hopes blighted, as believed, by Hamilton's instrumentality, Burr became eager for vengeance. Humiliation was the contrast between himself and Hamilton, to whom, in his anger, he was ready to ascribe, not his political defeat merely, but his blasted character also.

Though from his former station of commanding influence in the conduct of affairs, Hamilton still enjoyed the unbound confidence of a party, out-numbered, indeed, but too respectable to be despised; while of his bitterest opponents, none, with any pretensions to character or candor, doubted his honor or questioned his integrity. But, on the other hand, saw himself distrusted and suspected by every body, and just about to sink into political annihilation and pecuniary ruin. Two month's meditation on this desperate state of affairs, wrought up his cold, implacable spirit to the point of risking his own life to that of his rival. He might even have exterminated the insane hope—for though cunning and dexterous to a remarkable degree, he had no great intellect—that Hamilton killed or disgraced, and thus removed out of the way, might yet retrieve his desperate fortunes.

Among other publications made in the course of the late contest were two letters by Dr. Cooper, a zealous partisan of Lewis, in one of which it was alleged that Hamilton was the author of a "dangerous man who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government." In the other letter, after repeating the above statement, Cooper added, "I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which Gen. Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr."

Upon this latter passage Burr seized as the means of forcing Hamilton into a duel. For his agent and assistant therein he selected William P. Van Ness, a young lawyer, one of whom was born of Burr as a "dangerous man who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government." In the other letter, after repeating the above statement, Cooper added, "I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which Gen. Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr."

Perfectly acquainted with Burr and Van Ness, and perceiving as well from Van Ness's conversation as from Burr's note a settled intention to fix a quarrel upon him, Hamilton replied in writing at his earliest convenience, that reply he called Burr's attention to the fact that the word "despicable," however in its general signification it might imply imputation upon personal honor as to which explanations might be asked, yet from its connection, as used in Dr. Cooper's letter, it apparently related merely to qualifications for political office, a subject, as nothing was said about the more definite statement referred to in the same letter, as to which it seemed to be admitted that no explanation was demandable,

and which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. Those animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconstruction or misinformation, yet his censures had not proceeded on light grounds nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record and communicated also to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire, and perhaps even his second; thus giving to Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect.

The grounds of Weehawk on the Jersey

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shore, opposite New York, were at that time the usual field of these single combats, then chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of political feeling of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending with bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The large men, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon mutually agreed upon, remained, as usual, at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses.

The parties having exchanged salutations, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces, loaded the pistols, made the other preliminary arrangements, and placed the contestants at the appointed sign. Burr took deliberate aim, and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side, and as he fell his pistol too was unconsciously discharged.</p

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1851.

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1851.

### AGENTS.

BOSTON.—MESSRS. S. M. PETERSON & CO., Statestreet, are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

SPRINGFIELD.—MR. G. W. DIXE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

### NON-INTERVENTION.

"Shall we meddle with the politics of Europe?" appears to be question agitating the public mind throughout our land. Speeches are made in Congress, newspapers discuss the question fully, and the subject seems daily to increase in interest and importance.

The advent, at this time, of Kossuth, the Hungarian exile, brings to life this long slumbering question, and many and conflicting are the opinions expressed on all hands in regard to our national policy, in connection with our foreign relations. At first view there may not appear to be much importance attached to this division of this question, but, after reflection, our readers will perceive that there is a question of vital importance connected with this matter.

In studying the history of our country up to the present time, a candid observer will notice with how much wisdom our rulers have kept clear of foreign alliances; and while our people have always been ready to extend sympathy and aid to the oppressed, our Presidents have usually avoided adopting that policy which would tend to bring us into collision with nations on friendly terms with us. We find that Washington, Jefferson and Madison all speak quite strongly on this point; their advice to the nation was, "to avoid alliances with foreign powers."

Our position as a free people is such, that we should always stand ready to welcome to our shore, the exiled and oppressed, for here they will find a country and institutions peculiarly adapted to their wants; they will be treated as brothers, and receive that substantial aid they so much need in a state of poverty and want. And then, again, it will serve to strengthen our bonds of union, to receive upon our shores those who have fought and bled in freedom's cause.

If we mistake not, this is the position Washington would have us occupy; and his far-sighted eye probably foresaw that if we, as a nation, meddled with the policy of other governments, the tendency would be to draw us into collision with monarchical rulers, and probably, instead of changing the nature of European governments into republics like our own, we should raise up an army for our own use, that would aid us more in approaching military despotism than any good result.

For one moment we would not wish to be understood as lacking in sympathy for the noble Kossuth; we honor him with all honor, and say to him God-speed in the cause of redeeming Hungary, and hope the people of the United States will substantially aid him in the cause for which he labors. His intentions are unquestionably honorable, and deserve the commendations of all our citizens.

But we must say, that any departure from our long established principles of government, that come down to us from Washington, Madison, Hamilton and others, should first be well considered and matured. It should not be done with any haste, neither for party or political aggrandizement, but should be left for the voice of the people to decide, in their calm and serious moments, aside from popular excitement.

We are satisfied that much can be said on both sides of this discussion, and are glad to notice the freedom with which the press of the country are speaking forth. Our columns are open to any expression of opinion from our readers, and we are inclined to believe that such a discussion in our columns might lead to beneficial results.

WINCHESTER.—The beautiful structure built by the Lowell Railroad for the Winchester depot, is now complete and occupied. It is really a fine building, combining beauty with convenience, and symmetry of proportion with plenty of room, and reflects credit on the railroad corporation, and makes us think how finely such a depot would look in Woburn.

Close by the depot stands the new Lyceum building, which we notice is ready for occupancy. As we intend shortly to inspect and give a description of the house, we will defer a notice till then.

THE NEXT LYCEUM LECTURE.—Holders of Lyceum tickets are reminded that the lecture on Tuesday evening next commences at half-past six o'clock. This arrangement is made to allow the lecturer to return to the city in the eight o'clock train. It is desirable that the attendance shall be as punctual as possible to the hour. No one can afford to lose anything that comes from the pen of Dr. Holmes, as he is regarded as one of our most brilliant and popular lecturer.

THE FIRST—of the Phalanx parties passed off very pleasantly on Thursday evening. There was a good attendance, and the Salem Band discoursed most excellent music. Every one present no doubt had a good time.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.—Of the famous band of patriots, who destroyed the tea in Boston Harbor, on the memorable 16th of December, 1773, precisely seventy-nine years ago this day, one is still living, as we learn from the last number of Harper's Magazine. When the present century dawned, he had almost reached the goal of three score year and ten! And now at the age of a hundred and fifteen years, DAVID KINNISON, of Chicago, Illinois, holds the eminent position of the last survivor of the Boston Tea Party!

HEATING SCHOOL ROOMS.—The Cambridge Chronicle of Saturday, has a communication from Mr. H. H. Stimpson upon the plan of warming the new Brattle School House in that city with certificates from Professor Treadwell, Dr. L. V. Bell, Mr. Smith, of the High School, and John Preston, of Boston, all in favor of the superiority of brick flues for heating and ventilating over those of tin.—*Courier.*

MR. RALPH STEEL, of Newcastle, England, has invented a saw capable of sawing timber in any shape for ship's use—either ship knees or ship timber of any description. The saw, at the same time that it is capable of cutting timber to any given shape, can also be applied to cutting straight.

VOLTAIRE was at table one day, when the company were conversing on the antiquity of the world. His opinion being asked, he said, "The world is like an old coquette, who disguises her age."

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one. And why shouldn't it? It will have seven days more experience.

We were misinformed in some of the particulars connected with the death of Mr. Hunt, as published in the Journal of the 13th, and would refer our readers to the obituary notice of to-day.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC—for 1852, will be published on Monday next, Dec. 22d. Fowle will have it on that day.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received many favors from our friends, and must beg their indulgence until room can be found for their articles. When the Journal was started, and an appeal was made to its readers for their countenance and aid, we really did not, in our most sanguine moments, expect so ready and hearty responses. We can now point to the columns of the Journal to prove that in Woburn and its vicinity, there is talent brought to the support of this paper which would do credit to any town in the Commonwealth. For the interest taken in this matter, we would again return our thanks, and shall always endeavor to give due attention to our correspondents.

Mrs. M. W. W.—we have published, with much pleasure, your articles, and next week hope to make room for the other.

"Came," North Woburn,—your verses are received, and will be used soon; it would be well in future to pay more attention to me.

"Calista"—gives an excellent enigma, and we hope our young friends will give an answer; and that "Calista" will have another ready.

"Jessie"—a part of your lines we cannot decipher so as to make good sense.

"P."—your hit on a "Yankeeism" is excellent, and we give it room.

"Simon"—you are most too flattering to the Journal; nevertheless will try and make room for you soon.

"Clara Clifton"—you desire a criticism on your article. No fault can be found with its spirit; it evidently is the language of your heart. It will appear soon.

"A Citizen"—our Committees, or those who manage the matters you refer to, can probably produce good reasons for their course.

"Quimb"—is purely personal, and such matter we always decline.

"T. P. T." North Woburn—will soon appear, and is worthy of perusal.

"P."—gives us an able article on Agriculture, in reply to "J." of Winchester. We regret we could not make room for it this week.

"W."—your article on Thanksgiving Day is at hand, and well written. We may find a place for it, although the day you talk of is past.

"Simbo Green"—has given us some pieces, and they will receive attention; we are much obliged. The acrostic is excellent, but flatters us a little.

"J."—on Fowles, is received—a sensible article.

"M. E. E."—your fine story, "Alice Montgomery," is received, and very acceptable—will appear in our next.

We have several other articles on hand, but are compelled, for want of room, to pass them till our next.

### THE LYCEUM.

The Lyceum Committee deserve the thanks and praise of all, for the admirable selection they have made in lectures for our Lyceum. Thus far we have had the best of talent, and the lectures have been exceedingly interesting and well attended.

Last Tuesday night, Dr. J. V. C. Smith, of Boston, lectured on "Palestine," and fully sustained his previous reputation for being an able lecturer. The Dr. gave an account of his travels in the Holy Land, and drew a picture of that interesting part of the world, and proved himself to be a man of great observation, and also as a lecturer, one well calculated to impart knowledge to others.

Our readers may perhaps remember the very interesting series of letters published in some of the papers, from the pen of Dr. S., while on the continent. They added much to the reputation of the Dr. on account of the valuable and interesting information contained in them.

Next week we are to have for the next lecturer, Dr. O. W. Holmes, and a rich treat may be expected.

COLD WEATHER.—Winter is upon us in good earnest; the sleighing is excellent and well improved. The thermometer on Wednesday morning stood at thirteen degrees below zero, in town. Fine weather for health, air pure and bracing, and quite invigorating, and just the time to take a sleigh-ride. The "oldest inhabitant" is thinking whether this is not the coldest December snap we have had for some years.

POTATOES.—Messrs. Ellis & Co. advertise some fine "taters" in another column. We have tried them and know they are good; they came from Prince Edward's Island, where the soil is well adapted to raising the potato, and would suggest to our agricultural friends, whether it might not be well to procure some for seed.

Messrs. Chapman of Boston, in Hanover street, offer one of the best and cheapest stocks of linen goods, to be found. They invite the attention of purchasers to their assortment of seasonable goods, and we can assure customers that they will not regret it, after they have called and inspected their stock.

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### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER SIX.

MAMMOTH CAVE, Nov., 1851.

Now that I have travelled from the mouth of

the cave, under ground, about 8 miles, I will

sit down in "Satan's Chair," and while my

guides hold the lights, will try and pen you a

few lines from this "subterranean world."

I hardly know where to begin to tell the tale, as I much fear if an account of what one sees in this place can be given on paper, for it is

one of those sights of sublimity and grandeur, that are almost beyond description—something like "Niagara," which the pen of feeble man cannot describe; but I promised to drop you a line from here, and must fulfil that

part of my duty, even if I fail to give the reader any adequate idea of this great wonder.

The southern portion of the State of Kentucky, presents to the traveller a very remarkable appearance. It is very hilly, and filled with lime-stone rocks, and one can, on every hand, see the effects visible, of a great

upheaving of the bowels of the earth, at some

time unknown. In passing over the hills in the slow and heavy stage-coach, you will often

notice the hollow sound of the rumbling

wheels, indicating below, caves and holes yet

unexplored; and the State seems to be well

provided with these resorts for the curious. I

have been in several of them, but find none

are worthy of comparison with "The Cave."

We arrived here after a long and tedious

ride by "coach and four," and were right

glad, on the first night of arrival at this place,

to take advantage of the hotel accommodations

at the mouth of the cave. After a night of

rest, our company were up in the morning

by day-break, and immediately swallowing a

a hearty meal, we commenced to "arm and

equip" for the great expedition. We were

furnished with two intelligent slaves, who

were to act as guides for the party; then we

each took our lighted lamp, and can of re-

plenishing oil, and plenty of cold mugmeat,

and thus started down the hill to the mouth.

There was a grand halt, to receive directions

from our Captain, who was no less a personage

than the celebrated "Stephen, the guide."

He tells us in the first place that it is neces-

sary we should all keep together, for said he,

if one of you got separated from the party,

and lost your light, you will be sure and get lost, and in there it is something like finding a

a needle in a hay-mow," to look for a man

when he is lost. To illustrate the argument, he related a short story, which I will give.

1857.

Walker, Isaac, s. of Samwell, Senr., 1st of 9th.

Russell, Thomas, s. of John, 3d of 11th.

Walker, Pheby, d. of Israel, 11th of March.

Tompson, Ebenezer, s. of Jonathan, 18th of

6th.

Cleland, Dorcas, d. of Aaron, 29th of Octo-

ber.

Richardson, Mary, d. of Isaac, 27th of Octo-

ber.

Petree, Daniell, s. of John, 7th of 9th.

Snow, Lidiah, s. of James, 7th of 9th.

Green, John, s. of John, 6th of 11th.

Brush, Joseph, s. of George, 29th of 10th.

Poore, Elizabeth, d. of Thomas, 5th of 11th.

Foster, John, s. of Hopestill, 14th of 12th.

Carter, John, s. of Joseph, 25th of 12th.

Buck, Ephraim, s. of Ephraim, 13th of July.

Glaizer, Georg, s. of John and Elizabeth, 3d

of June.

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1851.

For the Journal.

## FOUR LEGS TO A CHAIR.

**M.** EDITOR.—Suffer me to sketch for your readers the following bit of a dialogue on a practical item of good manners:

**G.**—Mamma, do you think chairs ought to have four legs?

**M.**—Mother,—Why yes, my son, why not?

**G.**—But, mother, ought things to be made that are not used?

**M.**—What do you mean, my son? What has your last question to do with chairs?

**G.**—Did you never see chairs with only two legs?

**M.**—I don't remember that I have.

**G.**—Did you never see any with only two legs in use?

**M.**—Yes, I must confess I have seen that oftener than I wished; but what induces you, this morning, to ask me such queer questions?

**G.**—Well, I'll tell you, mother. Don't you remember that Mr. — who came here this morning to see father? As soon as sat down he tilted himself back on two legs of his chair, and sat there rocking himself backwards and forwards, until I wanted to ask him if I shouldn't get him a real rocking-chair, because you know, mother, that would be so much more convenient. And then I was afraid once or twice he would fall over backwards. I could't help laughing, all to myself, to think how a big man like him would look if he should happen to tumble over the top of his chair. And besides, when that fat Mr. — came here the other day, he did the same thing, and as soon as he had perched his chair on the edges of the back legs, all at once I heard a loud noise, a sharp crack, which brought Mr. — down to the four legs and kept him there while he stayed, but I expect he had broken the chair—don't you mother?

**M.**—I think it very likely, my child; it is a very awkward habit, and I'm glad you mean to let a chair stand on all its legs. P.

For the Journal.

## CHANGING SCHOOL BOOKS.

**M.** EDITOR.—Will you have the goodness to inform me through your valuable journal, at whose instigation is this constant change of books in our public schools?

I will not now detail to you the inconveniences, and oftentimes sacrifices, to which we are subjected by this *unwilling* for experiment. There are not a few who can speak *feelingly* on this subject.

I would ask if a book pass to another edition, with some few additional pages, if it is necessary to expunge the former edition from our schools, and oblige the scholars to obtain the new edition. Or is it our duty to every aspirant to scholastic fame?

... now, more than at any other time, loaded with school books of every kind, and would it not be desirable, yea, more, would it not be just, for us to be careful what books we select, and abide by that decision a specified time?

Mr. EDITOR, I would appeal to every voter that he preceives his ministrations at the approaching annual meeting. I doubt very much if they will tamely submit to this unreasonable burden.

A CITIZEN OF WOBURN.

For the Journal.

## TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

**M.** EDITOR.—As I intended to have said a word or two last week, in your sheet, in regard to the lecture given at the Unitarian Vestry, but owing to circumstances was obliged to defer it, I will now say, that I have listened to many lectures, and upon various subjects, but the one Mrs. Wellman gave upon *Temperance*, was to me as interesting as any I remember hearing. I have only to regret that so few of our young people were there. Mrs. Wellman is a person of no ordinary attainments, and, as far as I have learnt, is a woman deserving of public sympathy. May success crown every attempt.

A SUBSCRIBER.

For the Journal.

## WOBURN LYCEUM.

The sixth Lecture before the LYCEUM will be given on TUESDAY EVENING Dec 23d, at the UNITARIAN CHURCH, by DR. O. W. HOLMES, of Boston. Lecture commences at 8 o'clock.

**Pittsburgh.** Dec. 16.—The steamer Strange, on her way down the Missouri a few days since, sunk ten miles above Glasgow.

**Liberia.**—The President says, towards the close of his letter—

"We are getting along in our usual quiet way. Improvements are steadily advancing, and every year brings with it convincing proof of Liberia's permanent advancement."

**Fratricide.**—At Buffalo, N. Y., on Saturday morning, Christian Wanner was murdered by his brother, B. Wanner, during an alteration concerning money lent to Christian by his brother. The murderer is in jail.

**Death.**—A candidate for medical honors having thrown himself almost into a fever from the incapacity to answer the questions, was asked by one of his professors, "How would you sweat a patient for the rheumatism?" He replied, "I would send him here to be examined."

**Fort Hill Cemetery.**—Active operations are making in this new cemetery, in Roxbury, to remove the rough ledges from the surface, and substitute loam. Between thirty and forty men have been employed for some time past blasting rocks and picking the surface, leveling and filling up, laying out paths, &c.

**Sudden Death of a Clergyman.**—Rev. Samuel Glover, a retired minister of the Baptist persuasion, residing in Cambridge, died suddenly on Saturday morning while sitting at the breakfast-table—supposed from an affection of the heart. His age was 67.

Great curiosity exists to know what are the contents of a packet, which Miss Lind, on leaving the city, confided to her banker for Miss Phillips. Whether this packet is to be opened before or after the concert, we have not learned.—*Transcript*.

**Death by Drowning.**—A young girl, daughter of Mr. John Horton, of Amherst, N. Brunswick, while drawing water from an open well, fell in, and was drowned.

**Leicester Peters,** confined in the jail at Bradford, Pa., charged with murder, committed suicide by severing the femoral artery in the left thigh with a case knife.

The Ice Harvest has been commenced by Mr. Tudor, upon his artificial lake in Cambridge.

For the Journal.

## DEATH OF AN EDITOR.

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. S. W. COLE, whose life has chiefly been devoted to promoting agriculture. He was the author of a number of agricultural works, and for three years previous to his death was editor of the New England Farmer. His loss will be very sensibly felt among the farming fraternity, with whom he was a deliberate adviser and a welcome guest; and though he now "slumbers in the dust," he has left connected with his name, invaluable productions, which the farmer will ever refer to with profound love and gratitude. But a few persons were more zealous advocates of agriculture, and more deliberately furnished articles for the press, founded on practical experience, than did the lamented Mr. Cole; in this respect he might have been called a public benefactor.

Winchester, Dec. 15, 1851.

## DR. SMITH'S LECTURES.

**M.** EDITOR.—We were favored by a lecture from Dr. J. V. C. Smith, on Tuesday evening, and I hazard nothing in saying that it was the unanimous desire of all present, that the government of the Lyceum would re-engage Dr. Smith to deliver another lecture during this season, and if the funds are already appropriated, properly belonging to the Lyceum, to have tickets for admission to the Lecture.

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## GREAT FIRE IN LOWELL.

The Lowell News, dated 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, gives the following melancholy information:

"Our city has been visited this morning with one of the most destructive fires that have been known for years. About half-past 1 o'clock a fire broke out in Crosby's turning mill, on Howe street, (Belvidere) occupied by E. & G. Crosby, bedstead manufacturers, Milton Aldrich, wooden screw manufacturer, and William Atherton, as machine shop. At the time the wind was blowing fresh, an it snowed quite hard.

Although the alarm was promptly given the flames spread from thence to three dwellings on Fayette street, one owned by Mr. Abbott, Esq., and two by Stephen Castle, one of which was occupied by himself. All three were consumed—their contents, however, were mostly saved.

Extending south from Crosby's shop, the fire communicated to the stone building known as Scott's Flannel Mill, which was also entirely consumed. So far we have been unable to ascertain the loss. The Flannel Mills, we understand, were insured for \$20,000 in the Hartford; Castless dwelling houses \$4000 in the Charlestown Mutual; Atherton's machine shop was not insured.

Mr. Abbott's house was a two-story wooden building. The roof was burned off, and the inside completely gutted—the walls left standing.

Mr. Castle's houses were also two story buildings, double tenements. Mr. C. saved the most of his furniture. Loss on houses \$3,000—insured in the Charlestown Mutual, \$2,000 each. There were three families occupying Mr. Castle's tenements other than his own.

HOT AIR RANGES, forming additional rooms, and especially designed for WOOL BACKS and BRASS BOILERS, of the most approved construction.

Also, PURCHASES, for heating houses, and PARLOR GRATES, of the best manufacture and finish, in great variety of patterns; MIRROR MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES, of beautiful design, with a full assortment of Stoves, Tin and Copper Ware, &c., &c., we offer for sale at our Store, Range and Furnace Factory, Nos. 28 and 30 Tremont Row, and the Farnum Range and Furnace Factory, both located in the rear of the Range and Furnace Factory, and Chestnut streets, extending clear across High and Chestnut streets, was awfully terrible and sublime.

The firemen, although laboring under severe disadvantages, worked bravely and acquitted themselves gallantly. It was a severe task they encountered while dragging their gondolas through the snow.

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1851.

## POETRY.

### THE COURSE OF CULTURE.

By N. G. FRENCH.

Survey the world, through every zone,  
From Lima to Japan,  
In lieutenants of light 'tis shown  
That culture makes the man.  
By manual culture one attains  
What Industry may claim,  
Another's mental toil and pains  
Attenuate his frame.

Some plough and plant the teeming soil,  
Some cultivate the arts;  
And some devote a life of toll  
To tilling heads and hearts.  
Some train the adolescent mind,  
While buds of promise blow,  
And see each nascent twig inclined  
The way the tree should grow.

Hail, Horticulturist! heaven-ordained,  
Of every art the source,  
Which man has polished, life sustained,  
Since Time commenced his course.  
Where waves thy wonder-working wand,  
What splendid scenes disclose!  
The blasted heath, the arid strand,  
Out-bloom the gorgeous rose!

The Lily, Rose, Carnation, blend  
By Flora's magic power,  
And Tulip, feebly represent  
So elegant a flower.  
Then surely, bachelors, ye ought,  
In season to transfer  
Some sprig of that sweet "Touch-me-not,"  
To grace your own partner;  
And every gardener should be proud,  
With tenderness and skill,  
If haply he may be allowed  
This precious plant to till.  
All that man has, had, hopes, can have,  
Past, promised, or possessed,  
Are fruits which culture gives or gave  
At Industry's behest.

### AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thieve,  
Himself must either hold or drive."

### SUBSOILING FOR POTATOES.

Last spring, I broke up a piece of pasture for corn and potatoes; soil, sand, and gravel—plowed seven inches deep. Through the centre of the lot, I subsoiled a piece of land seven paces wide—subsoiled with the common plow; i.e., throwing the plow into the furrow and plowing five inches deeper than the bottom of the first. That raised the subsoil on the top of the first furrow to the depth of three inches. I planted four rows of potatoes and three of corn on this subsoil. On one side corn was planted; on the other, potatoes and corn—the potatoes divided from the subsoiled one by the three rows of corn. The corn when harvested was not as good—stalk small and not well eared. The potatoes were large, on the subsoiled, and no rotten ones were dug; whereas, the others were diseased and many of them rotten. They were placed in separate piles in the cellar, and, when assorting in the fall, one-quarter of those planted on the sod were diseased or rotten; of the subsoiled, only two potatoes showed any indication of disease. The seed was the same, (round pink eye), the same care in cultivating, and dug at the same time.

I am not prepared to give any reasons for the difference, other than the dryness of the subsoil when laid on the surface. I plowed the land, not knowing or expecting that it would make any difference, but I shall give it a fair trial, as many others will who have seen the crops.—*Cornell's Farmer.*

### TO MAKE YOUNG PEAR TREES BEAR.

I was afflicted by the sight in my garden for some years, of the most luxuriant and thrifty young pear trees, which would not bear, but all their strength ran to wood. vexed at this, I resolved to try the effect of bending down the branches so as to check the flow of sap and cause them to form fruit buds instead of wood buds. Accordingly, the first week of December, 1847, I filled my pockets with stout twine; I drove down some small pegs into the ground underneath my trees, (which had branched low so as to make dwarfish heads;) I then tied a string to the end of every long shoot, and gradually bringing down the end of the limb till it curved down so as to make a considerable bend or bow, I fastened it in that position either by tying the other end of the string to the peg, or to another branch or a part of the trunk.

According to my expectation, the tree next year changed its habit of growth, and set an abundance of fruit buds. Since that, I have had plentiful crops of fruit without trouble—take good care not to let many branches go on the upright system.—*Horticulturist.*

### WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to some of our farming friends:

Of wheat, sixty pounds.
Of shelled corn, fifty-six pounds.
Of corn on the cob, seventy pounds.
Of rye, fifty-six pounds.
Of oats, thirty-five pounds.
Of barley, forty-eight pounds.
Of potatoes, sixty pounds.
Of beans, sixty pounds.
Of bran, twenty pounds.
Of clover seed, sixty pounds.
Of timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
Of flax seed, fifty-eight pounds.
Of hemp seed, forty-four pounds.
Of buckwheat, fifty-two pounds.
Of blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.
Of castor beans, forty-six pounds.
Of dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.
Of dried apples, twenty-four pounds.
Of onions, fifty-seven pounds.
Of salt, fifty pounds.

### IMPORTANCE OF ANALYSES OF SOILS.

If soils are judiciously selected, so as to represent each variety, their analyses closely made are of the highest consequence to agriculture.

The classification of soils can be made very well by the timber it produces. There is a similarity in the external characters of beech and maple land, in different and remote parts of the State. There is very little doubt that the chemical composition of oils producing the same timber is very similar, and, if they prove a particular kind of timber, they will also prove the growth of particular kinds of grain.

Soils selected at random or by accident may not represent any class whatever, but a mixture of classes. When it is well decided what ingredients are wanting, for instance, in heavy beech land, to make it available for other crops than grass, the information may be applied and

be good for all land where beech timber predominates, and the same for oak regions like Western Reserve, and for burr-oak land in the wheat countries. A well selected type or sample of soil, or a mixture of a well selected set of samples representing a particular kind of timber, would thus stand for a large tract of country.—*Western Agriculturist.*

### MISCELLANY.

#### COCKROACHES.

These insects are among the most disagreeable of the annoyances to which the dwellings of man are subject, and, where their multiplication is permitted, the ravages they commit are extensive and vexatious. They are all nocturnal, and exceedingly agile; their flattened bodies allow them to hide, with ease, in every crevice, whence they sally forth in hordes during the night, to devour every sort of provision which is not secured from their voracity. Like all other predators, they are thrown into confusion and put to flight by the presence of light, whence they were, in ancient times, appropriately called *lacryphae* or *light-shunners*. Their destructiveness is not confined to articles of provision for the table—silks, woolen, and even cotton clothes are devoured, or rendered useless, by being gnawed through. At some seasons of the year, when the male cockroaches fly about, they are very troublesome, especially about twilight, when they dash into rooms and often strike against the faces of those present. When a cockroach takes refuge or seeks concealment upon any person, he will inflict a smart bite, if particularly hurt or alarmed. The sapeint Sanchez Panza declares, that there is a remedy for everything but death; and it is truly happy for mankind, that the multiplication of this pestiferous race may be restrained by aid of their own voracity. If to a quantity of Indian corn meal about one third of white or red lead is added, and the mixture is moistened with molasses so as to make it moderately adhesive, the cockroaches will greedily devour it. The repetition of this poisoned food for a few nights is generally sufficient to reduce their numbers to a very few, even in the most infected houses, and will eventually cause the destruction of the whole. Traps especially designed for their capture are sometimes to be found at the potteries. A paste-board, or card cover, well balanced upon two pins, and placed upon the edge of a vessel, nearly filled with molasses and water, makes a good trap. The dish should be so placed, that they can readily mount upon the cover, which revolves on its axis whenever the equilibrium is disturbed, and throws the cockroaches into the fluid.—*Ency. American.*

### THE GREAT RUSSIAN RAILWAY.

The great railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, recently opened, is nearly a straight line, and 400 miles in length. The track is double of 6 feet gauge, and some of the bridges are elevated above the water from 124 to 175 feet. The bridges are on Howe's principle, and were built by Mr. R. O. Williams, of Connecticut. Major Whistler, of the Boston and Albany railroad, went to Russia in 1843, and was engineer of the work until his death. Then Maj. Brown, of the New York and Erie road, became engineer in chief, and finished the Russia road. The entire cost is \$25,000,000. The locomotives are also the stamp of American genius. They were built by Harrison, Winans, & Eastwick, from drawings by Maj. Whistler, and their outside engine and cylinder reverse engines, and are intended for burning wood. They are 182 in number, of which 42 are for passengers and 120 for freight. The passengers cars are built upon the American plan, and are 56 feet long and 94 broad.

The two imperial carriages are very magnificent, being 84 feet long by 10 broad, and 74 feet high, and supported by 16 wheels on the Bogie principle. These carriages have spacious apartments, furnished for the Emperor and Empress separately, in the most improved and comfortable manner. They are intended for the public good,—to do equal justice to public men. In no sense, indeed, is it a partisan paper. wholly unpledged to any party, and unbiassed by favor or prejudice, it has no end to answer but to promote its own lawful and proper interests, and serve the highest public interest, in the publication of news and intelligence, to preserve the editorial and advertising columns free from all innuendos and imputations,—to have nothing in columns that may not safely enter the family circle.

Although the price of the Traveller is less than that of any daily paper of equal size and quality in the United States, yet it claims to be not otherwise inferior to the best that circulate.

**The Semi-Weekly Traveller**  
is published from the same office, on Tuesday and Friday mornings, at \$3.00 a year, in advance. The circulation being extended widely, this paper affords an excellent medium for general advertising.

**The Weekly Traveller**  
is also published as above, on a large sheet, at \$2.00 a year in advance, or \$1.00 a month, containing a complete summary of current foreign and domestic intelligence, literary and miscellaneous selections, and all the matter of general interest that originates in the Daily.

**The Semi-Weekly Traveller**  
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**DR. FONTAINE'S BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS!**  
FOR THE Toilet, the Nursery, Bathing, and many medicinal purposes. Highly perfumed by its own ingredients. Recommended by the family of almost every European city, and established under the patronage of the Queen of England, and the Royal Family, and of individuals who make daily use of it in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. It is the greatest luxury a lady or gentleman could wish for the improvement of health, for personal embellishment, and its delicate, soothng scents, and the delightful softness it imparts to the complexion.

We give a few of the prominent properties of the BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, already well established by actual experience.

First—it eradicates every defect of the complexion, establishes in it stead health and health at every age, and gives vigor, health and life to the very nests of the hair.

Third—it is a superior article for shaving, being superior to all descriptions of soaps, creams, pastes, &c.

A definite principle for cleansing the teeth is by far the most useful and convenient, yet we have been delaying, for want of a suitable article, to render this article available.

Second—it promotes the growth and increase of the hair, causing it to curl in the most natural manner; it cleanses the skin, and gives vigor, health and life to the very nests of the hair.

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### ORIGINAL TALE.

Written for the Journal.  
**ALICE MONTGOMERY.**

BY M. E. E.

There are some in this world who leave sunny gleams wherever they have been, and now it will be my very pleasant task to portray such a person to the gentle reader.

Alice Montgomery was a favored child by nature, having wealthy, intelligent and christian-like parents, and to say that such parents felt that their only child was all they could desire, gives a true insight into her character.

They had made their wealth a blessing to Alice; from her earliest childhood they had taught her to be grateful for having the means of making those around her happy, and she had grown up without being vain of her station or her riches.

One day, during the absence of her parents from the village of N—, while Alice was visiting a poor family in the neighborhood, she was told of a lady, a stranger in the place, who was sick at the Elberton Inn. She had been attacked very suddenly while reading the evening paper, and her illness seemed to proceed from some bad news she had seen there; since then she had not left her room, and grief had rendered her too weak to resume her journey.

She was not destitute, having means abundantly to pay those she was with for their care, but it seemed so sad to Alice, that any one should be in such deep trouble, and among strangers, that she did not hesitate to call immediately upon her, as her parents would still be absent for several days, and she knew that they would approve of her doing so, and would on their return take deep interest in her situation.

When Alice entered the room where Mrs. Gray was seated, having first sent a request that a friend might be admitted for a short time, she felt at once interested in the person before her. No one could look upon Mrs. Gray without loving her; that beauty of soul was her's which is ever attractive, and Alice felt thankful for having followed the promptings of her heart in calling upon her.

"Excuse my intrusion!" said Alice, hearing of your sudden illness I ventured to call, supposing that you would feel happier to have a friend in a strange place, upon whom you could call for any little services that ill health always requires. My parents are away for a short time, or they would pay you this attention, and I hope you will excuse one so young as myself for intruding unsolicited."

Mrs. Gray had been weeping; the Bible lay open before her, and she had just experienced one of those moments of utter abandonment to sorrow which the most devout Christians must feel, and for some time she had not turned to that book which had so often been her comfort and consolation.

The surprise at hearing that a friend in this village (where she thought herself entirely unknown) wished to see her, roused her from her deep dejection, and as Helen entered, she looked up with more interest and a brighter expression than had appeared on her countenance for days.

The face was as utterly strange to her as any that she had yet seen in the place, but so much more sympathy was there expressed, that she felt a warmer and more interested friend was before her. She could not speak for several moments in answer to Alice, but silently held out her hand, in token of welcome; this Alice took, and after a short pause gently said, "might I know the cause of your grief? it is possible I may alleviate it."

"No" my child, thank you, thank you for your sympathy, it will do me good, but my sorrow is beyond human relief." I have lost my only child — she could say no more for a while, but she welcomed to her heart Alice's presence and sympathy, and notwithstanding the fresh floods of tears the effort caused to flow, it was a relief to speak of her troubles to one whose manner was so affectionate, and it was not long before Alice knew all.

Edward was sixteen years old when his mother was left a widow, and even in her deepest grief at her bereavement, she was thankful to have her son left for the support of her declining years. His father had lived long enough to imprint on his character all his own manly virtues, and Edward seemed to throw all the ardor of his nature into love for his mother. After his father's death, he roused himself from his own grief to comfort her, and from time to time resolved to be all in all to her.

They were not wealthy, and Edward was obliged to leave his cherished studies, and he applied for admittance into the store of Messrs. Gilbert & Ross, in London, with whom his father had filled a responsible situation. He was willingly received, owing to the high esteem which his father had gained, and one of the firm had already some knowledge of Edward's own superiority as a boy, from having occasionally visited Mr. Gray at his house, a few miles from London.

# WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I. 10 WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1851.

NO. 10.

## JOB PRINTING.

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS,  
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## KOSSUTH AND NON-INTERVENTION

A SCENE IN WALL STREET.

*Cuff*.—How you does, Sambo? I've bin dying for to see you; I know you one ob dem literary men, and I want you to splain to me what all dis row is about non intervenshun and all dem fixins.

*Sambo*.—I'se be proud Cuff, to lighten you on dat pint; but the fussing I want to know is, wedder your mind is unbiased or not; wedder you ascribe to dem animadversions ob de Courier & Quirer on de great Koshoot, or wedder it is in that plastic state ready to receive de truth or otherwise. In de words of great Macedonian, I pause for reply.

*Cuff*.—Well, Sambo, I dun know what you mean by the mind in the plaster state; but if you tink I believe in that Watson Webb, you can take my hat, case why? I neber read him; another ting, I done hear he's posse to dat fugitive law and nigger emigrashun.

*Sambo*.—Nuff said, Cuff. I see you're open to conickshtun. Well den, Mr. Koshoot, (I know the man, I'se been introduce to him, I had de pleasure toder night at the great festivel ob helping him to a plate of sanwich.) Well, in his great speech dat night, he bring up some cotashuns from the dying speech and confessun ob the mortal Washington, bout noterality and nonintervenshun; and he went on to show dat dey was just as different as two peas upon dis ground; dat a man or a government might remain neutral towards two beligerin powers, and yet not indifferent, or in other words, to make it more complex and tellible, he might not interfere between de two who was cuttin each oder's throats, but at the same time he would interfere to prevent any one else steppin in, and dat is what he call'd intervenshun. He also went on to show dat de great Washington never intended to establish de principle, I tink he called it non-intervenshun now and forever, but only as de policy of de moment, until the Government had got strong enough to defend demselfes, and lend a helping hand to oder.

And to my mind Cuff, I tink he's right. I look upon the doctrine ob non-intervenshun, unmonstrous absurdity as eber was circumented by man. Mus dis nation, now we'se got our freedom and independence, stand by indifferent to the wailin and smashing out ob teeth ob oppressed nations groaning under the iron heels of despotism! Non-interven shun I look upon un as oppose to the spirit ob true Christianity, immorality, philanthropy—hydropathy—and—Cuff, I lose myself when I tuk ub um—I dun get so mad—I dun know what I say.

*Cuff*.—Go it Sambo, I tink you're spired—Isa wid you. Down wid Hungary and non-intervenshun.

*Sambo*.—Hold, nigger, you dun know what you are talking bout. You mustn't think case intervenshun as de great principle of civil liberty and brotherly love (see the big book where he says love thy neighbour, succourde afflicated, do to oder as you want dem to do unto you) is right under some circumstances, dat he's right under all oders; because our own safety, and de sacred cause of liberty demand dat we shouldnt madly peril the rich inheritance our forefathers bequeaved to us.

No, Cuff; although I go it strong for Hungary still, to speak de sentiments of de great Kos'oot, although one of the outposts of liberty is in danger, I wouldnt raise my scumiligos hand to destroy the temple. And, such I think, would be de result ob sending troops and fleets in aid ob Hungary; for if we do it in dis case, we mus, like the great Don Quixote, mount our Rozermane to tilt agin ebry wind-mill dat flaps its wings. No, Cuff, don't let our sympathies be tendered wid de armed hand, but wid de oiled palm; let every man open his purse and down wid de dust. Do you want dis country to go to war; do you want to see de mill stopped, de ships rotting in de docks; and you want Massa John to stop payment, and hab the store shut up; would you like to have your dray broke down, and your old horse dying for want ob oats; and finally and lastly, do you want to be drafted to go sodgerin?

*Cuff*.—I'm convinced—dat last argumen bout sodgerin has settled me. I never could bear de smell ob powder, no how—Yah, Yah, Yah. Dey don't get dis nigger to go lemen-adin wid a musket on his shoulder. Drafted—hey! If your gwain to talk bout drafts, spouse we Journ to Downing's and take a smash.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

THREE MISERIES.—To walk two miles for the purpose of begging a favor, and then feel too modest to name it.

Bowing to a person whom you mistake for another, and getting nothing but a vacant stare for your pains.

To be in a scrape every hour, merely for want of nerve to say no.

If you wish to know who is the most degraded and the most wretched of human beings, look for a man who has practiced a vice so long that he curses it and clings to it; that he pursues it because he feels a great law of his nature driving him on towards it; but, reaching it, knows that it will gnaw his heart, and make him roll himself in the dust with anguish.

Accused of having poisoned the Aga, the Georgian denied the fact with calm firmness. What have you done to him? they asked her. I have only given him a glass of water into which I had thrown a talisman, answered she: see! here is the glass and the ring!

The ring had remained, it is true; but the stone with which it was adorned had disappeared: it had been dissolved.

He entered the house as an under clerk, but rapidly rose in station and in the confidence of his employers. They carried on business with the East Indies, and their most confidential clerk was always the one chosen to go out there, and he was frequently absent several years.

The person who had filled this office died after Edward had been with him five years, and among all their clerks, Messrs. Gilbert & Ross (although there were many older) could think of no one on whom they could rely for strict integrity and business capability as on Edward Gray.

When the proposition was made to him, his heart bounded with joy, at this opportunity of seeing so much of the world; his mind was one to which knowledge was a delight, and the freedom and advantages of the prospect now open to him, would easily satisfy his ardent spirit and active mind. The idea of parting with his mother was the only drawback, but then he thought how much sooner the dreams of surrounding her with every comfort would be realized than if he remained at home.

After her son's departure, Mrs. Gray passed many sad, lonely hours, but she had been constantly cheered by long and affectionate letters, which assured her that she was still to him the beloved and cherished mother. His absence had been prolonged from time to time, till three years had elapsed, but his last letter contained the welcome news that he would follow it in a few days, and he expressed the wish that his mother would meet him in London, and thus gratify his ardent desire to see her as soon as possible after his arrival.

Mrs. Gray was on her way to comply with this request, and had stopped to rest for the night. While reading the evening paper, her eye fell upon the following paragraph:—

"Lost, at sea, the Marion, all on board are supposed to have perished, the Victoria having picked up a plank with that name upon it, which had been recognized as belonging to that ship."

This sudden change from hope to despair completely prostrated Mrs. Gray, and a severe attack of illness in consequence prevented her making any exertion to resume her journey, and indeed although she knew it to be wrong, she expressed a wish to die, for now her chief interest in life was gone.

Alice listened to these particulars with painful interest, but Mrs. Gray was much fatigued by the recital, and she urged her resting.

"You must permit me to be your nurse for a while, and obey my orders," said she affectionately; "you are so fatigued, that I think you could sleep if I darken the room and leave you for a while. My father is now in London, and I will write to him while you rest, and he will ascertain all that is known there about the Marion; something may have been heard by this time of her or of those persons on board.

This is the best thing I can do."

"You give me a ray of hope," said Mrs. Gray, bursting into tears, but I will be calm.

"I am much more so than when you came in,

and feel more as if I could sleep than I have since this sad change."

Alice arranged the room comfortably, and promised to return soon. Before she left the house, she spoke to Mrs. Monroe, the landlady, concerning her boarder's ill health, and succeeded in exciting more interest in her behalf; and Mrs. Monroe promised to take as good care of Mrs. Gray as if she were her own mother. As soon as Alice reached the hall, and she pended the following letter:—

DEAR PAPA:—There is at Elberton Inn a lady in deep trouble on account of the loss of the Marion. Her only son was on board, and she was on her way to London to meet him on his arrival. His name is Edward Gray, and he is a clerk of your friend Mr. Gilbert. I thought you would know if the report was true, or if anything had since been heard of the ship, and I hastened to write and hope that you can send back some encouraging news for Mrs. Gray. She is a lovely lady, and I feel so very sorry for her. Give my love to Mamma. I hope you will not have to stay much longer, as I am sometimes quite lonely without you.

Your affectionate daughter, ALICE.

Hastily folding this note, she called an old trusty servant, and delivered it to him with directions to have it sent immediately, as she hoped to receive an answer that evening.

Mr. Montgomery was more interested in this intelligence than Alice could have supposed, for not only was his benevolence aroused, but he recognized in Mrs. Gray and Edward the widow and son of one who in his early days had greatly befriended him, and since Mr. Gray's death he had met Edward many times previous to his departure for the East Indies, and feeling interested in his welfare, had often inquired about him of Mr. Gilbert during his absence. He had heard no report of the loss of the Marion, and he hastened to his friend to learn something definite. Of him he ascertained that this ship had been expected every day for a week, and that some anxiety was felt concerning her, but no news had been received, and the report in the paper probably arose from a plank, supposed to belong to a whale boat, of the same name, having been picked up by the Victoria.

This was quite pleasing news to send to Alice, and her father immediately sent the above particulars to her, and directed her to

insist upon Mrs. Gray's leaving the inn, and making their house till their return.

As Alice read her father's reply, her youthful imagination already pictured Mrs. Gray's sorrow at an end, and she hardly thought that the ship had not yet arrived, and that doubt still hung over its fate.

Each day revealed to Edward some new and interesting feature in Alice's character, and on the day previous to his leaving for London, he determined to hazard all his hopes, and ascertain whether Alice reciprocated his attachments, for her manner, friendly to all, could give him no clue to her heart. On this morning, he followed her as she bent her steps towards her favorite summer house, and he found her engaged in trailing a honeysuckle and climbing rose together round the entrance.

I will not relate the conversation, for if the party themselves should meet with this story, my character after this would be embellished with the addition of a cutesy-dropper. But Alice was taken by surprise, that one whom she considered so superior, should place his happiness on her decision. She confessed her esteem for him, but could say no more without the consent of her parents.

This was obtained by Edward without much difficulty, as they had confidence that he would make their daughter happy; but the time of their marriage was to be postponed for a year or two, as they were not willing to part with her so suddenly.

Mr. Montgomery made arrangements with Mr. Gilbert that some one else should be sent out on their foreign business, and Edward was offered by that gentleman admittance into the same partner.

My story is now at an end, I have no jealous feelings nor lover's quarrels to record, during this period of engagement, for each had full trust in each other, and sought for no other admiration.

Edward removed with his mother to a lovely cottage near Ashland Hall, and we will now leave them all happy, and diffusing happiness upon all around.

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

For the Journal.

### LINES BY A DISCONSOLATE BACHELOR.

BY T. A. E.

Poor lonely fellow that I be,

I hope you all do pity me;

Alone am I, and sad and dreary,

Of life indeed I'm almost weary.

My breakfast's poor, my dinner's spoiled,

My tea—for which so hard I toiled—

Is good for naught,—I cannot drink it,

My fate is hard, I really think it.

My clothes, when washed, no buttons have—

(But as for that I am prepared.)

When sick and sad I groanin lay,

No ones come my pains to stay;

And when I die, as soon I will,—

For misery has power to kill,—

I'll be laid to rest in a lonely dale,

Where none will come my fate to wail.

For the Journal.

### PRAY FOR ME, MOTHER.

BY T. A. E.

My mother! Years since, the angel of death came with his long wings drooping, and nestled within my mother's bosom. Her bosom, wherein I oft had cradled my head, grew cold beneath death's embrace, and I felt within my heart a desire, strong and burning, that I might go home with her; but death touched me not, but raised his wings and took her with him;—took her from me. But I feel that he took not her blessing, or her prayers from me, and I trust she still prays for me:—

Pray for me, mother," yes, I ask thee to pray,

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1851.

## WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1851.

### AGENTS.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETTIGRELL & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DICE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

### FRANCE.

Any person who may have watched the movements of Louis Napoleon for the past few months, must have noticed with what remarkable cunning he has played the card for his future aggrandizement. Many have entertained rather low views of his talents, pronouncing him as ignorant in many important respects, and a man entirely unfitted to be at the head of a great nation; but we apprehend such persons will be inclined to change their mind somewhat when they read the last account from Paris.

Louis Napoleon has proved himself to be a worthy descendant of his illustrious uncle, and has exhibited a boldness of action, a far-sighted vision, and a perfect adaptability to human nature that does credit to the name. He either possesses great talents, or has behind-the-curtain advisers of no ordinary ambition; and the result is that Napoleon now occupies the position of an *almost* absolute ruler. He overthrows government at his will, imprisons members of the Assembly at his pleasure, and says to the *Press* what they shall publish, and what they shall not.

For a long time Napoleon has been using all his power and influence with the Army, and at last he succeeded in insinuating himself completely into their good graces and favor. The cry was "Vive la Napoleon," and now, in the present crisis, the future would-be Emperor appeals to his military friends with full confidence that they will sustain and support him. He flatters, and tells them "to be proud of their mission,—that he looks to them to save the country," and says to them, "Your history is mine,—we are united by indissoluble ties," &c. &c.

The facts connected with the disturbances of the early part of this month, are simply these. It seems that Napoleon and the Assembly have been quarrelling for some time past, Napoleon charging them as intriguers, and they considering him in the light of a military usurper, refusing to alter the Constitution. Things had been approaching a crisis for some time, until at last this *Republican President* concludes to order the arrest of all opposing members. This was done, and then to complete his triumph, he stops the mouth of all unfriendly papers, thus causing the disturbances himself. The fight ensued, and 'tis said was of a fearful character, and the orders were "no quarter." Then comes the decrees dissolving the National Assembly, re-establishing suffrage, abolishing the law of the 31st of May, and making other changes, entirely unconstitutional and illegal.

Thus we see what a cowardly despot, backed by an army of half a million of men, can do; thus can all the features of government be changed for France in a day; and the very man who causes it all can then *appeal* to the people for vindication and support, and talk of adhering to their decision as to his election, when at the same time he knows his election would be a mere farce, and entirely illegal. But what *tatters* it to him, if he can only rule beyond his present term of office? He well knows the French people, and that his name is a watchword with them; and that with the Army on his side he can carry out any measure that he may please.

Poor Republican France! We fear that your liberty is still unstable as water, and that even now your people's Constitution is to pass away, and a second Napoleon will again rule, and tread in the footsteps of his "illustrious predecessor." We had hoped better things for the infant republic, but much fear that Socialism, Red Republicanism, Napoleonism, and all their other "isms," will again place France where she has often stood—under the rule of a despot.

**MANUFACTURES.**—The entire capital invested in the various manufactures in the United States on the 1st of June, 1850, not to include any establishment producing less than the annual value of \$500—amounted to, in round numbers, \$530,000,000. Value of raw material, \$240,000,000. Amount paid for labor, \$210,000,000. Value of manufactured articles, \$1,030,000,000. Number of persons employed 1,050,000.

**FOUNTAIN FIRE CO., NO. 1.**—At the Company's regular meeting, Dec. 6th, the following persons were chosen as officers for the next term:—Cyrus Tay, *Foreman*; Marshal Frye, *First Assistant*; L. B. Reed, *Second Assistant*; John Knight, *3d Clerk*; John W. Taylor, *Treasurer*; John Murray, *Steward*. The Company numbers, including officers, 42.

**PETITIONING THE LEGISLATURE.**—The ward committee appointed at the late mass meeting in Roxbury to circulate petitions to the Legislature in favor of the "Maine Law," have commenced their duties. There seems to be little or no urging to get signatures. People, thus far, seem rather anxious than otherwise to give their signatures.

**THE BANGOR WHIG** of Thursday observes—"The severe still coldness of the weather yesterday morning, took our people by surprise. The mercury down to twenty degrees below zero, was a little tough to begin winter with. However, the day was very pleasant, and the sleighing of the first order.

**ESSEX COUNTY TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.**—A Convention for Essex County, of those in favor of the Maine Liquor Law, was held at Lyceum Hall in Lynn, on Friday last. The meeting was numerously attended, and a series of spirited resolutions in favor of the law, after being fully discussed by able speakers, was unanimously passed.

**ONE VOICE.**—Benj. Scaver, Esq., the Whig nominee, was elected mayor of Boston, on Wednesday, by one majority.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Next week we shall make a proposition to our contributing friends, that we think will meet with their approbation, and also show them that we appreciate the efforts put forth in behalf of the "Journal."

"X."—we shall be happy to publish your articles on Schools, and doubt not, your reminiscences will prove interesting.

"T. A. E."—our young friend of 15 years will accept our thanks for his favors, he gives promise of making a "Poet," and we commend the perusal of our readers his piece in the present number, and some poetry we shall publish hereafter.

"The Pleasant Girl"—gives us some beautiful lines in answer to the Enigma in our last, your other article was never received.

"Dolia"—writes a Christmas story for the juveniles, we cannot make room this week, our young friends may expect it in our next; it is written by one who is quite young, and we are glad to see a literally taste manifested by our youthful readers.

"Reader" has a good Enigma, and one that should be answered. We say, "more."

"Schoolboy"—will see an Enigma in this week's paper like the one he sends, received before his own.

"L."—on Schools, is received,—we shall try and make room for your article soon.

"S."—on Agriculture, &c., is before us—a sensible article. The selections we will look over.

"I."—will find his question answered in this week's letter from the Cave.

### ANSWERS TO ENIGMA.

Answers to Enigma in our last have been received from "Man of the Mountain," "Schoolboy" and others. We select the following admirable acrostical answer:—

**MR. EDIRON:**—Having seen "Calista's" Enigma in the Journal of last week, and feeling confident that the following is the answer, I venture to send it; but I think "Calista" made a slight mistake in spelling, and placed an "A" where it should have been an "E." If the answer is correct, and you deem it worthy, you will please give it a place in the Journal:—

What better place on earth is found,  
Or can hearts desire,  
Beneath the Heaven's blue canopy,  
Unto which we would retire;—  
Rest from worldly care to find;  
Nothing here disturbs the mind.

Calm and solemn is the place,  
Easy nor strife are here;—  
Many within thy bosom rest,  
Even those we lov'd most dear.  
They enjoy thy calm repose,  
And quiet is their mind;

Rest in the "Woburn Cemetery"  
You and I may find.

**ELSIE, THE PEASANT GIRL.**  
North Woburn, Dec., 1851.

**THE VOTE FOR SENATORS.**—The Governor and Council having completed the counting of the votes for Senators, have given certificates to 28 members as follows: six Whigs in Suffolk, two in Hampshire, two in Barnstable, and one in Nantucket and Dukes—11. Six Coalitions in Middlesex, two in Plymouth, two in Bristol, one in Berkshire, one in Franklin, five in Worcester—17. There are twelve vacancies as follows: three in Norfolk, one in Bristol, one in Berkshire, (the Coalition candidate, Mr. Robinson, lacked 39 votes of an election,) two in Hampden, and five in Essex. The vote of Lowell, as amended by the clerk of Ward Four, was admitted

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**REV. SAMUEL GLOVER,** a retired Minister of the Baptist persuasion, residing in Cambridge, died suddenly on Saturday morning while sitting at the breakfast-table—supposed from an affection of the heart. His age was 67.

**PORTSMOUTH, N. H.**, was lighted with gas for the first time, Dec. 15th.

### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Mammoth Cave, Nov., 1851.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I left off my letter this morning rather abruptly at the mouth of the Cave, and will now commence our journey inward from the mouth of this great tunnel of nature. After receiving our directions, we immediately started down a ravine a few hundred feet and stood at the entrance, which is 60 feet high by about 30 or 40 wide, and presents a rude yet fine appearance, we now moved in single file down some rude steps formed by nature, and were soon within the main avenue, which immediately increased in size from the entrance. We took a last lingering look at the great door way from the darkness of our position, and the effect was very fine indeed, as the sun sent its golden hues a few feet inward, they were made more visible by the darkness with which we were surrounded.

We now took each his little lighted lamp, and followed our guides on the rough journey before us, the height of the cave soon diminished to a few feet, retaining its width, and thus we journeyed for one quarter of a mile, and by this time my ideas and expectations had cooled considerably, for I had anticipated being in the *immediate* presence of grandeur and sublimity beyond description, and now to hear every moment the cry from the guides of "look out for heads," and at the same time have my nostrils filled with lamp smoke was rather a damper on "sublimity." We soon came upon the remains of the old salt-petre works, where this article was manufactured in large quantities during the last war, and here by way of information I will say that the earth found on the bottom of the cave is strongly impregnated with nitre, or nitrate of potassa, and yields a strong percentage of that article. In the time of the last war, saltpetre could not be imported, and the manufacturing of it proved quite lucrative, they erected vats at about half a mile from the entrance of the cave inward, and impregnated water by passing it through the earth, and thus obtained the salts. This nitre proves its strong preservative qualities in the cave, for every bit of wood or iron, or any other material which was left there some 10 years since remains in precisely the same state as when first put there, no decay of any kind ever making its appearance in the Mammoth Cave. This to some appears quite strange, but when we consider the regularity of the temperature, which *never* varies from sixty Fahrenheit, and the presence of so much nitre with but little moisture, is easily accounted for. It also seems to have quite an exhilarating influence upon a traveler, for we find after a day's journey on foot of about twenty miles, that we are not much fatigued. This is also easily accounted for as above, when taken in connection with the great curiosity that naturally leads one on the tour.

We passed on, and were immediately astonished to hear on every side hissing noises, but our fears were soon allayed by being informed that we had arrived at the bats boudoir room, and sure enough on gazing upward at the vast expanse above, we found the ceiling blackened by these little creatures who have recently taken up their annual winter quarters here, and who were now disturbed by our lights. For a mile or so we were regaled by their singing, and their numbers might be well called "legion." Our eyes by this time were getting accustomed to the "blackness of darkness," which surrounded us, and we could more readily penetrate the vast avenue through which we were passing. It had now increased in size, so as to average about eighty feet in height, and some seventy-five in width, the roof being of an oval form from the base. We found the travel was through a rough country, as now we were descending rapidly, then ascending rocks and hills, and ever and anon changing from good to indifferent, and often awful footings.

Thus we kept on our way through what is called the "main avenue" and noticing on each side, diverging in all directions innumerable small avenues and caves, all of which our guide says are nothing in comparison to what we are nearing. I was ready to confess that for these two or three miles I'd not seen much, and was pondering upon the disappointment so far, when we were told to look out for the "grand vestibule" and entered into a great room which bore that title. Disappointment and all other of such feelings vanished, and in their place appeared those which immediately sent forth the poetic exclamation of "O! O!" and this settles the question of its appearance. It was a vast chamber of such a size that it wearied the eye to gaze into its immensity, but the guide said "this is nothing, come along." In a short time we came to the "gothic church" gothic gallery," so called, from its gothic appearance, and this was truly beautiful. It contains a natural pulpit and choir galleries, and in this spot meetings have actually been held, and worship and homage to the architect of this great wonder has been rendered from here. Our guides ascended the pulpit, and it was quite interesting to behold them about one hundred feet above us, with a roof over one hundred feet above them, stretching away to the other side for four hundred feet, and forming a room capable of holding tens of thousands of listeners.

Onward we went, perfectly bewildered with the scenes that met our gaze on every hand, and at every turn,—now an immense hall, or chamber, then a charming cliff, a giant's head, an elephant's nose, a fairy grotto; then a bottomless pit or hole, into which we could gaze with horror, and watch the lighted paper as it descended on its long journey towards the

bottom, until almost lost in the wilderness of the scene, I would turn away and push forward, ever and anon tripping the toes against some fallen stone, then measuring one's length in the "clean dirt," as the guide called it; then picking one's self up again, rubbing the precious phenological developments, then hearing the guide sing out "forward," we soon reached the Mummy Hole, from whence the remains of a giant was obtained, and now deposited in the Museum, New York. This was, with one or two exceptions, about the only remains ever found in the cave. We got to "Satan's Chair," where I seated myself to write you this morning.

After resting a little after the eight mile travel, we started again, as our guide said there was no time to lose, and were continually finding new wonders to admire and gaze upon.

After many hard tugs over mountain and down valleys, we at last reached our most interesting spot, as our guide called it. We soon found it was called "Fat Man's Misery," and was quite a narrow winding passage-way of about 300 feet in length, which connected this avenue with another of great interest, it was hard work to get through, and we all found some tight fits; but unfortunately for himself there was in our company a Gent of rather corpulent dimensions, and as I gazed upon him, it was with feelings of pity and sympathy, not unmixed with the ludicrous, for I saw we were to have a *time*, or rather he was. But what could the poor fellow do? To treat he could not,—to remain until our return, in five or six hours, was not to be thought of, so try it he must. He rather doubted his ability to "get through," not but what I am large enough to accomplish most any great undertaking, said he, "but in this instance I am too large." For a few yards he made out pretty well, but soon got into difficulty, and was around, or stuck fast, and then found the rocks on either side would not move an inch. What to do was now the question. Some of the party were ahead, and they offered to *pull*, but this would be too severe for our friend,—some of us were behind, and offered to *push*, but this would be about as feasible, so here we were in a pretty predicament—but I find the hour of midnight is upon me, and my paper nearly used up, and I must be prepared for another journey in the Cave by daybreak, so I'll leave our "unfortunate gentleman" in his position, and resume the consideration of his fate in my next.

J. A. F.

For the Journal.

### THE COMMON SCHOOL.

Mr. EDIRON:—The glory of Massachusetts is her common schools. There is, probably, no state or country in the world, where so much is done for educating the children and youth, thereby fitting them for stations of honor and usefulness. With the superior advantages within the reach of every one, it is hardly possible for a girl or boy to attain to womanhood or manhood, without having attained a good knowledge of the elements of an education. If, however, we go back over a period of fifteen or twenty years, we shall find that a far different state of things existed. When the late Secretary of the Board of Education, the Hon. Horace Mann, entered upon the duties of his office, he made it his first object to ascertain the condition of the common schools throughout the State. Without a knowledge of their deficiencies, and the state of the public mind towards them he could not understandingly devise the means best adapted to their improvement. He found, almost universally, poor school houses, a great deficiency in the qualifications of teachers, a lamentable want of interest on the part of parents, and books unadapted to the capacities of the scholars. Having taken a view of the field, he then set about devising means to bring about a change for the better. Of the results of his efforts I need not speak. To his indefatigable labors we are mainly indebted for that system of common schools which renders Massachusetts pre-eminent over the whole world. As we look at the common school now, we are astonished at the change. The small, inconvenient house is succeeded by one of larger dimensions, while convenience, health, and comfort, are kept prominently in view at their construction. A race of teachers with better qualifications, are moulding the minds of the rising generation. Parents are awaking to the value of the common school, and are giving the indispensable aid which they alone can afford. Books have been written by the best teachers and ripest scholars, embodying the fruits of their ripe experience, adapted to the capacities and wants of the scholars. Instead of a few weeks of school in each year, most of our schools are kept nearly the *whole year*, long enough, certainly, for the health and best improvement of the children. Too much schooling is but little better than too little. The child should not be kept at school all the time. There is need of ample vacations that the physical growth may keep pace with the intellectual.

As most of the scholars in our common schools know nothing of their advantage in comparison with the schools existing twenty years ago, I propose in future articles to give them some account of the District School as it was. Do not mean the school described by Burton in his "District School as it was," but the school that the writer attended in his boyhood, first learned his alphabet, and began the ascent of that hill, along whose steps the flowers of knowledge are ever springing, and upon whose summit, according to the pictures in his *spelling book*, stands the temple of fame. Could the children and youth of the present day appreciate their advantages for acquiring an education—such an education as

will fit them to fill with honor any station in our land—it seems to the writer that they would apply themselves assiduously in the spring-time of life, that their manhood may be crowned with success, and their old age be illuminated with the light of life spent in usefulness, and the elevation of their race.

### WOBURN RECORDS.

The following resolutions were passed at a Town Meeting of the citizens of the town of Woburn, Jan. 14th, 1773, "to consult some salutary measures as may be taken at this alarming crisis, and most conducive to ye public good." At this meeting a letter and a pamphlet, from the Committee of Correspondence of the town of Boston, was read, and a committee of nine\* were chosen to form a suitable set of resolves in reply. The resolves were reported at an adjourned meeting, Feb. 1st, and as the records say, were unanimously adopted.

\* COMMITTEE.

Den. Sam'l Wyman, Capt. Thos. Peirce, Mr. Robert Douglass, Dr. Sam'l Blodget, Dea. Tim'e Winn,

Lev't Wm. Tay, Lev't Joshua Walker, Mr. Joseph Wright, Lt. Sam'l Thompson, Dea. Tim'e Winn,

W.

*Resolved* 1st, That we have no disposition to cast of Government, or find fault with the British Constitution, as by law established, or to murmur against our civil

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1851.

colonies could be properly laid before him he could grant us a redress of our Grievances. Res. 12th, That a Committee be appointed to return yr Sincere thanks of this Town to the Inhabitants of the town of Boston, for their care and watchfulness in furnishing this town with a List of Grievances, and to assure yr this town will unite with them in all constitutional ways for the removal of these grievances, and also to keep up a correspondence with yr town of Boston, and any other town that it shall be thought proper, and also the Town Clerk be requested to return an untested copy of yr proceedings of this meeting to the Committee of Correspondence of the town of Boston.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, Dec. 23, 1851.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Since my last letter, many things have transpired in this city of no ordinary importance. The awful and melancholy catastrophe which occurred here, and by which many children were killed and wounded, has sometime ago made known to you; and we should not now allude to it, only for the purpose of again calling the attention of the teachers of your State to the self-possessed conduct exhibited by the principal of the school on this distressing event, in the hope that should an occurrence of the like nature arise, in any of their schools, they may bear in mind the example set them by Mr. McNally and thereby save the lives of their pupils.

Our Annual Thanksgiving with us as with you has come and gone, and the day passed off very creditably to the city, though its citizens do not attach so much importance to it as those of New England. If there is a time when a "Massachusetts boy" can say of his native state, "This is my own, my native land," it is then this festival makes its appearance.

The noted Forest vs. Forest, case is now on trial in court, and the room in which the proceedings are held is densely crowded every day, and much interest is manifested as to the result. If the declarations of counsel were to be relied on in the opening of the cause, both parties seem to be innocent, but you know that in many instances assertions of counsel go for nothing—they amount to nothing.

But, over beyond and above all else that has taken place here, has been the joy and excitement occasioned by the arrival of the immortal Kossuth upon our shores. Although the rays of millions had been offered, invoking the Almighty to give this noble man smooth seas and a prosperous journey on his way hitherward, still, as the steamer in which he was known to have embarked was a day or two behind the ordinary time for her arrival, many doubts were expressed and many fears entertained. But the fear and anxiety have been dispelled, and the great Hungarian has arrived in safety. As you are aware, he arrived at Staten Island about half past twelve in the morning, and in a few hours, the exclamation was upon all lips here—“Kossuth has come!”

A Goon CAUSE.—We learn that the Juvenile Missionary Society connected with Rev. Mr. Edwards's church, will hold fair in their vestry you Wednesday evening, for the purpose of aiding in fitting out a seaman's library. Let all attend and aid our young friends in this commendable project.

LYCUM.—The next lecture before the Lyceum will be an important one; and the public are invited to attend free of charge. We hope Mr. Upham will be greeted by a full audience.

A lad named Albert Haven, belonging to Groton, aged fourteen years, died at Lunenburg, on the 6th inst., in consequence of injuries received from the kick of a horse on the day previous.

Samuel Eaton, Superintendent of the Kingsbury Woollen Factory, at South Coventry Ct., was caught in the machinery and killed.

A letter from Raleigh, N. C., of the 17th inst., says the fire there has been terribly destructive, nearly one half of the town is ashes. The loss is very heavy, and only partially insured. Great distress prevails.

Sarah Gerks, of Lancaster, Pa., has been committed to prison on a charge of forcing an infant to swallow pins and needles.

The freight agent on the Western Railroad at Chester Village, recently received a box, per railroad, directed to him, which on opening contained a live baby.

Jenny Lind has presented \$1000 to Miss Adelaide Phillips, of Boston, to aid her in pursuing her musical studies in Italy.

The subject of annexing Roxbury to Boston, is the all absorbing topic in the first named city at the present time.

The seven thousand five hundred pupils of the public schools of Baltimore have had a handsome block of marble prepared for the National Washington Monument. Motto—"Let him who bears the palm merit it."

The Academy at Swanton Falls, Vt., was burnt on Thursday night, resulting from a defect in the chimney.

It is proposed to establish a college for instruction in agriculture and the principals of mechanism in Illinois.

A leading medical practitioner, at Brighton, England has lately given a list of sixteen of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came under his own knowledge within the last six months.

You have, doubtless, read the great speeches of Kossuth, made at the dinner given him by the City Authorities, the Press, and the Bar. His masterly arguments in behalf of intervention on the part of the United States, should the occasion arise, is thought by many to be almost unanswerable. But whatever course our country may see fit to take, we hope it will act understandingly, so that if it does say to Russia (as we hope it may), “Mind your own business and let Hungary and Austria settle their own affairs,” it will be present.

tain the declaration, though it be at the canon's mouth. Daily, he receives deputations and addresses, from various states and cities, to all of which he responds. Last Saturday, he made his farewell address here to the ladies, who are always for liberty, as well as for Union; and so well succeeded that they pledged to him their interest and support; of course his cause is safe. Yesterday, he left the city, to comply with the invitations of Congress, bidding him welcome to the Capitol and to the nation.

I sincerely hope that before he leaves the country, the great Hungarian may be induced to visit New England and especially Massachusetts, so that he may have an opportunity of witnessing your free institutions of learning—your common schools, and the industry and enterprise, which are so characteristic of the people of this portion of our republic. I hope that it may be his fortune to see the Rock where the Pilgrims landed—the place where “spoke Otis, Adams and Quincy,” and the fields where fell the early martyrs to American liberty.

The New England Society of this city held their forty-sixth anniversary at the Tabernacle, last evening. We had the pleasure of listening to the Oration by the Hon. George S. Hillard, of Boston. It was an able and brilliant discourse, and was well received by the audience. While the speaker acknowledged and lamented the faults of our Pilgrim fathers, still he thought their many virtues far outweigh their errors. Did time permit, I should like to speak more at length of the manner in which the orator treated his subject, but as the mail closes soon, so must I.

Truly Yours, D.

For the Journal,

Mr. Eborac:—We are glad the subject of Books has been broached by a citizen, and trust it will be agitated until there is some *Reform*, at least with regard to changing or *swapping* as it may be called, but always receiving book.

DISTRICT NO. 1.

Woburn Dec. 23, 1851.

THE WEATHER.—The unprecedented cold weather still continues, and we hear that it extends as far south as Charleston, S. C. The papers at the south speak of the season thus far as being of unusual severity.

The Thermometer in town yesterday morning stood at 7 below zero.

A GOOD CAUSE.—We learn that the Juvenile Missionary Society connected with Rev. Mr. Edwards's church, will hold fair in their vestry you Wednesday evening, for the purpose of aiding in fitting out a seaman's library. Let all attend and aid our young friends in this commendable project.

LYCUM.—The next lecture before the Lyceum will be an important one; and the public are invited to attend free of charge. We hope Mr. Upham will be greeted by a full audience.

A lad named Albert Haven, belonging to Groton, aged fourteen years, died at Lunenburg, on the 6th inst., in consequence of injuries received from the kick of a horse on the day previous.

Samuel Eaton, Superintendent of the Kingsbury Woollen Factory, at South Coventry Ct., was caught in the machinery and killed.

A letter from Raleigh, N. C., of the 17th inst., says the fire there has been terribly destructive, nearly one half of the town is ashes. The loss is very heavy, and only partially insured. Great distress prevails.

Sarah Gerks, of Lancaster, Pa., has been committed to prison on a charge of forcing an infant to swallow pins and needles.

The freight agent on the Western Railroad at Chester Village, recently received a box, per railroad, directed to him, which on opening contained a live baby.

Jenny Lind has presented \$1000 to Miss Adelaide Phillips, of Boston, to aid her in pursuing her musical studies in Italy.

The subject of annexing Roxbury to Boston, is the all absorbing topic in the first named city at the present time.

The seven thousand five hundred pupils of the public schools of Baltimore have had a handsome block of marble prepared for the National Washington Monument. Motto—"Let him who bears the palm merit it."

The Academy at Swanton Falls, Vt., was burnt on Thursday night, resulting from a defect in the chimney.

It is proposed to establish a college for instruction in agriculture and the principals of mechanism in Illinois.

A leading medical practitioner, at Brighton, England has lately given a list of sixteen of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came under his own knowledge within the last six months.

There are said to be more Landholders in the State of Massachusetts alone, than in all England and Ireland together.

The East Boston Unitarian Society have extended an invitation to Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, of Lowell, and late of the Divinity School at Cambridge, to become their pastor.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AND IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—Despatched from Washington furnish us with the disastrous intelligence that the Congressional library and a large amount of valuable public documents in the Capitol at Washington, were consumed by fire on Tuesday morning.

The fire was first discovered about sunrise by a watchman, and some time elapsed before the general alarm was given.

The flames at the capitol would have been subdued at a much earlier period, but the intense cold weather made the hose nearly unserviceable by freezing.

The fire is supposed to have caught from the fuses connected with the furnaces in the main basement of the capitol. All the fire companies belonging to Washington, and one or more from Alexandria were on hand rendering efficient services.

President Fillmore, the Mayor, Speaker Boyd, and numerous members and officers of Congress, were early on the ground, rendering all the aid in their power.

Many of the documents and books destroyed are of great value and no amount of money can replace them. The Library presents one mass of ruins, and, with the Document Room above it, are completely burnt out, and fully three-fourths of the library is consumed, including the most valuable portion of the same. No serious damage has been done to any other part of the Capitol, except by water.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE KOSSUTH FUND.—A purse containing \$1000 from the Whig Central Committee of New York.

From farmer Douglas of Long Island \$1000. From the workmen of Messrs. Hoe & Co's Print Manufactory, \$400.

From the Watchmakers \$53. From Stewart's clerks \$203 in gold dollars.

Mr. Webster, in his communication to the House, respecting Mr. Thrasher, says that as he had domiciled himself in Cuba, he was therefore a Spanish citizen. He examines the whole question of law and fact, from the treaty of 1735 to the sending of Mr. Thrasher to Spain.

Hon. Henry Clay's letter, resigning his seat in the U. S. Senate, was read in the Kentucky Legislature on Tuesday, when they passed a resolution to elect a Senator on Tuesday next.

The Senate have appointed Messrs. Foote, Shields and Seward as a committee to receive Kossuth.

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**THEODORE LADD,**  
—**DEALER IN—**  
**HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,**  
**Building Materials, Carpenters' Tools.**  
—**ALSO—**  
**STOVES, FUNNEL, TIN WARE, &c.,**  
**KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN ST., WOBURN.**  
Particular attention paid to Tin Roofing. **45**  
dec 29 **ff**

**WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS.**

The subscribers continue to stand to the EXPRESS business in all its branches, between Woburn and Boston. Orders received at No. 10 Court Square, Boston, and at the Depot in Woburn. **W. E. YOUNG,**  
oct 25 **ff** **G. S. CONVERSE.**

**ALBERT THOMPSON,**  
**DEPUTY SHERIFF.**  
Residence, Woburn Centre.

All communications will receive prompt attention. **oct 18** **ff**

**WILLIAM WINN, JR.,**  
**LICENSED AUCTIONEER,**  
BURLINGTON, MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. **oct 18** **ff**

**T. J. PORTER,**  
**Woburn & Boston Express,**

Offices in Boston, No. 16 State street, and 46 North Market street. Office in Woburn at Woburn's Store. Orders for freight, packages, &c., promptly attended to. **nov 1** **ff**

**TRUEMAN, SLEATER & CO.,**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
FOSTER'S WHARF,..., BOSTON.

Books, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Powell's Bookstore, Woburn, will receive attention. **nov 15** **ff**

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**WINCHESTER & BOSTON EXPRESS.**

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T. & S. keep on hand a large stock of the best WEST INDIA GOODS and GROCERIES; which they will sell very cheap, at their stores above. **oct 18** **ff**

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Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Colour done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling, Sashes and Panels, of every description, furnished, Paints, Oil and Glass, of the best quality.

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Boots, Shoes and Rubber, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Travels, Pillars, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings, —**WADDELL'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.**

**EDWARD F. PIERCE,** **EDWARD F. PIERCE,**  
N. L. LEITCH and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order. Boots, Shoes and Rubbers neatly Repaired. **oct 25** **ff**

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—**DEALERS IN—**

**DRUGS,** **Fancy Goods,** Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs.

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, **WOBURN.**

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Forign Leeches can usually be had on hand. **oct 18** **ff**

**E. AYRS & FAIRBANKS,**  
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—**ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,**  
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET, **BOSTON.**

Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parcments, &c. **oct 18** **ff**

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Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Silver Spoons, Spectacles, and a variety of Fancy Goods.

Clocks, Watches, Accoutrements and Jewelry repaired. Also, Engraving executed. **oct 25** **ff**

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1851.

## POETRY.

For the Journal.

### HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. MARY W. WELMAN.

Ain—"The morning light is breaking,"  
Let songs of joy ascending,  
On this auspicious morn,  
Let hearts in union blending,  
Shout, lo! a Saviour's born;  
Behold the infant, Jesus,  
This day is born our king;  
Then join in pure devotion,  
And hymns of glory sing.  
Within a humble manger  
God's only Son was born;  
The stars all sang together  
On that delightful morn;  
The shepherds heard with wonder  
The angelic strains of love,  
Good will to man proclaiming,  
Glory to God above.

The wise men hast to see thee,  
The star before them went,  
With gifts their souls before thee  
In pure devotion bent;  
And now thou reign'st in Heaven,  
Thy life for man didst give;  
This offering thou requirest:  
Give me thine heart and live.

Praise, praise to thee, our Father,  
Thy will on earth be done;  
To save mankind from ruin,  
Thou sent thine only Son;

Where beasts of burden fed,  
Behold the prince of Heaven,—  
Behold his humble bed!

Hail! mighty one of Heaven,  
To Thee we homage pay;  
Up to the courts of glory,  
Thou trod for man the way;

And left thy Father's glory,  
To suffer shameful scorn,  
O', holy child, our Saviour,  
We praise thee on this morn.

Then perish worldly grandeur,  
Earth's toys cannot allure,  
I crave not worldly honors,  
My Master he was poor;

Then fearlessly I'll venture  
To bear His humble cross,

I'll fix my thoughts on Heaven,

And count all else but dross.

North Woburn, Dec., 1851.

### AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive."

For the Journal.

### SCIENCE IN AGRICULTURE.

MR. EDITOR:—As in your new and beautiful paper you declare in words and practice, your intention to give a portion of your attention to the science of all sciences, that of agriculture, I should like from time to time to give you some of my thoughts upon this subject, should you deem them of value to your readers.

In the fifth number of the Journal, a writer in Winchester seems to deprecate the mingling of mechanics and scientific men with farmers, in agricultural societies. Now this objection must be for some cause, either fancied or real, unless we suppose our Winchester friend to act without cause, a case of course not for one moment to be thought of. He says that those who are bred to a particular business, are best qualified for this business. This fact we admit to be generally true, provided we understand it in its right sense. For illustration, take the slave on a cotton plantation, who has done nothing else all his life but work on cotton, who has been bred a cotton raiser, and give him a farm or plantation to cultivate himself; and how many bales of cotton think he would raise? Nay, if this writer's position be true, why is it, as all know, that the productions of the soil in New England have decreased, one half per acre in fifty years? Why is it that in Ohio, where the average wheat crop was formerly thirty bushels per acre, it is now reduced to twelve?

If a farmer wishes for information he must seek for it either by observation, or by the experience of his brother farmer," says our friend. Our New England farmers have had two hundred years of experience and observation, and we see the result. Our Governor's words, which are quoted to prove his positions, prove directly the contrary. Why the exhortation for farmers to reform, if their experience and observation is sufficient? The truth is, that while every other branch of human knowledge has been advancing in our country with giant strides, agriculture, till within a few years, has stood still; and this not so much from the faults of the farmers themselves, as of scientific men, whose attention has not been turned to the subject. Indeed so contrary to the facts are our friend's position, that to quote the words of the editor of one of our agricultural journals, himself a practical farmer—"all the improvements in agricultural tools and in agriculture itself has been made by mechanics, professional men, and amateurs." One of the members of the firm to which our friend's eminent leather manufacturer belongs, who was an officer of his deceased Society, has raised this year the most corn per acre, on any area of several acres, of any of his neighbors whose business it is to raise corn. But my principal object in this is to give some facts, to show the profit of scientific farming as an offset to the common opinion entertained.

How often people sneer at the word science

in connection with farming. Let us give a definition before communicating our facts.

"Science is the laws of nature stated in exact words." This is our definition and this will be our text should we preach further on this subject. Our first fact is taken from the report of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society for 1850:

"Hanson Harmon, Blue Pond Farm, Wheatland, Monroe Co., has 159 acres of what was formerly called scrub-oak openings, 70 acres swamp and timbered land and 7 acres in lanes and roads. His soil is a sandy gravelly loam with a very little clay. He uses from twenty-five to thirty loads of long manure per acre, with plaster as a top dressing for grain crops, and compost for root crops. Deep plowing, he says, has uniformly produced the best crops, and wheat roots have been known to penetrate the earth, when allowed, to the depth of four feet. The net profits of this farm for the past year are \$1,633.49 a result says the Journal of Agriculture, which might have been expected when we read that \$15 had been expended in agricultural and other papers."

My second case is one in which a scientific man, who was no farmer, or had no "experience," was the means of changing the sterile soil of the "experienced" farmer, into an exceedingly fertile one.

A specimen of soil of good appearance was given to Sir Humphrey Davy, from Lincolnshire in England, as remarkable for sterility. On analyzing it he found sulphate of iron. He recommended a top-dressing of lime, and the sulphate of iron was forthwith converted into the sulphate of lime; a noxious substance was at once changed into an object of fertility. My next case is nearer home, and it is an exceedingly important one, I give it entire at the risk of making my article somewhat long.

The Hon. Reverdy Johnson purchased, in 1849, a small farm near Baltimore, in the last stage of impoverishment. Such was its reduced condition that the last crop of corn was not more than one peck to the acre. He states that all the vegetable matter, growing on the two hundred acres of cleared land, including briar, sassafras, and other bushes, if carefully collected, would have been insufficient for the manufacture of one four horse wagon load of manure. He applied to David Stewart of Baltimore, an able chemist, who rode out to the farm and procured specimens of the soil which he then analyzed. He found that it contained an abundance of lime, potash, magnesia, and organic matter, duly mixed with alumina and sand. One element only of a fertile soil was wanting, phosphoric acid; and and of this there was no trace. He recommended an application of the bishosphate of lime, a preparation of bones, as the best mode of supplying the deficient element. The remedy was given at the expense of ten dollars per acre. It was the one thing needful, health was restored to the exhausted patient, and the grateful soil yielded the following year twenty-nine bushels of wheat per acre to the proprietor. Here was a beautiful triumph of science. There are no doubts about these facts.

R. U. D.

### THE FARMER.

It does one's heart real good to see a merry, round face farmer. So independent and yet so free from vanity and pride. So rich, and yet so industrious—so patient and persevering in his calling and yet so kind, sociable and obliging. There are a thousand noble traits about his character. He is generally hospitable—eat and drink with him, and he won't set a mark on you, and sweat it out of you with double compound interest, as some people I know will—you are welcome. He will do you kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation—it is not so with every body. He is usually more honest and sincere, less disposed to deal in underhand cunning than many I could name. He gives society its best support; its firmest pillars that support the edifice of government; is the lord of nature. Look at him in his homespun and grey, laugh at him if you will, but believe, he can laugh back again if he pleases.

To PROMOTE THE HEALTH OF CATTLE.—Mix, occasionally, one part of salt with four, five or six parts of wood ashes, and give the mixture to different kinds of stock, summer and winter. It promotes their appetites, and tends to keep them in a healthy condition. It is said to be good against boils on horses, murrain in cattle, and rot in sheep.

Horse-radish root is valuable for cattle. It creates an appetite, and is good for various diseases. Some give it to any animal that is unwell. It is good for oxen troubled with the heat. If animals will not eat it voluntarily, cut it up fine and mix it with potatoes or meal.

COURTING.—Here is a specimen of the good fashioned mode of courting, as it was done in Connecticut. Deacon Marvin, a large landholder and most exemplary man, accomplished his, in this business like way:—Having one day mounted his horse, he rode in front of the house where Betty Lee lived, and without dismounting, requested Betty to come to him. On coming, he told her that the Lord had sent him to marry her. Betty replied—

"The Lord's will be done."

COSTLY DRESSES.—Paris is the place to spend money. Dresses of silk and satin can be bought, in that luxurious city, for twenty, thirty and forty dollars the yard! A lady can spend from \$300 to \$500 for the mere fabric of a dress, without the trimmings or making.

THE principle of building chimneys to draw well, is to contract the openings both at the throat and the top, so as to break the force with which the wind (or even the air itself in some states of atmosphere) opposes the ascent of the smoke.—A. J. Downing.

THE printer out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says, "A boy from the country would be preferred."

How often people sneer at the word science

## MISCELLANY.

### A LOCK OF HAIR.

Few things in this weary world are so delightful as keepsakes. Nor do they ever, to my heart at least, nor to my eyes, lose their tender, their powerful charms. How slight, how small, how tiny a memorial saves a beloved one from oblivion. No thought is so insipid, so tasteless as that of entire, total, black forgetfulness; when the creature that once laughed, and sung, and wept to us close by our side, or in our arms, is as if her smiles, her voice, her tears, her kisses had never been—she and them all swallowed up in the dark nothingness of dust.

All the keepsakes, memorials, relics most dearly, most devotedly do I love a little lock of hair; and, oh! when the head it beautified is long mouldered in the dust, how spiritual seems the undying glossiness of the sole remaining! All else gone to nothing, save and except that soft, smooth, burnished and glorious fragment of the apparel that hung in clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow.

A lock of hair is far better than any picture—it is part of the beloved object herself; it belongs to the tresses that often, long ago, may have been dishevelled like a shower of sunbeams over your breast. But now solemn thoughts sadden the beauty once so bright—so resplendent. The more you gaze on it, the more and more it seems to say, upbraiding me.

\* \* \* On Tuesdays this Train leaves at 11, P.M., and on Saturdays at 10, P.M. For further particulars, see PATRICK'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

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Agent B. & L. R. R. Co.

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Leave Lowell at 7:15, 10, A. M., 9, and 4, P. M.  
The 6 P. M. Train stops at East Woburn, and above Woburn Watering Place.  
Leave Woburn Centre at 6:30, 7:45, 9:30, A. M., 1:15, 4:15 and 8, P. M.  
Leave Boston at 8:30 and 11:30, A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9, P. M.  
Leave Woburn Centre at 6:15, P. M.

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Leave Woburn Centre at 6:30, 7:45, 9:30, A. M., 1:15, 4:15 and 8, P. M.

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Leave Woburn Centre at 6:30, 7:45, 9:30, A. M., 1:15, 4:15 and 8, P. M.

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Leave Woburn Centre at 6:30, 7:45, 9:30, A. M., 1:15, 4:15 and 8, P. M.

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Leave Woburn Centre at 6:30, 7:45, 9:30, A. M., 1:15, 4:15 and 8, P. M.

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